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YORKSHIRE ODDITIES.

YORKSHIRE ODDITIES,

INCIDENTS,

AND

STRANGE EVENTS.

BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES,"
"ICELAND: ITS SCENES AND SAGAS—THE BOOK OF WERE-WOLVES,"
ETC.

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"There be such a company of wilful gentlemen within Yorkshire as there be not in all England besides."—*Abbot of York to Cromwell*, 1556, *Rolls House MS.*

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YORKSHIRE ODDITIES AND INCIDENTS.

THE REV. JOHN HILDROP, D.D.

THIS clever humorist was instituted to the rectory of Wath, near Ripon, on April 13th, 1734. He had been a schoolmaster, then had a small living in Wiltshire, and afterwards was made chaplain to the Right Honourable Charles Earl of Ailesbury and Elgin, who gave him the valuable living of Wath on its falling vacant.

Dr. John Hildrop was of obscure birth, but he made his way by his talents and the brilliancy of his conversation. When he was in Wiltshire he had a thorn in his side, a squire, whom he thus describes, with not a little bitterness of feeling. "A scrubby branch of an ancient and honourable stock," Dr. Hildrop calls him, "who bears himself high upon account of his honourable birth and title, and never fails to exert an outward ridiculous superiority whenever he falls in company with wiser or better men than himself. But he has heard that humility is a certain token

of good sense and true honour, which he is resolved to show upon proper occasions, and when the humble fit comes on him, he will crack jokes with his footman, get drunk with a hackney coachman, and bestow his favour on any pretty, cleanly female, without inquiring into her quality; but he never forgets to resume his superiority whenever he is conversing with a man of real merit who cannot reckon so many honourable grandfathers as himself."

Dr. Hildrop met this gentleman one day at dinner, and in course of conversation mention was made of a certain nobleman who had raised himself from obscurity to an honourable place by his services to his country, and had received in return a title.

The baronet immediately began to bluster and scoff at the nobleman; "he insulted his memory," says Hildrop, "with all those expressions of scorn and contempt which fools of distinction usually pour out upon their betters." The Doctor listened to him patiently, and then said: "Sir, the advantages of birth and fortune, on which you set so immoderate a value, are no man's merit, and are as often the lot of a fool as of a wise man; and whenever that is the case, they are so far from doing him honour, that they only serve to make him more egregiously ridiculous by making his folly the more conspicuous. If poor Tray could speak," he continued, pointing to a spaniel that stood by him, "he might justly boast of a more numerous train of ancestors than the greatest monarch in the universe; he might add, too, that none of them had ever degenerated from the dignity of their kind, or disgraced themselves or their family by base and unworthy actions; and yet he would be a puppy for all that. Now, sir, may I ask you what you think of me?"

"You, sir?" answered the baronet; "you are a very worthy gentleman."

"Sir!" answered Hildrop," my birth was obscure. I was born to no more than the meanest of my servants, but by God's blessing on a religious education, an honest heart, and a tolerable understanding, you see I am enabled to support a decent figure, and to do a great deal of good with thanks to God, who has enabled me to show benevolence to my fellow-creatures."

Hildrop tells the following story of his presentation to Wath:—"Once upon a time there lived in a certain nation a man of true honour (the Earl of Ailesbury) and a considerable patron, who, in the disposal of his favours, regarded nothing but the real merit of the receiver. He had long entertained very favourable intentions towards a clergyman of great merit, who had lain so long buried in the obscurity of a country village, under the insolence and oppression of a wrong-headed country squire, that the poor man looked upon himself as quite hopeless, helpless, and friendless; when all of a sudden this worshipful patron surprised him with the presentation to a living of very considerable value (Wath). The poor man, amazed at this unexpected generosity, immediately waited upon his patron with all those decent and grateful acknowledgments which so uncommon a favour might be reasonably thought to deserve. The patron cut him short with this rough, good-natured reply: 'Sir, pray spare your speeches and keep your compliments to yourself; you are under no manner of obligation to me, for had I known a more deserving man in England than yourself, you should not have had it.'"

Hildrop, one Sunday preached on the text, "Righteous-

ness, temperance, and a judgment to come" (Acts xxiv., 25), and the squire and his friends thought his sermon was levelled against them. They were in high dudgeon, and the squire about that time having received a visit from an old friend of his father's, asked his advice how to punish the vicar.

"That is easy enough," said the friend; "turn Arian."

"Arian!" exclaimed the squire, "what is that? How am I to do it?"

"Well," answered the other, "it is the fashion now among persons of distinction to profess Arianism. I will get you a paper in which all their tenets and principles are set forth and supported by such arguments as no doctor of divinity can answer, let alone that smoky old parson who has assailed you."

After a while Dr. Hildrop called, as he had an acquaintance with the family, and was without the smallest suspicion that the squire had turned heretic. After the preliminary ceremonies and a short conversation, the Doctor began to inquire after the health of a clergyman both knew, a neighbouring vicar.

"I never see him," said the squire, loftily; "have you not heard that I am turned Arian?"

"Arian!" exclaimed Hildrop. "Heaven forbid! What do you mean? What is an Arian?"

"Nay," said the young squire, "I cannot tell you what it is; but I am told it is something which is not a Christian. But I have a paper here which will unfold to you my tenets, and my reasons for adopting them."

The Doctor ran his eye over the paper which the squire produced from his bureau; then shaking his head, he said, "My dear sir, let me give you a bit of advice. You

have mistaken your talents. Nature never intended you to be a heretic. Change once more, and be a free-thinker. In that character you may possibly shine, for you need be at no trouble to produce tenets and reasons and arguments. You have only to live merrily and act without restraint, to banter and talk against religion if you can; but if not, to laugh at everything that you do not like or do not understand, and never give a reason for so doing."

This proposal hit him; it was quite level with his capacity; he bit at once, and ever after professed himself a free-thinker.

Hildrop was one day in a coffee-house in London, "where was a very sprightly young fellow entertaining the company with a great many unlucky jokes and flings upon religion in general. An officer who sat near him at length interrupted him—'Sir,' said he, 'that God whose name you have dishonoured, whose worship you despise, whose religion you treat with irreverence and contempt, is my Creator, my Father, my best Friend; and though I cannot dispute for Him, yet I can fight for Him; and in His name I therefore now demand satisfaction."

The Doctor was one day in company with a fellow who boasted that he never would believe anything but what he could understand. "Ah!" said Hildrop, "then I think you are likely to have the shortest creed of any one in England."

Some of the anecdotes related by Dr. Hildrop are not bad. He tells the story of a certain canon of his acquaintance that he found him one Good Friday at home. He had a cold, and could not go to church. Hildrop asked him what he had been doing. "Meditating on fitting topics for the day," answered the canon.

"On what in particular?" asked the vicar of Wath.

"Well, I have been thinking over these thirty pieces of silver and their sterling value, and what they would have amounted to at compound interest at 5 per cent., and had been left to me."

The same canon when at college was rather slow of learning. One day his tutor met him out walking. "I wish, sir," said the tutor, "you would keep a little more at home and read your Virgil."

"Oh, Virgil!" answered the young gentleman. "I've no great opinion of him. He was a plagiarist. Why, he stole the very first verse in his book from the Latin Grammar."

When this hopeful person was given a canonry, some one said, "I'm not surprised to see a man who has been all his life a blunderbuss converted at last into a canon."

A Scottish doctor of medicine and professor of botany and a Jew who taught Hebrew in the same University were a couple of merry fellows and bottle-companions. As they were rejoicing one night over a bottle of port, says the doctor, "Rabbi, thou'rt an honest-hearted fellow, and I dearly love thee; but I should love thee better if thou wert of my religion."

"Why," said the rabbi, "I fancy there is no great difference between your religion and mine when we come to explain matters."

"Why!" exclaimed the doctor, "thou art no Christian."

"Show me a reason why I should be one," said the Jew.

The Scotchman thereupon called for a Bible, and read out several passages from the New Testament.

"Stay," said the rabbi, "this is no argument at all. We Jews do not accept the New Testament."

"Not accept the New!" exclaimed the Scotchman. "Then ——" with an oath, "I'll not accept your Old Testament. It's all lies and nonsense."

Their arguments were at an end; they looked gravely at each other across the table, burst out laughing, and the doctor, taking the rabbi by the hand, said, "Come, we are honest men and good friends. What is the good of disputing? *Let us have t'other bottle, and to pay.*"

They drank off their bottle and parted the best friends in the world. "See here a controversy," says the rector of Wath, "that had divided the world so many hundred years, and produced so many thousand volumes, compromised at once with no other consequence than *t'other bottle and to pay.* Could every religious dispute be so easily decided we should quickly be of one mind, and all the world of one religion."

"Another time I remember we were at a family club, which was kept at the Bull's Head in the Borough, which some people of more wit than manners, in contempt of our family, used to call Calves' Head Club. One of the company began to talk about religion, upon which his next neighbour interrupted him. 'Prithee, Peter,' says he, 'don't thee pretend to talk about religion; I am sure thou knowest nothing of the matter. I will lay thee a guinea thou canst not say the Lord's Prayer.' 'Done!' says the other; and up he gets, and with an audible voice repeats the Creed from beginning to the end without missing a single word. Upon which his adversary, lifting up his hands in great surprise—'Well,' said he, 'I did not imagine he could have done it; but I fairly own I have lost my wager.' And all the company gravely assented, but then declared the matter must end there, as they were met to be

merry, and 'talking, especially about religion, spoiled good company.'"

The rector of Wath was invited out to dinner one day. After the first bottle the conversation turned on religious matters, and the majority of those present began to scoff at creeds, revelation, and miracles. Dr. Hildrop made no reply, but passed the bottle, and when the company broke up he rose and said, "Gentlemen, you may possibly be surprised at my not having interrupted the conversation. I would have done so in any other house, but it is a point of good breeding not to contradict a man in his own house."

He says—"I was once rallying a very pretty lady who was smothering a favourite lap-dog with a torrent of kisses and tender speeches. 'Fie,' said I, 'madam, how can you bestow so many caresses upon that little beast, which many an honest man would be glad to purchase at any price?' 'Sir,' said she, 'I love my little dog because he loves me. When I can meet with one of your sex that has half as much gratitude and sincerity as my poor Totty, he shall not find me insensible or ungrateful.'"

Dr. John Hildrop published several essays, all very clever, witty, and deserving of being read. Some were attributed to Dean Swift and Bishop Gastrel, as they were at first published anonymously.

In 1754 he published, in two volumes, his "Essay for the better Regulation and Improvement of Free-Thinking," his "Essay on Honour," "Free Thoughts upon the Brute Creation," "A Modest Apology for the Ancient and Honourable Family of the Wrongheads," "A Proposal for Revising the Ten Commandments," "An Essay on the Contempt of the Clergy"—a very able appeal for the

restoration to the Church of the right of electing her own chief pastors; and the "Life of Simon Shallow, Esq."

His wife Sarah died, and was buried at Wath on Nov. 13th, 1741. Hildrop himself died, at the age of seventy-three, on January 18th, 1756, and was buried in the chancel at Wath. Judging from his writings, he seems to have been a very earnest, pious man, gifted with extensive reading, sound judgment, and dry wit.

MR. WIKES, OF LEASEHOLME.*

THE living of Leaseholme, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was held by three successive generations of the Wikeses for upwards of a century; all of whom were men of literary talents, popular preachers, great oddities—but much given to the bottle. The first of the Wikes family who held the living was a gentleman who had been captain in the army in the reign of Charles I., and had fought for the unfortunate monarch throughout the civil war. In one of the battles he received a wound in his leg, which incapacitated him from further active service, and the death of the king and the supremacy of Cromwell prevented him from looking to Government for promotion.

But on the Restoration Mr. Wikes cast about for some berth in which he might spend his declining years in ease and comfort. The living of Leaseholme fell vacant, and he applied for it, remembering how his old friend the sea-captain, Lyons, had obtained the bishopric of York from Queen Elizabeth.

Captain Wikes was ordained by the Archbishop of York, and given the living he solicited, King Charles II.

* "Anecdotes and Manners of a Few Ancient and Modern Oddities." York, 1806.

being glad to reward an old soldier of his father, who had shared his misfortunes, thus economically to himself.

Mr. Wikes also held the incumbency of Ellerburn, near Leaseholme, and took service in the morning at Leaseholme, and in the afternoon at Ellerburn, or *vice versâ*.

One year, when the 30th of January fell on a Sunday, Mr. Wikes marched off to Ellerburn for morning service, with a pathetic sermon on the martyrdom of his royal master in his pocket; but on his arrival at the place he found the clerk and sexton near the churchyard, with a short pole in their hands, watching a domestic quarrel that was going forward on the opposite side of the beck that flows through the village. The parson asked why the church was empty, and his subordinates were not in their places. The clerk pointed across the beck, and bade Parson Wikes "look and see a woman combing her husband's head with a three-legged stool."

Mr. Wikes at once plunged over the brook, and striking the husband with his fist, tore the furious pair asunder, shouting, "Be quiet, you brute!" to the husband, and "Hold your tongue, you vixen!" to the woman. Both fell on him, and he had hard work in defending himself from husband and wife. In the fray that ensued the yells of the parson—"Peace, you monster! Have done, termagant! Hands off, you coward! Retire, virago!"—were mingled with the abuse and blows of the disputants, till the absurdity of the whole scene burst upon them all, as the crowd of delighted parishioners and neighbours gathered in a circle about them, and they fell back laughing, and shook hands all round.

But matters did not end here. When husband and wife disagree, and a third party interferes, according to local

custom, all three are doomed to "ride the stang," whilst the people shout and caper around the victims, chanting, as they beat frying-pans and blow horns—

> "Rub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, ran-a-tan-tang,
> It's neither what you say nor I say, but I ride the stang."

The parishioners insisted on the immemorial custom being complied with, and Parson Wikes was made to sit astride on the short pole the clerk and sexton had prepared; two others were provided for the belligerent husband and wife; and the whole village prepared to march in procession with them. But though the parson sat complacently on his pole, the husband and wife refused to submit to the ignominious custom, and he armed himself with the pitch-fork, she with the poker, and began to defend themselves against the villagers. Parson Wikes was carried to the scene of conflict, and the clerk and sexton, in their eagerness to join in the struggle, dropped him into the beck. Then the villagers rushed upon him, swearing that he was shirking his duty of riding the stang, and he had to stand up to his middle in the water and fight them off. Armed with the stick, which he whirled about him in single-stick fashion, he rattled their heads and arms with it to such good purpose that he was able to beat a retreat into the church, where he rapidly vested himself in his surplice, and placed the sanctity of the place and garb between him and his opponents.

The crowd now poured into the church, and Parson Wikes proceeded with the service, leaving a trail of water up and down the chancel as he paced to the altar and thence to the pulpit. Having prefaced his sermon with an announcement that he took in good part the disorderly

conduct and undignified treatment he had met with, he preached them a moving sermon on the merits of Charles the Martyr, and the ingratitude of the people of England to such a virtuous monarch, and wound up with—"Let those who feel the consequence of such a misfortune deplore with me upon this melancholy occasion; but if there be any among you (and I make no doubt there are) who may have secretly wished for this event, they have now got their desire, and may the devil do them good with it." After which he made the best of his way home to his rectory, and endeavoured to counteract the effects of his dipping by moistening his clay within with hot punch.

THE REV. MR. CARTER,

PARSON-PUBLICAN.

I CANNOT do better than extract verbatim the following account from a curious book entitled "Anecdotes and Manners of a Few Ancient and Modern Oddities, interspersed with Deductive Inferences and Occasional Observations, tending to reclaim some Interlocutory Foibles which often occur in the Common Intercourses of Society." York, 1806 :—

"The Rev. Mr. Carter, when curate of Lastingham, had a very large family, with only a small income to support them, and therefore often had recourse to many innocent alternatives to augment it; and as the best of men have their enemies—too often more than the worst—he was represented to the archdeacon by an invidious neighbour as a very disorderly character, particularly by keeping a public-house, with the consequences resulting from it.

"The archdeacon was a very humane, worthy, good man, who had imbibed the principles not only of a parson, but of a divine, and therefore treated such calumniating insinuations against his subordinate brethren with that contempt which would accrue to the satisfaction and advantage of such as listen to a set of sycophantic tattlers culled from the refuse of society. Besides, the improbability of a

malevolent story generally renders it more current by increasing the scandal; and the world, like the pious S. Austin, believes some things because they are impossible. However, he considered that not only the conduct of the inferior clergy claimed his attention, but also to have some idea how far their subsistence was compatible with the sanctity of their functions; therefore, at the ensuing visitation, when the business of the day was over, he in a very delicate and candid manner interrogated Mr. Carter as to his means of supporting so numerous a family—ever thinking of this admirable hint to charity, that the more a person wants, the less will do him good—which was answered, as related to me by one well acquainted with the parties, in nearly the following words:—

"'I have a wife and thirteen children, and with a stipend of £20 per annum, increased only by a few trifling surplice fees. I will not impose upon your understanding by attempting to advance any argument to show the impossibility of us all being supported from my church preferment. But I am fortunate enough to live in a neighbourhood where there are many rivulets which abound with fish, and being particularly partial to angling, I am frequently so successful as to catch more than my family can consume while good, of which I make presents to the neighbouring gentry, all of whom are so generously grateful as to requite me with something else of seldom less value than two or three-fold. This is not all. My wife keeps a public-house, and as my parish is so wide that some of my parishioners have to come from ten to fifteen miles to church, you will readily allow that some refreshment before they return must occasionally be necessary, and when can they have it more properly than when their journey is half performed?

Now, sir, from your general knowledge of the world I make no doubt but you are well assured that the most general topics in conversation at public-houses are politics and religion, with which ninety-nine out of one hundred of those who participate in the general clamour are totally unacquainted; and that perpetually ringing in the ears of a pastor who has the welfare and happiness of his flock at heart, must be no small mortification. To divert their attention from these foibles over their cups, I take down my violin and play them a few tunes, which gives me an opportunity of seeing that they get no more liquor than necessary for refreshment; and if the young people propose a dance, I seldom answer in the negative; nevertheless, when I announce time for return, they are ever ready to obey my commands, and generally with the donation of a sixpence they shake hands with my children, and bid God bless them. Thus my parishioners enjoy a triple advantage, being instructed, fed, and amused at the same time. Moreover, this method of spending their Sundays is so congenial with their inclinations, that they are imperceptibly led along the paths of piety and morality; whereas, in all probability, the most exalted discourses, followed with no variety but heavenly contemplations, would pass like the sounds of harmony over an ear incapable of discerning the distinction of sounds. It is this true sense of religion that has rendered my whole life so remarkably cheerful as it has been, to the great offence of superstitious and enthusiastic religionists. For why should priests be always grave? Is it so sad to be a parson? Cheerfulness, even gaiety, is consonant with every species of virtue and practice of religion, and I think it inconsistent only with impiety and vice. The ways of heaven

are pleasantness. Let "O be joyful" be the Christian's psalm, and leave to the sad Indian to incant the devil with tears and screeches. Now, to corroborate my remarks upon cheerfulness as conducive to contentment, I will by leave solicit so much of your indulgence as to hear the following extract from the works of an eminent divine of the Established Church:—"The Thirty-Nine Articles are incomplete without a fortieth precept enjoining cheerfulness; or you may let the number stand as it does at present, provided you expunge the thirteenth article, and place that heavenly maxim in the room of it. Might not the Archbishop of Cashel have been a sound divine though he added the arch-stanza about Broglio to the old Irish ballad in praise of Moll Roe? Or did the Bishop (not the Earl) of Rochester's poems on the man-like properties of a lady's fan ever impeach his orthodoxy in the least?"'

"Here the archdeacon very candidly acknowledged the propriety of Mr. Carter's arguments in defence of his conduct, and complimented him on his discernment in using the most convenient vehicle for instruction; observing that, although he might deviate a little from the plans generally advised for the accomplishment of that purpose, yet it bore no less authority than the celebrated Dr. Young, who wrote a play ('The Brothers') for the propagation of the Gospel, the profits of which he consecrated to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts."

JOB SENIOR,

THE HERMIT OF RUMBOLD'S MOOR.*

JOB'S mother was Ann Senior, of Beckfoot, near Ilkley; he was an illegitimate child. His father, a man named Hawksworth, left him a little money when he died. Job grew up a spruce, active young man, very strong, and not devoid of good looks. He was employed as a labourer by the farmers round Ilkley; but afterwards went to live at Whitkirk, near Leeds. He there fell into disorderly ways, drank, and became careless in his dress and dirty in his habits. Yet he was a good workman, and when he returned to Ilkley he was readily engaged by the farmers to plough, mow, and reap for them. He was a good fence-waller, and being a man of prodigious strength, is said to have used very heavy stones for the purpose, and when days were short he was frequently seen walling by candle-light. Some of his walls are still pointed out, and the large stones he lifted elicit surprise. In winter he employed himself in wool-combing at a place called The Castle, near Ilkley. It is related of him that he once laid himself down

* "The Hermit of Rumbold's Moor." Bingley: Harrison (n.d.)

on the combing-shed floor, and that some of his fellow-workmen chalked out his figure on the floor. By this outline he used to cut his shirts, the material being coarse harden, sewed with strong hemp-string.

Job was at one time an hostler in the village, and a person who knew him well at the time says that at this period his dissipated habits made him the subject of many a practical joke.

He was afterwards employed by the farmers at Burley Woodhead; but as he became old and infirm, and troubled with rheumatism, he could not work as formerly, but did what he could, making no stipulations for wages, but asking only for his board, and that his employers should pay him whatever extra they thought his labour entitled him to receive.

About this time he became acquainted with a widow named Mary Barret, who lived in a cottage near Coldstone Beck, on the edge of Rumbold's Moor. The widow had a little garden and a paddock which, together with the cottage, had been left her by her husband, who had taken the land from the common and built the cottage on it. Job thought if he could secure the hand of the widow the house and land would be his for life. So one day he paid her a visit.

"I'll tell ye what I've been thinking," said Job Senior.

"What hast a' been thinking on then, Job? Out wi' it, lad," said the widow.

"Well, I've been thinking thou'st getting ou'd, and thou lives all by thy sen i' this house. And I'm a young man" —(he was about sixty)—"and I lives all by my sen by yond crag. Why should not thou and me make it agreeable to live together?"

"Dost a' mean that I'm to take thee as a lodger?" asked Mary Barret.

"Nay, nay, lass!" answered Job; "I mean we'd better goa to t' kirk together and be wed."

"I reckon I'm ower ou'd for that," said the widow. She was in her eightieth year.

"I doan't know if tha be ou'd," said Job; "but I knows varry weel thou'rt bonny."

No woman's heart, not even in her eightieth year, is proof against flattery, and the fair Mary blushed and yielded to the blooming Job, and married they were.

"It's an easy gotten penny by the light o' the moon," said Job, looking over his domain.

Mrs. Senior did not long survive her second marriage. She had a long sickness, and Job was kind to her in it. "It's cou'd, Job," she said to her husband one evening when he returned from his work on the moor. "It's cou'd i' this bed, and I cannot feel t' warmth o' t' fire."

"Thou shalt be warm, ou'd lass, if I can fashion it," said Job. "But as I cannot bring t' fire nigher thee, I mun bring thee nigher to t' fire." So he pulled up a couple of flags in the floor beside the hearth, dug a pit, and made the old woman's bed in this premature grave, so that she could be close to the fire and comfortable, and if she wanted a cup of tea, could put out her hand and take the pot from the hearth.

"Eh, Job!" said old Mary, another day, "I think I'd like summut good to eat afore I dies."

"Ah!" answered her husband; "then I'll get thee a rare good morsel, that'll set thee up on thy legs again, ou'd lass."

So he bought a pound of bacon, roasted it, caught the

melted fat in a large iron spoon, and ladled it down his wife's throat.

"It's rare good now, isn't it?" exclaimed the husband as the old woman gulped it down. "Open the trap and I'll teem (pour) down some more."

The old woman lay back in her hole and groaned. "I'm boun' to die!" she said.

"Nay, lass! take another spoonful first."

But the poor creature was dead. Job looked at her disconsolately for a minute, and whilst doing so the fat of the frying bacon fell into the fire and blazed up. "Eh! but I musn't waste the fat," said Job. "If t' ou'd lass cannot take it, why I mun eat it mysen. Ah! it's varry good; but its hot. I reckon 't were too hot for her ou'd insides."

Job now thought that the house, garden, and paddock were his own; but he was mistaken. The family of Barret, the first husband of Mary, claimed it and took possession of the field. Job clung desperately to the cottage and the potato-garth. One evening when he returned from his work he found that the cottage had been pulled to pieces. He had hidden some money in the walls, and this was either lost or stolen. His rage and disappointment completely disturbed his brain, and from that time forward he lived in a miserable hovel he erected for himself out of the ruins of the house, in idleness and squalor.

His hut was like a dog-kennel; to enter it he was obliged to creep on hands and knees. Within it was only large enough for him to lie down in and turn himself about: it was thatched, and provided with a rude door, but no window. The garden had contained fruit trees; but these he stubbed up, and instead planted the whole garth

with potatoes. He made large unsightly ridges, and put in a large quantity of seed, always planting for the following year when he gathered his crop in autumn. In one corner of his garth was a peat fire where he roasted his potatoes. His custom was, when eating, to sit with one leg on each side of the fire of peat, his little bag of oatmeal before him; then with his staff he poked the potatoes out of the embers, peeled them with his dirty fingers, rolled them in his meal bag, and then ate them. He always drank his water warm.

"Do you drink your water warm, Job?" asked a visitor.

"Yes," said the hermit, "I reckon I does."

"And your butter-milk too?" "Aye, aye. Sithere." And he poked two stone bottles out from the embers.

"I do it to clear my voice," said the hermit. "Now thou shalt hear my four voices." He then got up, set his face to the crag, and began a wonderful performance of four voices—treble, alto, tenor, and bass. He said he had picked up his "four voices" by listening to the choir in Leeds parish church. He usually sang sacred hymns, such as "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," "Christians, awake," and the Old Hundredth. He went about the country in winter, singing in four parts for money, and his performance was sufficiently remarkable for him to be brought to perform in public at the theatre at Leeds, and in the Headingly Gardens and the Woolsorters' Gardens at Bradford, where he stayed for weeks at a time. He would sleep in any outbuilding or blacksmith's shop; indeed, he was so dirty that few people would like to have given him a bed in their houses.

He used to walk leaning on two rough sticks, wearing a pair of heavy wooden clogs on his feet, stuffed with hay, his

legs bandaged with straw. His coat was of many colours and much patched; his trousers were to match. He wore no braces, but kept his trousers in position with a hempen belt, part of an old horse-girth, which he buckled round his body. A bag on his back was fastened at the front to his belt. His head was adorned with a hat of the most antique shape, without a brim, and stitched together with hemp-string.

The condition of his skin, which had not seen water for years, need not be described. His hair, once jetty black, now hung in heavy clotted locks on his shoulders. His eyebrows were back and prominent; his eyes low-set and watery. He wore a coarse beard, grizzled with age; and very dirty. From his hat depended a tobacco-pipe, hung by a string.

"Never," he would say to his visitors, "never take to nowt, but whenever you can get a penny, felt (hide) it, and let nobody know about it, and then they cannot get it from you. Get all the brass ye can, and as soon as ye can buy a bit o' grund like this o' mine, ye see, set it with potatoes, and it'll keep ye. There'll be a peck or two to spare; ye can sell them, and so ha' brass agean. Are ye married?" said the hermit to a young man who went to see him.

"No," answered the visitor.

"Then ye are right there, young chap. Keep so. If ye get a wife, ye'll see shoo'll be coming on wi' a family, and then that'll take all your brass. I' th' first place, ye'll want a house and furniture, and then there'll be rent and taxes, and your wife 'll be always wanting summat for hersen or the bairns. And beside, just look how more flour ye'll want, and sugar, and soap, and candles. And look how mony more potatoes ye'll want for them all to eat. Eh!

but they're the animals 'at eats brass. They say that maggots eats cheese, and weevils eats cloathes, and mice eats corn; but wife and bairns eats brass, and it's t' brass as gets cheese, and clothes, and corn. Nay, lad! have nowt to do wi' them soort o' cattle. And then—if th' wife takes to bonnets and gowns, ye're ruined directly. Nay, nay, grund is better nor a wife, and potatoes nor bairns. If ye want to save your brass and snap up a bit o' grund, ye munna be married."

Job's end came as he was on one of his singing rounds. It is thought that some youngsters drugged his drink, in prank, at Silsden, and the consequences were a violent attack of English cholera. He got back to Ilkley, and crept into a barn belonging to the White Sheaf Inn; but the landlord seeing that his end was near, sent for the parish authorities, and he was moved to the Carlton workhouse, as he belonged to Burley. He died in the course of a few days at the age of seventy-seven, and was buried in Burley churchyard, near Otley.

NANCY NICHOLSON,

THE TERMAGANT.

MRS. NANCY NICHOLSON*, was born at Drax, in the county of York, on the 3rd day of May, 1718, and was the only child of the Rev. John Jackson, vicar of Drax, by his second wife. Mr. Jackson had a son by a former marriage, but he was taken by his mother's relatives into Cumberland; consequently the daughter, Nancy, was the only child at home, and from her infancy was indulged to a fault, and suffered to grow up without restraint, so that she soon became a terror to the other children in the school of which her father was the master.†

It is curious that the child of a schoolmaster should have been suffered to grow to womanhood almost wholly without education; but such was the case. The following extract from a letter written by her when aged seventy-four shows how miserably her education had been neglected:—"Dear Mrs. Wilson,—Your letter just came in time as I whas thinking of letting my land but if John Harrison

* "The Life of Mrs. Nancy Nicholson, who died August 6th, 1854." Howden: W. Small. 1855.

† The Free Grammar School at Drax, where twelve boys are boarded and educated from a fund left for the purpose.

will come and we can a gree I ceep it on if not I shall let it Mr. Totton of Howden whants it and Taylors of Asselby also I Ceep all land and Hosses while I see him pray send him word to Come this week as I must have my Patays up and also my stakes wants thashing."

Having naturally a certain amount of shrewdness, it was mistaken for talent, and low cunning for genius. Being indulged in every way, her headstrong will became intolerant of the smallest restraint. She played with the boys of the school, and acquired from them the coarsest language, and throughout her life never learned, indeed never attempted, to control her tongue.

When Miss Jackson was about twenty years old, the Rev. John Nicholson, a young man from Cumberland, came to Drax to assist Mr. Jackson in his school. He was at that time a well-disposed, gentlemanly young fellow, who gave promise of being a scholar and of use in his generation. But Miss Jackson, who was not without some charms of person, was the ill-omened star that was to blight his life. Living in the house of her father, he was brought in daily contact with her, and she exerted some sort of fascination upon him. If two young people are brought much together, they are sure to form an attachment, and it was so in this case. Nancy concealed her evil disposition from the usher, and laid herself out to catch him.

Mr. Nicholson could not be blind to the fact that Miss Jackson was entitled to property on the death of her parents, and it is probable enough that to a needy young clergyman without interest, the chance of making himself master of a competence may have had more to do with his paying his addresses to Miss Jackson than love.

In the year 1810 Mr. Jackson died, and perhaps this

event decided Mr. Nicholson to offer his hand to Nancy. He was at once accepted, and the interest of her friends secured for him immediately the vacant situation of master of the Grammar School. Shortly after the marriage he also became vicar of Drax.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson were married at Drax Church in October, 1811, and she then became undisputed mistress of the establishment. Her harsh and tyrannical disposition had now free scope to develop, and the first to feel it was the mother who had encouraged her as a child. The widow was soon obliged to leave the house, where her daughter made it impossible for her to live in comfort and tranquillity. The servants would not stay; no fresh ones could be induced to enter the house under such a mistress. She was therefore obliged to do all the work of the school-house herself, making the unhappy boarders help her in cleaning the house and in washing the clothes. The poor boys were scantily fed, and otherwise miserably provided for.

Four gentlemen, including Lord Downe, were trustees of the Grammar School at Drax, and made visits of inspection regularly every quarter. Nancy was always prepared for these occasions. She had a clean cloth on the table, a plentiful dinner provided, and a dumpling set before each boy. But she took care to impress on each boarder that the one who left the largest amount of dumpling on his plate would receive a reward, and he should receive a hiding who emptied his plate. "And," said Mrs. Nicholson, "let any boy beware how he looks sad or dissatisfied."

When these quarterly visits took place in the cold weather, she had a large fire lighted in the school-room,

round which she assembled the boys, and when the trustees came in, she would address them with—"Well, gentlemen, and you, my lord, you see how saucy these boys are; scarce one of them has eaten his dumpling. And capital dumplings they are, my lord and gentlemen!"

When Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson had been married about three years they took an orphan niece of Mr. Nicholson's from Cumberland to provide for, and to this child for several years she behaved with the greatest cruelty, until at length Mrs. Nicholson's mother took compassion on the child, and removed it to her own house. However, when Mrs. Nicholson considered her niece capable of working, she insisted on her return, making her do the work of a servant, and subjecting her to the harshest treatment. The work was heavy, as she kept two or three cows, besides pigs and poultry.

The schoolboys were compelled to collect her eggs, and she caused them to rob the neighbours to obtain a greater number. These depredations were not unknown to the neighbours, but they good-naturedly excused the boys, as they knew they were urged to them by Mrs. Nicholson. She gave the boys a penny a score for all the eggs they could bring. She would then say, "Now, boys, I have such nice apples; I will give you a good pennyworth of apples for your penny; do have a pennyworth." The boys durst not object, and bought the apples. But still she was not satisfied, but would say, "Come, I will play you a game at push-pin for your apples, and I daresay you will win." However, as may be supposed, they never were suffered to win, so that she obtained eggs, penny, apples, and pins also. She committed various other depredations on the property of her neighbours, such as taking coals,

corn, goslings—and, in short, anything that came within her reach. One Sunday morning, while the neighbours were at church, she made some of the boys assist her in stealing a hen and fourteen chickens. These she confined in a brick oven till the following morning, when she took them to Selby and disposed of them in the market.

For many years she regularly attended Selby market with her butter, which more than once was seized and taken from her for being light weight. She employed the boys in collecting rags, old iron, &c., all of which she took to Selby, because she could obtain a better price there than at home. It was in vain Mr. Nicholson remonstrated with her on the disgrace her conduct brought upon him; she only replied in abusive language.

On Sunday mornings she was always remarkably late in her attendance at church, generally entering in the middle of the service, and her appearance was like anything but that which became a vicar's wife, and formed a strange contrast to that of her husband, who retained his care to appear like a gentleman, in clean and well-brushed clothes, and with scrupulously white cravat.

Nancy was neither clean nor well-dressed. For many years she would not afford herself a new bonnet, until at length her mother, being quite ashamed of her appearance, bought one for her. But Mrs. Jackson made her give up the old bonnet before she received the new one, being convinced, if she had the chance, that she would put the new one away and continue to wear the old one.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson continued in the school-house several years, during which time they amassed a considerable sum of money, with which they bought various lots of property in the parish, Mrs. Nicholson always contriving

to have her name inserted in the deeds as well as Mr. Nicholson's, so that he could not deprive her of her life-interest. One field which they purchased at Carlton she had conveyed to her for her own use and disposal. This caused great dissension between them when discovered by Mr. Nicholson.

At length the trustees were obliged to interfere in behalf of the school. They did so with the utmost reluctance. All respected and pitied Mr. Nicholson, who was a good Christian and a gentleman, and was prepared to discharge his duty conscientiously. But it was impossible for him to control his wife and make her treat the boarders with ordinary humanity. She was a genuine Mrs. Squeers; but he was a very different sort of person to the Yorkshire schoolmaster of "Nicholas Nickleby."

The trustees were obliged to insist on an investigation. It was conducted with the greatest consideration for the feelings of Mr. Nicholson; but the investigation ended in the school being taken from him.

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy!" Mr. Nicholson would repeat, "you have disgraced me terribly!"

The humiliations he was obliged to undergo broke his spirit, and his self-respect, which had battled against adverse circumstances, gradually gave way. She used the most insulting language to him, not only in private, but in public, making the most odious insinuations, and bringing the scarlet spot of shame to his cheek. The unfortunate man was made to drink to the dregs the cup of degradation.

At last, maddened beyond self-control, he beat her with his horse-whip. A friend, whose house was situated a mile from that of the Nicholsons, has told me that his father has often heard at that distance the screams of rage uttered

by Nancy when in a passion with her husband. Their quarrels became the gossip and scandal of Drax. Mr. Nicholson at last, driven of an evening from his home, would visit farmers, or sometimes the public-house, and forget his humiliation in the society of his inferiors. On these occasions he sometimes took too much.

When they lost the school-house the Nicholsons built a new house for themselves on some ground they had purchased at a place called Newland, near Drax, where Mrs. Nicholson had full opportunity for keeping cows, pigs, and poultry, her favourite occupation. But having no family, she would not be at the expense of a servant, and soon gave herself up to sloth and dirt, both in her person and house.

She would rarely admit any visitors, and if Mr. Nicholson occasionally ventured to invite a friend, she would either offend the guest at the time (unless she saw her way to gaining some advantage by him), or revenge herself on Mr. Nicholson after his departure. And if Mr. Nicholson absented himself from the house without her consent, she always upbraided him on his return with the vilest language, attributing the visits to his neighbours or tenants to evil motives.

The following extract from the correspondence of a young lady from Cumberland, a cousin of Mrs. Nicholson's, who was staying a few months at Drax in the year 1837, gives a lively picture of her mode of life at that period :—

"One evening after tea my sister and I proposed, as we frequently did, to walk out as far as Newland, to see Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson. It was a delightful evening, and a pleasant walk we had. Chatting over bygone times and

talking about our future prospects, we soon arrived at the little gate, through which we entered the back grounds belonging to the house, and passed on into the kitchen, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson seated by the little window which looks out upon the road. As soon as we had got seated and the usual salutations were over, Mrs. Nicholson (who, by the bye, I must confess, however little to my credit, was my cousin) began with saying, 'Well, Miss H—n, there is going to be a confirmation at Selby to-morrow, and Mr. Nicholson will have to go with the young people; what do you say, will you go with him? You have never been at Selby, and it will be a nice opportunity.' 'I certainly would like it very much,' I replied, 'if you are going also. But how are we to go?' 'By Langrick Ferry,' said Mr. Nicholson. 'We must be up there by nine o'clock, and meet the packet. You can be up by that time?' 'And who do you think is going to pay a shilling a-piece to go by the packet? Not I, nor you either,' said Mrs. Nicholson, in an angry tone. 'And as for Mary Anne, she has more sense than to waste her money in that way.' I replied by saying, 'Oh, a shilling is not much; and as there is no other conveyance by which we can get, we have no alternative, as we cannot possibly walk it.'—'No,' said she, 'we cannot walk it, but there is a man who has a cart, and I am sure if we could get a dozen to go he would take us at threepence a-piece. There's plenty of lasses and lads who are going to be confirmed would be glad of the chance. What, you see, we should make three ourselves, and Mr. Nicholson can speak to some of them. The man can put the shelvings on, and we'll go rarely.' 'Who do you mean will go?' said the clergyman. 'Do you think that I will

go to Selby in a waggon, or Miss H—n either? No, you shall not bring me to that. You have made me give up my horse and gig long since; but, go as you will yourself, I and Miss H—n will take the packet.' At this his amiable wife got into such a rage, and went on at such a rate, that to make matters up I was glad to give my consent to go with her in the waggon, and Mr. Nicholson said he would ask one of the churchwardens to take him in his gig. This pacified her, and as we rose to take our departure, she said she would see the man about the cart, and I was to mind and be ready at nine o'clock, when they would call for me with it. However, I could not bear the idea of the neighbours around seeing a great waggon filled with country rustics stopping at our door for me to go with them, so I told her I would come up to their house by that time, and we would go direct from thence. But she was afraid I wanted to get off going, and it was not without extorting a faithful promise from me that I would not disappoint her that I succeeded in obtaining her consent at last.

"The morning came, chill and gloomy, and I rose, hoping it was going to rain, that I might make that an excuse for not going. So I made myself ready, and taking an umbrella, set off for Newland. I had proceeded as far as a turn there is in the road, when I heard such a shouting and hurrahing that I stopped to see from whence it proceeded. I had not long to look, for turning the corner, the waggon appeared in sight, with about fourteen or fifteen young people in it of both sexes, and Mrs. Nicholson in the centre, laughing and shouting as loud as the rest. She soon saw me, and bawled out, 'Oh, yonder is Miss H—n coming! Stop the cart!—stop the cart!' By this

time I had come up to them, but was trembling with shame at the idea of going with them, and I felt vexed at the predicament I was in. At length I said, 'I think the cart is so full there is no room for me, and as the rain is already falling, I would rather not go. So do not disturb yourselves, for I will walk back again as quick as possible.' 'Oh, it's not going to be much rain, and you shall come,' replied Mrs. Nicholson; 'so make room for her, lasses. There, Betty, you can sit on the edge of the shelves, and Polly can take your place. Now, Miss H—n, jump in, and let us be off.' It was in vain that I made every excuse I could think of. She appealed to them all, and they joined her, until I was forced to consent, and off we drove. I felt thankful that it was raining a little as we passed through the village, so I put up my umbrella to screen myself from view, pretending that my clothes would get wet and spoiled.

"On we went, and after we had got through Drax the young people and she indulged themselves in conversation such as I had never heard before, and strove in vain to get me to join them, or laugh at their low and obscene discourse. Mrs. Nicholson at length said, 'Come, lasses, can't you raise a song? We'll get her to laugh just now, I warrant us.' They then inquired of her what they must sing, and she told them three or four songs, all of which they sang with all their might, she every now and then asking me how I liked it. At last she said, 'Give us some sea songs; she comes from a seaport town, and will maybe like them better.' So, first one and then another was sung, but with no better success. At length I saw a gig coming fast after us, and begged them to give over till it got past. They all looked, and said it was Mr. Nichol-

son. 'Oh, sing away! Don't give over. Let them see how we are enjoying ourselves. Don't stop for him,' said Mrs. Nicholson. 'Come, go on—go on!'—'No,' replied some of the young people, 'we won't sing while Mr. Nicholson is going past. Wait awhile.'

"Oh, how glad was I that they kept quiet while the gig was passing, although she was urging them to sing all the time.

"Many other carriages passed us on the road, and they sang and shouted loudly without regarding them; but I did not feel so mortified as I should have done had I not been a stranger whom they could not know.

"At length we arrived at Selby, and I begged that I might be allowed to get out at the entrance to the town. But no. She declared I should not till we arrived at the inn where the cart would put up; and I was obliged to submit. On reaching the inn many were the people that stood looking at us as we alighted. I got out almost the first, and Mrs. Nicholson was the last. I had then an opportunity of seeing her costume in full. There she stood, dressed in an old dirty print gown, so straight that it was like a sack around her, and over her shoulders was thrown an old scarlet cloak, very short, with three small capes, the largest of which did not reach down to her waist. Then the bonnet is beyond description, and the cap beneath, with one plain muslin border that had not been ironed, and sadly soiled. These, with a pair of great dirty shoes that looked fit for a ploughman, over a pair of coarse black, or rather brown, worsted stockings, with her short petticoats displayed to full advantage, completed her attire. And thus, with a great square butter basket hanging over her arm, stood like some gipsy woman the wife of the Rev. Mr. Nicholson.

"We then went to the inn, where Mr. Nicholson and all the other clergymen were to meet the children, from whence they would proceed to church, each at the head of his own flock. We found Mr. Nicholson in a room up-stairs with some other clergymen. To these he introduced me as his cousin, but none of them appeared to notice Mrs. Nicholson. At last she said, 'Come, Mr. Nicholson, we have business at the bank, and we will have time enough to get it done before you have all to walk to church.' And bidding me come with them also, she proceeded down-stairs, and left the inn. Mr. Nicholson was dressed in his gown and bands, and no one who was not acquainted with them would have thought for a moment that she was his wife. However, she trotted on before us with her basket, and I dare say we were neither of us sorry that she did so. When we reached the bank Mr. Nicholson's business was soon settled, and then she said he had better go on to the children, or he would be too late. 'Come, then, Miss H—n,' said Mr. Nicholson, 'she can meet us at the church.' I replied, 'I had better wait for her.' (I had been told that she was jealous of almost every female that he spoke to, so I feared if I went with him she might abuse me about it another time.) But though I declined going with him till I was ashamed, she insisted that I should go. Accordingly we left her, and went again to the inn. The procession was just walking off when Mr. Nicholson requested me to take his arm, and we walked before the children of his flock to the church. At the entrance we separated. He desired me to go up-stairs into the gallery, as he would have to remain below with the children. I was shown into a pew in the gallery, and viewed the imposing and solemn sight with reverential feelings. I thought, how much it was to

be feared, many were there that knew not what they did. I thought of our journey to Selby; and then I wondered why Mrs. Nicholson was not coming. Often and often did I look to the entrance behind me to catch a glimpse of the bouncing dame in the old red cloak. (She was then very stout, being upwards of seventeen stones in weight.) At length the service was concluded. I hurried down as fast as possible, and, without waiting for Mr. Nicholson, went out to seek her. After having sought some time, I spied her in a spirit-shop. She saw me at the same time, and called to me to go in. She seemed quite in good humour, and asked where Mr. Nicholson was. I replied I had left him in the church, having come out to seek her, as I wondered she had not come according to promise. She said she had been doing business all the time, but when she had ordered some spirits here she had done, and would then go with me to the inn, as it was time to be starting for home.

"When we got again to the inn, and into the room where we had been before, she inquired for Mr. Nicholson, and was told he was in another room. She said, 'I suppose he is tipsy; show me where he is.' The waiter went out, and she followed him, desiring me to wait until her return. In a short time she came back, saying, 'Aye, he is yonder, tipsy enough. He has been dining and drinking wine with a set of them, and now he is laid upon a sofa, and I cannot get him to stir. It will have cost him a fine deal; but he won't tell me anything, and what is worse, I can't get his money from him, and he has a large sum in his pocket. I expect the cart will be here presently, and they won't wait for me. I suppose I must go, but if I leave him, he'll be robbed. I never can walk home, and

besides, I shall have my threepence to pay. So I suppose I must go. Oh, Mary Anne, do you go and speak to him, and see if he will come. The gentleman with whom he came has gone for his gig, and if he won't go with him, and we leave him, he will be robbed, and perhaps murdered.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'I'll go and see; but if he won't move for you, I don't expect he will for me. But see, there is the waggon with its live load at the door. For my part I would rather walk all the way than go in that horrid thing.'

"She went out, and I followed her down a short passage, at the end of which we entered another room, where one or two gentlemen were sitting. We found Mr. Nicholson lying on a sofa. I went up to him and said, 'Come, Mr. Nicholson, won't you go home. The cart is at the door waiting for Mrs. Nicholson, and she is quite distressed that you would not speak to her.' He replied that he would go directly the gig was ready. She then came forward and said, 'Give me your money, or you will lose or spend it.'

"'No,' he replied, 'I won't; you shall not have it. Go away, I do not want you here.'

"'Well, then,' said she, 'may Miss H—n stop with you?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'I shall be glad of her company.'

"'No,' I said, 'I cannot stop, for I intend walking home, and it is time I was going.'

"'Oh, you must not leave him,' said Mrs. Nicholson. 'He will get more to drink, and Mr. —— will not get him home. He will be as stupid as a mule if he gets any more drink; so, there's a dear good girl, do stay with him, and don't let him get any more drink, and mind and watch that

nobody robs him, and see that he does not lose his bands. Now,' she said, addressing him, 'mind you do as Mary Anne wishes you.'

"'Yes; certainly,' he replied.

"'But,' I said, 'I shall have a long walk; so I must go directly.'

"'No,' said Mr. Nicholson, 'you had better come with us. I am sure that Mr. ——, the churchwarden, will be glad to accommodate you with a seat in his gig. I will go and ask him.'

"'You'll get more drink if you go,' said Mrs. Nicholson; 'he is in the parlour below, and I'll go and ask him myself. So promise me, Mary Anne, that you won't leave him, and then I'll go content.'

"Just then the gentleman himself entered the room, and Mr. Nicholson asked him if he could take this young lady also. He said he could, with the greatest pleasure. Mrs. Nicholson was delighted with this arrangement. She charged me again not to leave him, and then hurried away, and got into the cart, where the driver was grumbling at having to wait so long.

"Mr. Nicholson, Mr. ——, and myself had a pleasant chat until the gig drove up. We were soon wheeling along the road, and overtook the waggon a short distance from the town, Mrs. Nicholson bawling out as we passed—'Mind, Mary Anne, and take care of him; don't let him out of your sight till I come.'"

About this time they bought some more land, and, as usual, Mrs. Nicholson wanted to have it secured to herself, but he positively refused to hear of it. On the morning when he was going to order the writings she endeavoured to gain her point by a little coaxing. As she assisted him

on with his coat she said, "Come, Johnny, honey, I'll give you a glass of gin for fear you get cold. It is such a cold morning." And when she gave it to him she added, "Now, Johnny, honey, you'll get these deeds made the same as the others?" "No, Nancy," he replied, "I shall not indeed. I have been deceived by you too often." This led to a torrent of abuse, before which Mr. Nicholson fled. He went to Howden to order the writings, from which, however, he excluded her name, an offence which she never forgave him, and the loss of that land after Mr. Nicholson's death was a constant subject of regret.

A small orchard was attached to one of their houses at Drax, and at the end of the building was a plum-tree. Mrs. Nicholson frequently cast a longing eye on the plums, and as she was not on the best terms with the person who occupied the premises, she determined, as the tree was not within the orchard fence, that she would have the plums for herself. Accordingly, by alternate scolding and coaxing, she prevailed on Mr. Nicholson to go with her early one morning to assist in pulling the plums. When they arrived at the place she said—"Now, Johnny, honey, you'll be like to get into the tree." He told her the consequence of the act, and endeavoured to dissuade her from the attempt, but in vain. She insisted on his climbing; to this he at length consented, and commenced pulling the plums, which Mrs. Nicholson received in her apron. While they were thus engaged the tenant discovered them, and assembled several other people as witnesses. He then ordered Mr. Nicholson out of the tree, and afterwards summoned him before a magistrate for stealing the plums.

Mr. Nicholson felt keenly the disgraceful position in which he had placed himself by yielding to his wife's

solicitations, and upbraided her bitterly, declaring that he should die of shame if he had to appear before a magistrate. Mrs. Nicholson advised him to feign himself ill, and undertook to appear in his stead. Accordingly Mrs. Nicholson set out, and met at Langrick Ferry with the constable and witnesses, when the constable inquired for Mr. Nicholson. She informed him he was so poorly he would not be able to walk. The constable said he would get a horse for him, for come he must. Having procured a horse, he went to Mr. Nicholson's, who, finding he had no means of escape, determined to go and endeavour to come to some arrangement with his tenant when he arrived at the ferry.

Having proposed to settle the affair amicably, the tenant assured Mr. Nicholson that he felt no resentment against him; and if he would pay £5 for expenses he would proceed no further. The money was paid, and the affair settled, but much to the vexation of Mrs. Nicholson. The tenant, however, generously proposed to spend the five pounds, stating that he only wanted protection, not profit. He accordingly ordered supper for all present, and spent the remainder in drink. Mrs. Nicholson sulked for some time, but at length joined the party, considering that she might as well get all she could out of the £5 as let them enjoy it without her.

After Mr. Nicholson refused to let his wife's name appear in the deeds for the property he purchased, she saved up a considerable sum of money unknown to her husband, and with it bought some property at Rawcliffe. The writings for this property she ordered to be made in her mother's name, and thus revenged herself on Mr. Nicholson for excluding her name from his deeds. Mr. Nicholson often

said it was his money which bought it, and they had frequent altercations about it.

Her disposition for avarice seems to have increased, if possible, with her years. Her mother frequently declared it was impossible for anyone to live with her, and that although Nancy was her only child, she (her mother) would rather spend her declining years in the Union than in the house with her.

In the year 1842 Mrs. Jackson died, leaving Mrs. Nicholson the whole of her property for her own disposal, and over which her husband, notwithstanding her marriage, could have no control. After her mother's death she at once resolved to keep a separate purse, being determined that Mr. Nicholson should not squander her money by his extravagance. She told him she would not ask him for anything but the egg, butter, and fruit money, just to provide groceries, &c., and she would superintend his house for her meat without any wage. But Mr. Nicholson had to provide a servant, and he was bound to pay for coals, taxes, butcher's meat, drink, and extras of all kinds, without touching the profits of the dairy. She would never let him have a single penny without insisting on its return, but she was by no means scrupulous about helping herself from his pockets when she had an opportunity, and if he missed anything, she always persisted that he had lost it.

As soon as she had got matters settled after her mother's death, she wrote to her cousin in Dublin, desiring him to come over and divide their land, which up to this time had been a joint estate. But previous to his coming Mrs. Nicholson took care to pay a visit to the person who occupied the greatest portion of the land. She got him to

show her all over the property, and point out to her where the best land was situated, promising as he was an old tenant that he should never be disturbed. Having obtained all the information she could, she took advantage of her cousin, who was ignorant of the different qualities of the land, and she took care that no person should have an opportunity of telling him till it was too late to retract. When he came over to Yorkshire to accommodate her by dividing the land, she laid her plans, and partly by promises if he gratified her in letting her have such and such portions in her allotment, and partly by threats of disinheriting him if he refused, she succeeded in getting nearly all the best land laid to her share, and left him only the same quantity of the inferior quality.

At the same time that the cousins from Dublin were at Drax, another cousin, a widow from Cumberland, happened to be over on some business of her own. Mrs. Nicholson conceived the project of getting this widow to come and live in Yorkshire, doubtless thinking she would be able to make her useful, and, besides, she had a house unoccupied at Drax, and thought she might find in this cousin an eligible tenant. These circumstances induced her to behave with tolerable civility to her visitors for a short time, but her temper was so irritable that they could not speak freely in her presence.

Her three cousins had agreed to depart from Yorkshire together, and travel in company as far as Liverpool, and the day of their departure was fixed, much to the satisfaction of all parties, for she sorely grudged the expense of providing for them, and, as may well be believed, they did not find themselves particularly comfortable at Drax.

Mrs. Nicholson had living with her at this time a great-

niece of Mr. Nicholson's, who was acting in place of the servant whom she had discharged in a fit of jealousy.

The young girl had striven all she could, along with Mr. Nicholson, to make the visitors comfortable, and used generally to contrive during the day to have some eatables deposited where she could have free access to them at night when they went to bed, so that while Mrs. Nicholson was enjoying her supper in the dairy, her visitors, thanks to the young girl's kindness, were quietly enjoying themselves up-stairs in their bedrooms.

Mr. Nicholson during the visit of these friends of Mrs. Nicholson's had behaved with the utmost kindness and cordiality towards them. On the Monday evening previous to their departure (which was fixed for Wednesday), as they were all walking in the orchard, Mr. Nicholson directed their attention towards some fine geese. "Yes," he repeated, as his visitors admired them, "they are fine ones, and we will have one killed and roasted for to-morrow's dinner, as it may be a long time before we may all have an opportunity of dining together again." "No," exclaimed Mrs. Nicholson, "we will not; they are not your geese, they are mine; and I intend to send them to Selby market, where I shall get four and sixpence a-piece for them." "Well, if they are yours," replied Mr. Nicholson, "you will surely not refuse to have one of them taken as a treat for your friends the last day they will be here." "Yes, but I will, though," replied she, "they care nothing about a goose, do you?" said she, addressing herself to them. Of course they answered "No." "But," said Mr. Nicholson, "we must have one; and if you will not give a paltry goose as a treat to your friends, I will buy one from you, for I am determined we

shall have it." "Well, then," she replied, "I will sell you one for five shillings." "No," he answered; "you said you would get four and sixpence at the market, and I will give you no more." After much altercation and debate, it was at length agreed that he should have a goose for four and sixpence, but he refused to pay the money without a receipt, for he knew if he did not get one she would swear him down he had not paid for it. At last a receipt was written out and duly signed, and deposited by Mr. Nicholson in his pocket-book. The evening passed over pleasantly enough, and the visitors retired to rest not a little amused at the bargain which had been made between the husband and wife. Very different, however, were the sentiments they experienced for the two individuals; for the husband they could not help feeling both pity and esteem, but for the wife they felt nothing but disgust.

In the morning a scene ensued which it is difficult to describe. The visitors were awakened by loud quarrelling and angry and bitter words. They arose and went down-stairs, and found Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson almost at blows. It was supposed that Mrs. Nicholson, after they had all retired for the night, crept into her husband's room when she was assured he was asleep (for at this time, and long previous, they had occupied separate apartments), and taking the pocket-book out of his pocket stole therefrom the receipt for the goose; she then replaced the pocket-book, and went quietly to bed. In the morning Mr. Nicholson rose early to have the goose killed and dressed in good time, and it was ready for the spit when Mrs. Nicholson came down-stairs. When she saw it, she was in a furious rage. She stormed and raved, and swore she would have Mr. Nicholson taken up for theft. Just then

her cousins all came down-stairs and endeavoured to make peace, but in vain. She declared she would have him taken up, for the goose was hers, and he had stolen it.

"How can you say so," he replied, "when I have your own receipt showing that I paid you for it?"

"You are a liar!" she replied. "You did not pay for it. You have no receipt. You have killed my goose; but I will have you taken up, I will."

"Did you ever hear such a woman?" said Mr. Nicholson, appealing to the company. "Is she not enough to drive a man mad? You all saw me pay for the goose last night, and I can produce the receipt she gave me for it."

"You can't! you can't! I never gave you one, and you shall pay me for my goose yet. Show the receipt if you have it, you thief!"

Mr. Nicholson took out his pocket-book immediately, thinking to silence her; but the receipt was gone. Finding it had been abstracted from his pocket-book, he was very much enraged, and accused her of having taken it. But she did not care for that, and after some more angry recrimination, Mr. Nicholson, for the sake of peace, and to prevent the company from being any longer annoyed by their disagreement, consented to pay for the goose a second time, and it was then roasted for dinner.

After dinner was over she suddenly declared her intention of going to Cumberland to see some property she had there, and also to visit her half-brother and his children, whom she had not seen for many years. Another inducement was her fear that her cousin would not return to settle in Yorkshire unless she accompanied her on her journey to Cumberland, when she could have an opportunity of continually urging her to do so. She also thought she

could travel cheaper in her cousin's company than alone, for she always managed to lay pretty heavy on her companions.

The plan which the other friends had formed of travelling as far as Liverpool together was prevented by this fresh arrangement, and one of the cousins was placed in a dilemma by a little act of kindness on the part of the niece, who had hidden in her box a few fine pears as a remembrance for the children in Cumberland. Now, Mrs. Nicholson had declared that she would not take any box or trunk with her, and desired her cousin to bring down her trunk to see if room could be made for the few things she would require during her absence from home. No time was therefore to be lost in removing the pears, which the niece slyly effected by transferring them to her pocket whilst her aunt was looking in another direction. Had Mrs. Nicholson seen the pears in the box, she would have had cousins, niece, and all indicted together for stealing them.

On the Wednesday morning her cousin from Dublin, with his wife and daughter, took their departure, heartily glad to leave their inhospitable relative.

Mrs. Nicholson immediately commenced preparing for her journey, giving a particular charge to her niece not to let Mr. Nicholson get possession of the butter or apple money during her absence, and to keep close watch over him that he did not get drunk. Previous to her departure Mr. Nicholson asked her to bring back with her into Yorkshire his sister, who was decrepit and destitute, and dependent on him for her support. She agreed to the proposal, remarking if he would keep her he could do it cheaper at home. But before she would undertake to bring her she

required a promise in writing from Mr. Nicholson that he would refund all travelling expenses incurred on his sister's account; remarking to her cousin that she would charge him plenty, for she was not going to be at the trouble of bringing the old woman for nothing; and she thought if she proved good for anything, she might make her take the place of a servant, if the niece left her, which she often threatened.

Taking all these things into consideration, she promised to bring her sister-in-law with her when she returned from Cumberland. And now, all other things being arranged, she began to contrive the most economical way of making the journey. She proposed to take the packet for York at Langrick Ferry. She could walk that distance very well, but as her cousin had a trunk she advised her to hire a cart which would take them all, for it would cost as much if she sent the trunk by itself. Accordingly, a cart was procured, they bade farewell to Mr. Nicholson, and proceeded on their journey. They got safe on board the packet, and nothing particular occurred until they arrived in York, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Mrs. Nicholson told her cousin that she knew a respectable house in Lendal where they could lodge cheap. Upon proceeding there they found very comfortable accommodation, and the cousin was much relieved by finding that the landlady perfectly understood Mrs. Nicholson's character.

At this time Mrs. Nicholson's dress consisted of an old mourning print dress, very thin and faded, and so scanty for her corpulent figure that it was scarcely sufficient to cover her under-garments, which were of a corresponding description. Over her shoulders was an old black or rather brown stuff shawl, bound round the edge with what

had once been black crape; her bonnet was an old fancy straw, trimmed with black ribbon; a cap to correspond; a large yellow silk handkerchief round her neck, and a large printed apron tied before her, completed her travelling attire. In the trunk was deposited a black stuff dress. This along with the shawl she wore had been bought for her by her mother thirteen years before, as mourning for an aunt, and it had also served as mourning for her mother, for whom she was then wearing it. In addition to the gown, there was a black apron, an old vest, and an old dimity skirt, which formed the whole of her wardrobe. However, the idea of these treasures being in the trunk made her very anxious about its safety in the various stages of their journey. After they had taken some refreshment, Mrs. Nicholson said they must now consider which would be the cheapest way of getting into Cumberland. It would never do to go by train. She knew there were fly waggons travelling from York to various places, and they must try and find them out.

Her companion acquiesced in everything she proposed, having determined to humour her as far as lay in her power. She had been led to make this determination by a promise of Mrs. Nicholson's, that if she would remain by her she would never forsake either her or her children.

They then proceeded about the town making inquiries after the fly waggons to Thirsk or Northallerton. They were directed from one place to another until her companion felt quite ashamed, for she saw the people were laughing at them. Mrs. Nicholson's irritable temper could not bear to be disappointed of her cheap conveyance, and the laughter of the people provoked her still more; but her patience was completely overset when in passing down one of the

narrow streets she heard a woman remark to a neighbour, "What a fat woman!" She turned sharply round, and abused her in no very elegant language. She told her to look at her own ugly mucky self, adding a great many abominable epithets, until she was almost exhausted. A crowd was beginning to collect, who were much amused with the scene, and it was with some difficulty that her companion at length succeeded in withdrawing her from their notice.

She had wearied herself with her fruitless attempts to procure any other conveyance than the rails. Being informed that the fly waggons had ceased travelling since all the goods were forwarded by train, it occurred to her that perhaps she might get conveyed cheaper by luggage train. Accordingly she went to the railway station, and applied at the offices of Pickford and other carriers, telling them of her wish to travel by the fly waggons, but as they were superseded by the luggage trains, she thought they might take passengers along with the goods in the same way as was formerly done by the waggons. The clerks and porters told her they could not do anything of the sort; there were regular government and passenger trains, and she could not go by any other. She said she could scarcely afford to travel in that way, and begged to be allowed to go with the goods. But her labour was in vain, and much to the satisfaction of her thoroughly ashamed companion, she was obliged to relinquish her hopes, and return to her lodgings, fatigued, dispirited, and abusing everybody she had met with.

On the following morning she reluctantly consented to take the train as far as Northallerton. When she arrived there several hours were spent in similar fruitless attempts

to procure a conveyance to Darlington. Finding her efforts were useless, she began to consider that the expense of lodgings would be incurred if they remained there much longer, and she then determined to take the last train at night for Darlington, at which station they arrived about ten o'clock. Proceeding towards the town, they inquired where they could get a decent private lodging, and were directed to an old couple, with whom they spent the night and next day till the conveyance they had chosen was ready to depart.

They found the waggon was very heavily loaded, having among other things several very long fir planks. There was some difficulty in getting Mrs. Nicholson mounted, but at length she got squeezed in, and reclining herself on the planks endeavoured to compose herself to sleep. But what with the jolting of the waggon and the confined space into which she was squeezed being insufficient for her huge person, her limbs became completely cramped; and this, with the excessive closeness of the place, for the waggon was covered with canvas, turned Mrs. Nicholson quite sick. Reaching out her arms in the dark, she seized her companion by the hair, and exclaimed, "Oh, I am dying! Oh, do get the man to stop! Oh, do, or I shall die in this confounded waggon." In vain did her companion beg she would relinquish her hold of her hair, telling her if she did not release her she could not get to the front of the waggon to make the man hear. The only reply was, "Oh, I am dying! Get a knife out of your pocket and cut the cover open." At length her companion succeeded in disengaging herself from Mrs. Nicholson's grasp, and scrambling over the various packages in the waggon, attracted the attention of the waggoner, who immediately stopped his horses, and

did all in his power to render the situation of the travellers a little more comfortable. They arrived at Barnard Castle about nine in the morning. Here the driver said they would remain until noon, and then proceed to Brough.

Mrs. Nicholson told the landlady of the house where the waggon stopped how ill she had been on the road; that she could not afford to travel by a better conveyance; that she could not take any refreshment except a cup of tea, and that she had plenty of eatables with her in her basket. The kind landlady looked at her as if she sincerely pitied her, and said, "Well, never mind, you shall have a kettle boiled, and you shall make yourself comfortable. I will charge you nothing for it." She then showed the travellers into a neat little room, and said she hoped when Mrs. Nicholson had taken some tea, and had a little rest on the sofa, she would be able to proceed on her journey as soon as the waggon was ready.

After Mrs. Nicholson had taken tea, and rested about an hour, she looked out of the window, and perceived a church situated close to the end of the public-house yard. They walked down the yard to look at it. A small swing gate led into the churchyard, through which Mrs. Nicholson proposed going for the purpose of viewing the interior through the windows, but as she endeavoured to pass the gate she fairly stuck fast in the gatestead. For some time she could neither get in nor out, and she could scarcely control her anger when she heard some children exclaim, "Oh! here is such a fat woman sticking fast in the churchyard gate!" With some difficulty, and much merriment on the part of the beholders, she was at length extricated from her uncomfortable position, and they returned to the inn.

They arrived in safety at Brough, and as they intended to proceed on their journey next morning, Mrs. Nicholson consented to remain all night at the inn where the waggon stopped, instead of going out to seek lodgings as before. But in the morning she was very ill. She had been little accustomed to exercise for some time before, and the long and toilsome journey in the waggon had been too much for her. She was unable to leave her bed all that day, and often exclaimed to her companion, "Oh, I shall die here, and it is all with that cursed waggon. But I am determined not to go back in the same manner; I would rather walk every foot of the way."

A day or two recruited her strength, and with the recovery of health she forgot her dislike to the waggon, for they next proceeded by carrier's cart by Appleby to Penrith. But here she declared her intention of finishing her journey on foot, for what with lodgings and what with travelling expenses, she said it was going to cost as much as if they had proceeded direct by railway. The trunk was accordingly re-directed, to be left at Coldbeck, in Cumberland, till called for, and given in charge of the carrier, with many injunctions from Mrs. Nicholson to be careful of it, as it contained many things of consequence.

Both Mrs. Nicholson and her companion were strange to the road they were travelling, but they intended if possible to reach Southernby that night. As they travelled along, Mrs. Nicholson told her companion they would have to pass through a village called Blencow, where she said an old gentleman resided who had formerly been her father's curate, and to whom she had once been nearly married. She said she would like very much to see him, but would not like Mr. Nicholson to know. They were

still a long way even from Blencow when night began to draw on. She sat down by the roadside and cried bitterly. "Oh," said she, "what a sad thing that I cannot walk! I used to think nothing of carrying my butter and eggs to Selby market, and now I can scarce walk at all." Her companion began to fear she would not get any farther, when fortunately a light cart came up, and they prevailed on the driver to take them on as far as he was going, which was within a mile of Blencow. Here they were set down, and, weary and fatigued, at length reached Blencow. Mrs. Nicholson was unwell from over-exertion, out of temper because she had not been able to do better, and both of them were dirty and forlorn with being so long on the road.

As they entered the little inn at that place the landlady eyed them suspiciously from head to foot. The first question Mrs. Nicholson addressed to her was the following:—"Mistress, can we get a bed here to-night?"—"Indeed, I am sure you cannot," replied the landlady, "for we are quite full."—"But," said Mrs. Nicholson, "we must have one, for I can go no further; so here we must stay. If I cannot get a bed, I shall just sit up in this chair."—"Really," said the landlady, who did not appear to relish the look of her customers, "I cannot have any one sitting up in my house."—"Well, then," said Mrs. Nicholson, "you must provide a bed, either here or somewhere else, for I am not able to go farther."

The landlady then sent a domestic to inquire for lodgings, but returned unsuccessful, for a company of Sappers and Miners who were then in that neighbourhood occupied every place which was available in the little village.

Mrs. Nicholson declared her intention of remaining, repeatedly asserting that the landlady was compelled to accommodate them. But the landlady appeared to be more and more anxious to get rid of them, and said she could not be compelled to accommodate more travellers than the size of the house would afford. She then retired from the room, and Mrs. Nicholson consulted with her companion as to the propriety of calling on her former friend, Mr. Richardson.

Her companion would rather have declined going, as they both appeared so forlorn, and not having the trunk with them, could make no change in their apparel. However, seeing that they must either make themselves known to that gentleman or run the risk of being turned out, she consented to wait upon him, and let him know that Mrs. Nicholson was in the neighbourhood. Accordingly she sought the landlady, to make inquiry where Mr. Richardson lived. The landlady no sooner heard that gentleman's name than she was all attention to her guests, and sent a child with Mrs. Nicholson's cousin to point out his house, which was at no great distance.

The old gentleman resided with a nephew and niece, and when they heard of Mrs. Nicholson's forlorn situation, they sent immediately to bring her to their house, and treated both her and her cousin with the greatest kindness and hospitality. The two old folks passed the evening pleasantly in inquiring after various friends whom Mr. Richardson had known when at Drax; and Mrs. Nicholson's slovenly appearance was kindly attributed to the effects of the long journey, and the necessity of leaving their trunk behind them.

The visitors were invited to prolong their stay, but

although very grateful for the kindness they had received, they were obliged to decline the invitation.

On the following morning the old gentleman's nephew, Mr. Brown, engaged a light cart to convey the travellers to Southernby, where Mrs. Nicholson's tenant, Mr. Ralph, resided. Here they remained a day or two, and were treated most hospitably.

Mr. Ralph conveyed them in his own cart to Park End, near Coldbeck, where Mrs. Nicholson's brother and family resided. The travellers received a hearty welcome and the kindest treatment. On the day after their arrival at Park-end, at Mrs. Nicholson's request, her nephew proceeded to Coldbeck to inquire after the trunk. He brought the trunk back with him, and informed them that it had been carried by mistake to another person of the same name, who had opened it, but finding it was not hers, she had fastened it up again as well as she could, and said the owner would find all right inside. "Oh, my apron, my good black apron, I am sure it will be gone," exclaimed Mrs. Nicholson; "I wish I had never put anything into your nasty trunk. My good skirts, too, if they are gone I'll make them pay dearly for them." The trunk was soon examined, and fortunately her precious things were all safe, so that peace was soon restored.

They remained at Park-end about a week, and but for the restraint her presence always inflicted on those connected with her, the kindness they received would have made the visit delightful.

Mrs. Nicholson's nephew took his aunt and her cousin to the place where Mr. Nicholson's sister resided. She explained to the persons who had the care of her the arrangement which Mr. Nicholson had made for her future

custody, and desired them to be in readiness to convey her to Whitehaven when she was sent for. Both the old woman and the person she lived with, who was a niece of Mr. Nicholson's, seemed much affected at the thought of parting with each other; but the idea of joining her dear brother seemed to console the old lady. Alas! she little knew the cheerless home that awaited her.

When they had arranged this business, they returned to Park-end. Her nephew then took her to visit another lady, an old acquaintance of Mr. Nicholson's, between whom it appeared a rather close intimacy had subsisted previous to Mr. Nicholson's removal to Yorkshire. They received as usual a very kind reception, and an invitation to remain.

Many sheep are kept in that part of Cumberland, and this was the period for the annual clipping. At this season they make a kind of feast with what is called there "butter sopps." Mrs. S——, the lady of the house where they were staying, presented Mrs. Nicholson with some of the butter sopps in a basin, requesting her to take them to Mr. Nicholson as a present from her, jocosely remarking that she would like to be within hearing when he was eating them. Mrs. Nicholson accepted the butter sopps, and promised to deliver the message.

Part of old Miss Nicholson's furniture was sold, and arrangements were made for removing the remainder to Yorkshire. Then Mrs. Nicholson and the old lady started. It happened that part of the furniture of Miss Nicholson had been bought by parties from Whitehaven, and a cart was engaged next day to convey a sofa and a clock to the abode of the purchaser. Mrs. Nicholson persuaded her cousin to proceed in this cart to Whitehaven, at which

place her other sister resided. This lady was the companion of Mrs. Nicholson when she went to Selby confirmation, and wrote the lively account of her visit which appears in this memoir. Mrs. Nicholson's notable plan of travelling in the cart with the sofa and clock was adopted. The sofa was placed lengthways on the cart, so that the two passengers when seated thereon travelled sideways. The clock-case lay behind, with a basket containing the works placed on the top. They proceeded along pretty well until they were near a town named Distington, through which they had to pass, when by some means the works of the clock began to strike like a bell ringing, nor could their efforts to stop it avail. With every roll of the cart it went tingle, tingle, tingle, until the people began to look out of their houses as they passed. "Come and look," said they, "here is such a fat woman mounted on a sofa, and they are ringing a bell and going to show her."

This exasperated Nancy Nicholson to the utmost. She swore and cursed at the urchins that ran by the side of the cart, and the more furious she grew the more provoking did they become.

When they arrived at their cousin's house at Whitehaven her servants were struck with amazement at her great size, and exclaimed, "However shall we get her off the cart? We shall be forced to take her to the warehouse and bouse her out with the crane." However, they managed to assist her down without the aid of the crane, and she was very soon made so comfortable that she forgot the vexation of her journey through Distington.

Mrs. Nicholson, old Miss Nicholson, and a cousin who was travelling with them, and to whom the reader is

indebted for the details of the journey, were hospitably received by the cousin at Whitehaven.

Mrs. Nicholson appears to have been still fearful that her companion would not return with her, and therefore determined to take her departure by the packet which left Whitehaven on Saturday for Liverpool, and her cousin arranged to accompany her. They had been informed that the packet would start at two o'clock in the afternoon, but just as they were sitting down to dinner a gentleman called to say the packet was then making ready. Immediately all was bustle and confusion. It was necessary to convey down to the vessel not only the luggage, but Mr. Nicholson's sister also, who was unable to walk. The dinner was left untasted, but the kind cousin at whose house they had been staying placed the meat and vegetables in a basket, and sent it after them, saying they must dine when they got on board.

All their friends assembled on the pier from which the packet sailed, and the sad farewell was followed by many prayers for her who had been lured away from her friends and home by what they considered the specious promises of Mrs. Nicholson.

The travelling party now comprised Mrs. Nicholson, her sister-in-law (who was quite decrepit, and could scarcely walk even with the assistance of sticks), the cousin who had accompanied her throughout the journey, and her two children.

Soon after the packet left Whitehaven, it commenced blowing pretty strong, and many of the passengers were very sick; amongst the rest, Mrs. Nicholson and her cousin. The latter was nearly overpowered with sleep after her attack of sickness, when she was aroused by

some one shaking her roughly. She immediately recognised Mrs. Nicholson's voice crying out, "Oh, get up, get up! Look at old Sally! (meaning the sister-in-law); "only look! She is eating all the mutton Mrs. D—— gave us." On looking up, there was old Sally sure enough with the whole shoulder of mutton in her hand, and gnawing away at the middle of it, apparently with the greatest relish. "Well," replied her cousin, "I think she has spoiled it for any of us, so she may as well enjoy it."—"Oh, but I shall want some when we get to Liverpool," retorted Mrs. Nicholson. "Sally, Sally," continued she, "you must not eat all the mutton, you nasty old thing."—"But," said Sally, "I am hungry."—"And so am I," said Mrs. Nicholson; "but who can eat here with the packet rocking about so? I say, Sally, put that mutton back in the basket. It is not yours; my cousin gave it for us. Put it back, I say!" But either Sally did not hear, or else she could not prevail upon herself to give up the mutton; so she continued quietly eating away; then Mrs. Nicholson got into a great passion, rose up, and staggering towards old Sally, she seized the mutton, and for some moments both parties held it fast, Mrs. Nicholson at the same time abusing old Sally, to the no small amusement of the other passengers, till at length she succeeded in replacing the mutton in the basket.

As the packet pursued her course the wind continued to increase, and as night approached there was every appearance of a storm, but still no danger was apprehended. Suddenly a crash alarmed all the passengers, and various reports as to the cause were spread about in a few minutes. Some feared the vessel was sinking, until the captain made his appearance in the cabin to reassure the passengers by informing them that there was no immediate danger.

When poor Miss Nicholson saw him, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, is there any danger? Oh, I have said my prayers these six times! Do you think there is any danger?" The captain endeavoured to assure her of their safety, when she replied, "Oh, thank you, thank you; I am glad there is no danger. I am hungry," continued she, turning to Mrs. Nicholson. "You think of nothing but eating," replied Mrs. Nicholson, "and I am sure you have eaten far more than your share; and if you eat it all now, what are we to do to-morrow, for you know it will be Sunday, and we can get nothing then." This reflection seemed to have some weight with the poor old woman, who looked sorrowfully at the basket, but did not ask for any more at that time.

The captain made his appearance a second time, when Miss Nicholson, as soon as she saw him, addressed him as before: "Oh, sir, is there any danger? I have said my prayers these ten times. Oh, do you think there is any danger?" Again he assured her of their safety, and again received the poor old woman's earnest thanks.

When the passengers left Whitehaven they expected to reach Liverpool by midnight, when they would have been able to take the first train in the morning for Manchester. The storm had caused some delay, and unfortunately she had run against a loaded schooner, which had carried away one of her paddles, and in consequence the remainder of the voyage was performed without the aid of steam. The shock which had alarmed the passengers was caused by this collision, and the damage to the machinery of course occasioned considerable loss of time.

It was late in the forenoon when our travellers arrived in Liverpool, and having procured a cab, as Miss Nicholson could not walk, they proceeded at once to the railway

station in Lime Street. To their dismay they found the station closed, and on inquiry were informed that it would not be open again for some hours. They were now in an awkward dilemma, for Mrs. Nicholson declared her intention of remaining in the street until the doors were opened, for she could not think of being at the trouble and expense of removing her sister-in-law backwards and forwards in vain.

Her cousin urged her to go to the nearest public-house, as it would be disgraceful to remain at the doors of a railway station for such a length of time on the Sabbath-day. Her cousin felt herself degraded, as she had both friends and relations in Liverpool, and was fearful of being recognised. But entreaties and expostulations were all in vain. Mrs. Nicholson seated herself and her sister-in-law on the baggage, and took out the mutton and potatoes, declaring herself right hungry, and they would have their dinners. Drawing a knife out of her pocket, she cut from the shoulder of mutton the parts her sister-in-law had bitten, and delivered them to her for her portion. She then cut some more for her cousin's little boy, and offered some to her cousin also, which she declined, preferring some bread and cheese which had been deposited in another basket previous to the dinner being put up. Mrs. Nicholson then shared out the potatoes, settled herself down with the dish of mutton on her knees, and commenced her dinner most vigorously, declaring the meat was very good, notwithstanding Old Sally had mauled it so. Her cousin, finding all her efforts to induce Mrs. Nicholson to leave the station were ineffectual, was at length compelled to seat herself beside them, but took care to place her back as much as possible to the passers-by, nor did she venture to look round while they

remained there, and thus, to her great satisfaction, escaped recognition. Heartily glad was she when the doors opened; in a few minutes they obtained their tickets, and were soon on their way to Manchester. On their arrival they alighted from the train, not being certain that they could proceed any further that night, and their movements being very slow, the train started off again before they got fresh tickets. After the train had departed and the crowd dispersed, the party proceeded to the waiting-room to consult about procuring lodgings for the night, when Mrs. Nicholson settled the point by declaring she would not leave the station. They were still in the midst of their discussion when some of the company's servants entered the waiting-room, and curtly informed them it was necessary to depart, as the last train had gone, and they wanted to close the station. But Mrs. Nicholson told them the train had gone off and left them, as that old woman, pointing to her sister-in-law, was unable to walk; and if she was removed from the station that night they would not be able to get her there again in time for the morning train. They replied that there was an hotel close to the doors of the station where they might all be accommodated, and being so near, the old woman could be brought to the train in the morning without much difficulty. "Oh," replied Mrs. Nicholson, "do, if you please, my good man, let us remain here; we would rather remain here than go anywhere else. We will give you a trifle to let us stop where we are, for we cannot afford to pay for our beds. But we will give you something if you will let us stop here; we can sleep on the long settle." "Well, poor woman," replied the kind-hearted man, evidently touched with pity, "I cannot give you leave to stay,

neither can I accept anything from you; but I will acquaint the master, and see what I can do for you." He accordingly departed, and in a little time returned, saying it was quite contrary to their rules to permit anyone to remain in the station all night. However, as their case was so pitiful, and they had missed the train, they would be allowed to remain till morning. He then kindly offered to make a fire, which, however, Mrs. Nicholson declined, but thanked him heartily for his kindness. She said if he would only permit the gaslight to remain burning, it would be all they would require. He granted her request, and very kindly bade them good-night, and shut the door.

The travellers then endeavoured to compose themselves to rest, Mrs. Nicholson exulting in her success in obtaining leave to remain at the station, whereby they would save the expense of lodgings. Fortunately a pair of pillows belonging to the cousin were corded on the top of one of their trunks. They were accidentally omitted when the other portion of her furniture was packed off, and they now proved extremely useful. The cords were speedily untied, and Mrs. Nicholson and her sister-in-law each took a pillow, and laid down on the long seats of the waiting-room. Her cousin and her children, with the help of sundry bundles, followed their example, and wrapping themselves in shawls and cloaks, were soon settled down, and prepared for a sound sleep after the fatigues of the day.

On the following morning they took tickets for Selby, where they arrived safely without any further adventures, and returned to Drax in the evening by the carrier's cart, after being absent from home about a month.

Mr. Nicholson received his poor old sister very kindly,

but looked rather coldly at Mrs. Nicholson. As she happened to be in her very best humour, she inquired the cause of his looking so strange, when he at once accused her with having been to visit her former lover, Mr. Richardson.

It appeared that about a fortnight after Mrs. Nicholson's departure from Blencow, Mr. Richardson had written a friendly letter to Mr. Nicholson, expressing the pleasure he had felt at seeing Mrs. Nicholson, and hoping she had arrived safely at home; but at the same time he stated his conviction that from her appearance she was decidedly dropsical, and he strongly urged Mr. Nicholson to procure medical advice for her immediately. He concluded his letter by hoping that his remarks would be received by Mr. Nicholson in the same friendly feeling by which they were dictated; but it appears that Mr. Nicholson put a very different construction on them. He considered his wife's visit to Mr. Richardson very improper, and he upbraided her for it in very strong terms. So, by way of retaliation, she produced the butter sopps which had been sent to him by his former friend, Mrs. S——, and upbraided him in terms as bitter as his own. She reproached him with Mrs. S——'s audacity in sending him a present by his wife, and her impudence in wishing to be near him when he was eating what she had sent; but she hoped he would choke with the first mouthful he tasted. However, he ventured to try them, notwithstanding her kind wish, and he declared they were excellent. This enraged her still more, and the first evening of her return was rendered miserable with quarrelling and angry recrimination. Little did the good friends in Cumberland imagine the construction which would be put on their kind intentions.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Nicholson had some business to transact at Eastrington, and invited her cousin to accompany her. Having business also at Selby, they went that way, and from thence to Cliffe, from which place Mrs. Nicholson's tenant conveyed her to Eastrington. They were obliged to walk home again from Eastrington, but Mrs. Nicholson was completely exhausted by the time she had got to Howden, and declared she could not proceed any further that night, and must therefore seek a lodging in the town. They were both strangers in Howden, but Mrs. Nicholson said she had been informed that there was a respectable lodging-house somewhere in Pinfold Street. After many inquiries they succeeded in finding the house, but were informed it was quite full. "Oh, dear," said Mrs. Nicholson, "whatever shall I do; I cannot go much further to-night." A decent-looking elderly woman who was in the house at the time said she could accommodate them, and Mrs. Nicholson, after bargaining for the price, agreed to accompany her, hoping it was not far off. They followed their conductor into Hailgate, Mrs. Nicholson grumbling hard at the length of the way. On they went, however, but very slowly, for Mrs. Nicholson was almost unable to get along the street, and her patience was just failing when they reached the old woman's house. They found it poor but clean, and after getting some tea, Mrs. Nicholson's regular beverage, she declared her intention of proceeding at once to bed. They were then shown the way to their lodging-room, which was up a ladder and through a trap-door. Mrs. Nicholson declared she could never get up there, but the old woman assured her that nothing was more easy, and proceeded to set her the example by nimbly going up and again descending the ladder. She at

length succeeded in persuading Mrs. Nicholson to make the attempt, and she mounted the ladder tolerably well. When she was up she seemed better satisfied, for both the room and the bed were very clean, but after examining all over the place she said she did not like the look of it. "I am afraid," said she, "they will shut down that trap-door and rob us; perhaps they may murder us," continued she, "and there is no way to get out. Oh dear, I wish I had never come here; I don't know what I came here for; and if we go out now, everybody else will be gone to bed. Oh, whatever shall I do?" Her companion tried to pacify her as much as possible by remarking that there was no one but themselves and the old woman in the house, and there did not appear much danger of violence. As Mrs. Nicholson had asked to stay the night with the old woman, they should endeavour to annoy her as little as possible; daylight would come very soon, and they could set off early for Asselby.

Mrs. Nicholson then remained tolerably quiet until about two o'clock in the morning, when her patience was exhausted, and she exclaimed, "Oh, I can't stay up here any longer. I shall be smothered, I know I shall; you all want to kill me. I believe that place is fastened up, and we shall be murdered. Oh, I shall never get down that hole! Oh! I don't know whatever I came here for! Just think that I, who have so many good houses of my own, should come up a hole like this! Oh! if I only get away alive, I will always go to the best inns for the future."

The poor old woman belonging to the house seemed much hurt at Mrs. Nicholson going on so, and assured her she was quite safe, for although she was poor she was

honest. All their endeavours to prevail on her to remain any longer were fruitless, and she insisted on a light being brought to enable her to descend the dreaded ladder. However, with a little care she accomplished her descent in safety, and once more seated by the fire (which the old woman had kindled for the purpose of making her as comfortable as possible), her spirits appeared to revive, and as soon as morning appeared she took her departure, without making the poor woman any recompense for all the trouble and annoyance she had caused her.

After their return from this wearisome journey, Mrs. Nicholson's cousin having taken up her abode at Drax, in the house before alluded to, this lady only saw her relative occasionally for some weeks. When they did meet, Nancy was always full of complaints about Mr. Nicholson's conduct, and the quarrels between the husband and wife about this time were both frequent and severe.

Mr. Nicholson's niece left them a few weeks after her aunt returned from Cumberland, after which time she treated the poor sister-in-law with the greatest cruelty, compelling her to walk without the assistance of her sticks, although she was scarcely able to totter along.

It will be readily imagined that under these circumstances matters became worse and worse in Mr. Nicholson's house.

It was about the end of November, 1844, that they had a violent quarrel, which ended in a mutual agreement to separate. As soon as this event happened, Mrs. Nicholson sent a message to her cousin, requesting her to hasten to Newland, to assist her in removing those articles of furniture which Mr. Nicholson allowed her to take.

Mrs. Nicholson's intention was to take up her abode

in a house belonging to her at Drax, which was next door but one to that occupied by her cousin, and at that time unoccupied.

On receiving the message, her cousin hastened to Newland, and there found things in the greatest disorder. Mr. Nicholson was evidently much the worse for liquor, and Mrs. Nicholson was the very picture of misery.

"Oh," cried she, when she first saw her cousin, "I am thankful you are come. Oh, do help me to remove these things, for if we do not get them away now, perhaps he will change his mind, and not let me have anything."

Then, giving a small trunk into her charge, she entreated her to return to Drax immediately, and put that in a place of safety. She was then to procure a horse and cart, with which she was to return to Newland as quickly as possible, having first instructed Mrs. W., the occupier of the adjoining house, to be ready to receive any goods which they might send with the cart.

After making the necessary arrangements at Drax, she again proceeded to Newland, having engaged the horse and cart to follow her. On arriving the second time at Newland, Mrs. Nicholson immediately began to remove her goods from the house and place them outside, while Mr. Nicholson stood in the doorway to see that she took nothing but what he thought proper.

Mr. Nicholson had always behaved with the greatest kindness to the cousin, and although at this time he was far from sober, he accosted her courteously, and said, "Well, you see we have come to the resolution of separating. I shall give her a good many things that I can do without, for I intend soon to give up housekeeping myself, when I shall put up a bed in the vestry, and live there by myself.

Any place will be better than living with her.' I suppose you will assist her in removing her things. I shall in the first place give her a bed, and she may take her choice which she will have." The bed was tied up and placed in the garden. He then handed out half-a-dozen chairs, a small round table, several pictures, &c.

They had got so far when the cart arrived; then Mrs. Nicholson asked leave to take a chest of drawers. "Yes," said Mr. Nicholson, "if you will remove them without opening you shall have them; but if you open a drawer they shall not be removed at all."—"Dear me, John, what a fool you are," replied Mrs. Nicholson, "how do you think it possible to remove it as it is?"—"Yes," said he, "you have often called me a fool, and so I may as well act as one. I have said the word, and unless these drawers are removed without opening, they remain where they are." "Oh, but there are some things in them belonging to you," responded Mrs. Nicholson, "let me take them out."—"No," he replied, "I command you to go at once; and if these drawers are not out in ten minutes, without opening, they remain where they are altogether, and after these things not another goes out of this house to-night. So do as you please."

Mrs. Nicholson was almost frantic at this announcement. The strength of herself, her cousin, and the man who brought the cart, exerted to the utmost, was insufficient to move the drawers. She ran about screaming to procure assistance, when fortunately a man passed down the lane, who in answer to her appeal, directly afforded his aid, and the drawers were removed within the appointed time.

They deposited in the cart the drawers and all the things they had got outside the house, when Mr. Nicholson posi-

tively refused to let her have any more. "Then I will at least take a light to see the way," said she, seizing the candlestick from the table, and leaving Mr. Nicholson in total darkness with his poor old sister, who was almost frightened to death.

The things were now all on the cart, ready to move off, but Mrs. Nicholson, fearful of leaving anything, remained searching about till she heard her husband approaching, when she proceeded to lead the way along the lane, holding the lighted candle in her hand. The night was excessively cold, and there was a slight breeze, but the candle continued to burn all the way to Drax.

Mrs. Nicholson cried and sobbed as they went along, but seemed to feel very grateful to her cousin for assisting her. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "what should I have done if I had not had you near me to help me. Surely it was Providence that sent you here! Oh, I will reward you well for what you have done for me."

When they arrived at Drax the cart was unloaded, and the furniture deposited in the cousin's house, where Mrs. Nicholson resolved to remain for the present. But she was extremely dissatisfied with the small portion of furniture she had got out of the house at Newland, and determined to have more if an opportunity offered.

A day or two passed without receiving any tidings from Mr. Nicholson, when a note arrived from him, asking his wife to return home and endeavour to behave more decently. This was the opportunity she wanted. He was therefore sent for to his cousin's, when they mutually agreed to live together again, with a hope for better results than before.

But Mrs. Nicholson knew that this peace could not last,

and that a final separation must eventually take place; she therefore made the best of her opportunity by removing stealthily from her husband's house every article she took a fancy to, and which she thought he would not immediately miss, to her barn, where the rest of the furniture was stored, and which she resolutely refused to allow her husband to bring back to his house.

At the end of a fortnight or three weeks the explosion took place. The cousin was again sent for, and endeavoured to make peace between the husband and wife. But her efforts were unsuccessful this time. "No," said Mr. Nicholson, resolutely, "she never will be better. That woman has darkened and blighted my life. If I have sunk, she has done it; I started on my career as a clergyman with hope and love to God and man. She has made me a disgrace to my cloth, and darkened my heart with misery. I have borne and borne with her. Heaven only knows the shame she has caused me, the gall I have been made to eat. Never shall she darken my doors again, for peace is unknown where she resides. If love and forbearance could have improved her, she has had all that from me. She has outraged me, insulted me, with her odious insinuations or her viler charges. I can bear it no longer; I turn from her with disgust."

The cousin was silent, knowing how true were the words of the unfortunate man; and she took Nancy to her house.

Mr. Nicholson seems, however, to have been stung beyond all endurance by some words she had launched at him in parting. These rankled in his breast, and as he sat with his brandy and water over the fire at night, brooding over his wrongs, he drank till he was mad with rage, and suddenly

flinging out of the house, ran to where Nancy lodged, and shouted through the door, "I bid you prepare, for at eleven o'clock this night I shall blow up these premises with gunpowder. I do not want to hurt any of you; so I give you warning in time."

Mr. Nicholson was exasperated at his wife having despoiled his house of so many of its contents, and he knew that these goods were stored in an adjoining shed. This is what he threatened to blow up; but his brain was muddled with drink. At eleven o'clock he returned with his gun, and fired into the shed where all the goods were heaped up. The ball was afterwards found lodged in a cupboard.

Mr. Nicholson then came to the door of the house where his wife was, and opened it. Nancy had escaped by the back door. He rushed in, and fell against a small table on which stood the candle. In his fall he upset the table against a cradle containing an infant, and at the same time a large loaded pistol flew out of his pocket, which was secured and conveyed away before he discovered its loss.

When things were again got into order, he requested to see Mrs. Nicholson. The constable had been previously sent for, and she had also sufficient protection from the presence of several respectable neighbours, who by that time had assembled. She was therefore advised to come forward and face him. He looked wild and haggard in the extreme, and eyed those about him very suspiciously. A gentleman then told him that they all respected him, and did not wish to expose him, but he was disturbing the peace, and if he had any more firearms about him he must give them up. He replied that he had not a master in England except her Majesty the Queen and his Grace

the Archbishop of York, and if any other person interfered with him he would blow their brains out. They immediately seized him, and took from his pockets two small pistols, both of which were loaded with balls.

As soon as the pistols were removed from his possession he became perfectly quiet, and said, with a smile, "Come, sit down, and I will just tell you the reason of all these rows. You see my wife and I have both over much money, and she wants what I have, and I want what she has; so we cannot agree. But come, let us have a friendly chat; I have no enmity to any one whatever."

Good humour was instantly restored, and both husband and wife, with a few of their kind neighbours, spent a short time in friendly conversation. When the neighbours had departed, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson agreed to remain where they were that night, and return home together early in the morning, both of them joining in earnestly entreating their cousin to accompany them, and remain with them for a short time.

On the following morning they all went to Newland together, and from the concessions they made to each other at that time there appeared some prospect of a permanent reconciliation. But alas! like the former, it was only transitory.

On the 29th of February, 1845, Mr. Nicholson called on his cousin at Drax rather early in the morning, and informed her that he feared Mrs. Nicholson was commencing her former course of unjust upbraidings, but if possible he would endeavour to let it pass over. He invited his cousin to spend his birthday, which would be on the ensuing 1st of March, with him at Newland.

The cousin asked if Mrs. Nicholson seconded the invita-

tion, and when she heard that the dragon did wish her to come, she consented. Mr. Nicholson then took his departure, urging her to come early. But in the afternoon of the same day she was alarmed by a violent hammering at a door near her own, and on looking out into the yard she observed Mr. Nicholson with a large blacksmith's hammer, beating at the door of the unoccupied house which contained the goods Mrs. Nicholson had removed from Newland.

The door soon yielded to the blows it received, and flew open, whereupon Mrs. W., the adjoining tenant, and Mrs. Nicholson's cousin, having consulted what to do, it was agreed that Mrs. W. should proceed to Newland as quickly as possible, and acquaint Mrs. Nicholson with the affair. In the meantime the other would endeavour to reason with Mr. Nicholson, who was busy examining all the things in the house, and had gathered together a lot of papers, letters, &c., which he was putting into the grate, observing that it was very cold, but he would soon have a blazing fire. He told his cousin he intended to have a sale in the afternoon, when he would sell off everything. In the meantime Mrs. W. had gone to Newland and returned in a very short space of time with Mrs. Nicholson, who was crying bitterly, and exclaiming against Mr. Nicholson in no very gentle terms.

She entered the house, but when Mr. Nicholson saw her, his fury seemed to increase still more, and she was glad to run into her cousin's house for protection.

After her departure Mr. Nicholson set fire to the papers he had collected in the fireplace. Then, taking a green silk umbrella out of a box, he quietly secured the door of the house again, and bidding his cousin good after-

noon, walked off with the umbrella and his blacksmith's hammer.

This was the final quarrel. He never from that day visited his wife again, or would suffer her to re-enter his doors. Indeed, they never again met.

Mrs. Nicholson became more composed after her husband's departure, and informed her cousin that he had beaten her severely about the head and breast, which was very much discoloured. What with the beating, and the anxiety of mind she must have felt in the circumstances in which she was placed, it may be supposed that she was far from well.

A medical man from Snaith happening just then to pass the house, on a visit to the school, where he had some patients, she exclaimed, "I have a great mind to call in Dr. Potts and let him see the condition I am in. He cannot charge much when he is not brought here on purpose, and it will expose Mr. Nicholson rarely." Accordingly as Mr. P. returned he was called in. He ordered her a little medicine, and promised to call the next time he passed.

After the departure of the doctor Mrs. Nicholson repented calling him in, for she saw he intended to run up a long bill. As for his medicine, she declared she never intended to take it. Her principal object in calling in the doctor was to secure the evidence of a medical man to her condition, in case she should apply to the Archbishop for an allowance out of Mr. Nicholson's income. Therefore, after his second visit she determined to receive him no more, and left orders with her cousin to say she was quite well again, and requested his bill. A bill was accordingly handed in, the amount of which was ten shillings.

Mrs. Nicholson declared this would be a warning to her in future never to have anything to do with doctors until the last extremity.

She remained at Newland some time longer, and then removed to Asselby. The first change she made there was to turn out of his farm the tenant who had given her so much information previous to the division of the land with her Dublin cousin, by means of which she had obtained the best land. For the purpose of gaining this information she had made her tenant a promise that he should never be disturbed. He reminded her of her promise, but she had made her plan, and cared neither for his entreaties nor her promise. He was compelled to leave the farm at the termination of his tenancy, which was the Lady-day following her final separation from her husband.

She persuaded her cousin to come and live with her at Asselby, promising her if she would do so that she would leave her all her property. The cousin, although to do so was extremely inconvenient, and certainly most unpleasant, agreed on these terms to do what she wished.

Poor Mr. Nicholson had bought an accordion, which he amused himself in the long evenings with playing. On a summer night he sat out under the trees and practised on his instrument. Nancy was highly exasperated when she heard this. It was done, she concluded, out of malice, to exhibit to the whole parish that he was indifferent to his loss, and could be supremely happy without his wife.

"And I can be happy too," said Nancy, and she launched out in the extravagance of an organ. She could not play it, but she could pull out all the stops, bang her fist on the notes, and let the roar of the instrument pro-

claim to the neighbourhood through the open windows that she too was merry.

But not satisfied with this, she determined to be revenged on her husband by obtaining if possible his inhibition. She resolved on bringing Mr. Nicholson's intemperance under the notice of the Archbishop, yet so ingeniously did she lay her plans, that when the investigation took place, the part she had taken in it did not transpire.

It appears that Mr. Nicholson had a dispute with a tenant at Drax about giving up possession of his premises at a certain time, and this tenant called on Mrs. Nicholson at Asselby, requesting her to be a witness as to the time of his entering into possession, when she instigated him to write to the Archbishop of York and give a full account of Mr. Nicholson's various acts of intemperance, with a full detail of all the circumstances in his conduct which were likely to degrade him in the eyes of the Archbishop. She promised to assist him if he would proceed with his charge, but this promise she never intended to perform, for she remarked afterwards that she did not care about him, only she thought her complaint following his without having any reference to each other would make Mr. Nicholson's conduct appear more abominable and unjust.

Mrs. Nicholson then caused letters to be written to the Archbishop, complaining that Mr. Nicholson had beat her, and caused her to be turned away without a home. This brought about a correspondence between the Archbishop and Mrs. Nicholson, but, contrary to her hopes, it ended in the Archbishop advising Mrs. Nicholson to consult a solicitor on the subject, which she well knew was unnecessary.

'The investigation caused Mr. Nicholson's suspension

from preaching for two years, which event gave Mrs. Nicholson great satisfaction. She wrote several letters to him from Asselby, in some of which she abused him, and in others expressed a wish to be again reconciled, but she never received any reply.

Being now in comparative tranquillity with all around her, she was at a loss for an object on which to employ her ever active brain, when one day, as she was reading over the advertisements in the newspaper, she suddenly exclaimed, "I am tired of doing nothing, and I think it is a' sin to be idle. To be sure I have what will keep me, and somebody after me, but I would rather be employed. I will try to obtain a housekeeper's situation. I know there are many who would be glad to have such a person as me, if it was only to take care of things for them." It is probable that no one else would be of the same opinion, but from that time she searched the advertisements in the newspapers with an interest truly ridiculous. Week after week passed, but nothing appeared which was likely to suit her.

At length an advertisement appeared for a cook and housekeeper wanted for a single gentleman. The address was copied, and a letter written, describing her as a clergyman's daughter, &c. It was read over several times by Mrs. Nicholson previous to its being deposited in the post-office, and the reply was anxiously looked for. At length it arrived, when it appeared that the advertiser was a highly respectable physician residing at Thirsk, and he appointed a time for meeting Mrs. Nicholson at the Railway Hotel at York.

Mrs. Nicholson immediately considered herself engaged, and as she expected to leave Asselby for some time, she

made great preparations for securing her apartments and the property they contained, locking and marking every drawer and cupboard, so that she might know if anyone meddled with them during her absence.

She had then to consider what clothing would be necessary for this important occasion. She thought it probable that she would be expected to dress rather smart in her new situation, and accordingly packed up in a band-box an old-fashioned black silk pelisse, lined in front with yellow; a pink muslin gown which she had got soon after her marriage, and which was consequently too small for her at this time; her never-failing black stuff gown for occasional use; and a light shawl. These formed her wardrobe and filled the band-box, which was then tied up in a large old shawl. She then packed a few articles in a reticule basket covered with a piece of old blue print. This she secured with a padlock passed through the lid of the basket and the willows at the top which were left uncovered by the print.

In vain her friends tried to persuade her not to take her clothes with her, as it was doubtful if she would get the situation. She appeared to think that was impossible, because she was determined to go, let the place be what it might, never seeming to think the other side would refuse. She was then entreated to dress herself as tidily as possible, but she would only go her own way. So she arrayed herself in an old print gown, very much soiled, the indispensable apron, a woollen plaid shawl, a cap very much crushed, and a bonnet little better.

The day appointed for meeting the gentleman at York was wet and stormy, but Mrs. Nicholson resolutely faced the storm, and taking the packet at the ferry, arrived in

safety at York. She then set off to walk to the hotel, but by the time she reached the end of Skeldergate she was pretty well fatigued with her great bundle and basket, and her shoes were covered with mud, her bonnet blown back off her face, and her hair hanging about in disorder.

She was in this state when she arrived at the hotel, and inquired if Mr. —— from Thirsk was there. She was immediately shown into his presence. On entering the room she made a low curtsey, placed her bundle on the floor, and sat down on the nearest chair, almost overcome.

The gentleman approached from the other end of the room, which was a large one, and looking at her for about a minute, he inquired, "Were you wanting me?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. "I suppose you are Mr. ——, from Thirsk?"

"I am," said the gentleman.

"Oh, then," said she, "I am Mrs. Nicholson who wrote to you about your situation as cook and housekeeper."

The gentleman, who appeared rather nervous, immediately replied, "Oh, dear me—you Mrs. Nicholson!—you the person who wrote to me! I understood——"

Here his sentence was left unfinished, and he commenced again, "Oh, my good woman, it must be some mistake. Are you the person who wrote to me?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "and I assure you I will take all possible care of anything intrusted to me."

"Oh, dear!" said he, "you are not at all the kind of person that I require. I have hitherto had my sister to superintend my house, but she is going to travel in Italy, and I want a person qualified to supply her place."

"Oh," answered Mrs. Nicholson, "I can do that. I

have been used to manage a family of fifteen, and I am sure I can do all you require."

"Oh, dear, no!" again retorted the gentleman, who began to look upon her with some degree of apprehension. "I assure you, you are not the sort of person I want. There must have been some mistake, my good woman—you really will not do for me." So saying, he retreated towards the other end of the room.

But Mrs. Nicholson was not going to be repulsed so easily. She rose from her seat, and resolutely followed him, saying, "Indeed, sir, I feel quite sure I could do for you; if you please, sir, just try me for a month. Oh, sir, I should so much like to go with you!"

The gentleman looked much embarrassed and annoyed, and walking about, he said, "Indeed, my good woman, I do assure you I cannot take you with me. You really are not the sort of person I require."

Mrs. Nicholson began to feel disappointed, but resolved to try again. Once more advancing towards him, she said, "Well, sir, I am very sorry you think so. However, I have no objections to travel, and if your sister should want a companion——"

Here the gentleman interrupted her, saying, "My good woman, no such thing, I assure you. You really will not do at all. There has evidently been some mistake, for had I known before, I need not have troubled you."

"Well, indeed," said Mrs. Nicholson, "it has been a great deal of trouble, for I have come all the way on purpose, and have brought my clothes with me."

The gentleman involuntarily cast his eyes first at the great bundle and then at the speaker, and observed he was really sorry, though he could not be answerable for her

actions, but if she desired, he would order her some refreshment.

However, she declined, and took her departure, murmuring something about her disappointment and the trouble she had been at.

On reaching the street, Mrs. Nicholson suddenly exclaimed, "What a great fool I was not to take a glass of wine when he offered it. I am sure it was little enough for the trouble and expense I have had. But I'll go back and see if I cannot get something from him towards paying my fare home again."

Accordingly she returned to the hotel, but the gentleman was denied to her, when finding herself again disappointed, she gave vent to her indignation against him, and ended by calling him "a ninny-nonny old bachelor."

Week after week rolled on, and she was still pondering over a situation, when her attention was again attracted by an advertisement for a housekeeper. Application was made, and an answer duly returned, informing her that her services would be required to manage a large establishment. Her wages would be thirty pounds per annum, and she would have the control of all the female servants, except the lady's maid and the governess. The others she would have power to engage and discharge at her own discretion. She was requested to go over immediately to meet the lady and gentleman at their own house.

Mrs. Nicholson was delighted with these proposals, and already fancied herself at the head of the establishment. She immediately began to calculate how much money she could save out of her wages, and the various perquisites which she considered would be within her reach, and she

then rejoiced that she had not obtained the old bachelor's situation at Thirsk.

As this situation promised to be one of importance, she thought it would be necessary to take most of her smart clothes, but after mature consideration she made up her mind to take precisely the same as she had taken to York. The bandbox had never been unpacked since her former journey, so that she had only the covered basket to fill, and she was then ready to start.

The letter she had received directed her to a beautiful mansion near Skipton in Craven. As it was necessary to be there as early as possible, she was obliged to travel by rails. When she arrived at the station at Skipton, she inquired the way to A——, and after a weary walk, at length reached the entrance to the grounds surrounding the Hall. After proceeding a few yards along the avenue, she sat down to arrange her dress, and then took a survey of the place. From the spot which she occupied she could obtain a slight glimpse of the building. "Why," she exclaimed, "this is much finer than K—— Hall; I shall have a grander place than him." After resting a short time she proceeded to a door, and slightly tapping at it, retired a few steps. It was speedily opened by a female domestic, who inquired of Mrs. Nicholson what she wanted. She replied by asking if Mrs. —— was at home. The girl having answered in the affirmative, she requested her to be so kind as to inform the lady that Mrs. Nicholson had arrived.

"Oh, certainly," replied the girl; and eyeing her from head to foot, she asked, "are you Mrs. Nicholson?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Nicholson, "and I have just arrived by the train."

The girl then invited her to walk in, and she was shown into a small sitting-room. In passing along she saw that the house was very extensive, and the apartments so numerous and so grand that she would not be able to stop there. She had just made up her mind that the place was too grand for her, when the door opened and a lady entered. Mrs. Nicholson arose and curtsied, but was full of confusion, and unable to utter a word. The lady requested her to sit down, and informed her that Mrs. —— would be with her in a few minutes.

"What," answered Mrs. Nicholson, "are not you Mrs. ——?"

"Oh, no," replied she, "I am her maid."

"I suppose Mrs. —— is expecting me?" said Mrs. Nicholson.

"Oh, yes," replied the maid; "she sent the carriage to the railway station to meet the train, and bring you here. But it returned some time since. The groom said he made inquiries, but could not hear of a passenger likely to be the new housekeeper."

During this speech the lady's maid appeared to be examining Mrs. Nicholson's dress most minutely.

In a short time the lady herself appeared, and the maid withdrew, but Mrs. Nicholson had both seen and heard sufficient to prevent her from feeling the least desire to remain. She therefore at once said to the lady, "Oh, ma'am, I am sorry I have come here, for I could never stay in this great place."

The lady replied, "Well, Mrs. Nicholson, I am sorry likewise, for I was really in hopes I had met with an excellent housekeeper. However, as you see it yourself, I shall be spared the necessity of wounding your feelings."

The lady then repeated what the maid had told her about sending the carriage to the railway station, but Mrs. Nicholson appeared quite incapable of entering into conversation. The lady evidently observed her confusion, and behaved with the utmost kindness and condescension. She remarked that night was coming on; therefore if Mrs. Nicholson would remain till morning, she would give orders for her accommodation.

Mrs. Nicholson decided not to remain, and she also declined taking any refreshments, but she expressed a desire to see some of the rooms in the Hall. The lady readily granted her wish, and showed her through the splendid apartments herself. She again expressed her sorrow that a mistake, as she expressed it, had occurred, and Mrs. Nicholson replied that she was sorry too, for the journey had been a great expense to her, but she hoped the lady would give her something towards it.

The lady smiled at her request, and gave her a few shillings, remarking that she had now paid for advertising for a housekeeper.

Mrs. Nicholson humbly thanked her, and took her departure, amidst the half-suppressed titters of the servants, who had assembled to witness her exit.

These events were seldom referred to afterwards, and Mrs. Nicholson thenceforth rested satisfied without seeking another situation, but continued steadily her usual mode of living and amassing money.

In the beginning of the year 1850, having heard that Mr. Nicholson was dangerously ill, she felt anxious to see him, but first caused the question to be put to him if he wished to see her, when he expressed the greatest abhorrence at the idea, and declared that he never

wished to see her more. He died on the 8th of February following.

At the invitation of the executors she attended the funeral. She was dressed in her never-failing black stuff gown, and a white Tuscan bonnet which she bought soon after she separated from her husband. The bonnet was trimmed for the funeral with a narrow black gauze ribbon.

On arriving at the house, the first thing she did was to ask for her green silk umbrella, which it will be remembered Mr. Nicholson had taken out of her box at Drax. She declared if it was not brought she would search the house for it. To prevent any unpleasantness, the umbrella was sought out, and fearful of again losing her treasure, she proceeded to church as chief mourner with the umbrella in her hand.

Mr. Nicholson left a will wherein he provided for his poor old sister for life, with remainder to a niece in Northamptonshire. His household furniture and effects were to be sold. Of course he could not prevent Mrs. Nicholson from having a life interest in any property referred to in the deeds in which her name was inserted.

When the sale of the furniture was advertised, Mrs. Nicholson determined to go over to Newland and take possession of the house. Her cousin was invited to accompany her. She was much troubled with the thought of the sale, for the things had formerly been hers, and she seemed to feel great pain at parting with them in that way. At length she declared, as she could not keep them herself, she would endeavour to prevent anybody else from enjoying them. She then broke the glass over the clock face, and with a penknife cut slits in the carpets and haircloth covering of the sofa. These were not visible at the time

of the sale, but would undoubtedly appear when brought into use.

The sale took place on the Saturday, and it was late in the evening when it was concluded. Several friends invited Mrs. Nicholson to their homes, but she refused to leave the house. Two bedsteads and a crimson sofa were left, which the purchasers could not conveniently remove that evening, and which Mrs. Nicholson gladly allowed to remain, as they were likely to be useful to her. She had previously observed a large bundle in the garden, which had evidently been overlooked by the auctioneer and his assistants. This she contrived to conceal in the cellar until all the company had retired, when she brought it forth, and found it to contain an excellent pair of blankets and a good quilt, which enabled them to make their quarters rather more comfortable. She also found in the cellar a barrel containing a considerable quantity of ale, with which she nearly filled an old kettle, and having boiled it over a fire made of sticks and old wood, she drank the greater part of the kettleful at her supper, and was soon as fast asleep in her new-found blankets, laid on the bare bedstead, as if she had been on a bed of down.

When morning arrived, the house, as might be expected, presented a very desolate appearance. The cold was intense, but Mrs. Nicholson resolutely refused every invitation to leave it. She and her cousin found plenty of sticks and wood, with which they kept up a tolerable fire, and having drunk some more boiled ale, Nancy commenced a thorough inspection of the house. She found some old lumber which had not been worth selling, and in one of the chambers a good heap of barley. Into this chamber she removed all the lumber, together with all the pots and pans, whether broken

or sound, a quantity of doctors' bottles, and every piece of wood about the place which was not then required for their fire.

Having only a life interest in the house, she determined to remove the fixtures. She pulled the shelves out of the cupboard, tore down the banisters at the top of the stairs, took the lock off the parlour door and the rollers from the windows, and deposited them in the chamber with the lumber and the barley. When night again drew on she had all arranged to her satisfaction. Again she boiled her kettleful of ale, and again slept soundly in her blankets as on the previous night.

Early on Monday morning she deposited in the chamber the blankets, the quilt, and the old kettle, and having securely locked the door and placed a private mark upon it that she might know if an entrance had been attempted, she waited anxiously until the owner of the bedsteads and sofa arrived and took them away. She then secured the house by nailing down the windows, &c., and taking the path across the fields, once more returned to Asselby.

Almost immediately after she arrived at home, she was informed by the niece whose husband was tenant of the farm, that, owing to the heavy rent and other circumstances, their affairs had become embarrassed. Mrs. Nicholson had always promised to be a friend to them, and they now offered to give all up to her, hoping by that means to secure a continuance of her friendship. But she suddenly took offence at something or other, and seized upon all they possessed, which was immediately advertised to be sold by auction, and her niece and family left the house the same evening.

There was then no one left about the premises but

herself, and as she could not bear to be alone, she again entreated her cousin to remain with her for a time.

The sale of her niece's stock and furniture proceeded. At the conclusion, the villagers, to whom she had always been an object of dislike, made a large straw effigy, and paraded it up and down the place. They then set fire to it in front of her window, and saluted her with songs, hisses, and execrations.

The sight of the fire thoroughly alarmed her, and throwing open the window she screamed and swore like a mad woman. She sent for a constable and shouted for help. No one appeared to interfere on her behalf, but when the effigy had ceased burning, the crowd dispersed of their own accord.

Nancy Nicholson was so offended at having been burnt in effigy that she determined to leave Asselby, and as she had again a house at liberty at Drax, she moved her furniture into it, and persuaded her cousin to accompany her.

She got her tenant, Mrs. W——, to lend her carts to move her goods free of expense, promising to remember her in her will.

She then despatched the first load of furniture and corn. The quantity of old rubbish she had collected was surprising. But she refused to part with any portion of it, and rags, old iron, and bones were all packed with equal care.

About six weeks after the death of her husband, an elderly gentleman began to pay his addresses to Mrs. Nicholson. A second suitor speedily followed, and shortly afterwards a third. This bevy of suitors had a wonderful effect on the old lady, and she began to pay

great attention to her dress and personal appearance. She purchased within one week three new gowns, all of which she had made up with flounces; she got also a new bonnet, and had several caps newly trimmed. She then brought from her stores several rings, not one of which was gold except her marriage ring, and with these she adorned her fingers. An hour or more she would spend every morning in rubbing her rings, and in oiling and dressing her hair, taking great pains to set herself off to the best advantage, assuming all the giddy flirting airs of a girl of sixteen. There is little doubt she would have married a second time, but feared parting with her money, and it is thought that none of her suitors were particularly anxious to take her without it.

About this time she began to attend the Roman Catholic chapel at Howden, and shortly after was received into the Roman Church by baptism; and at that time she certainly appeared to have more devotional feeling than she ever displayed either before or afterwards. But on being applied to for a small donation towards the new church then in course of erection at Howden, she speedily withdrew from the Roman communion, remarking that she had a good pew in the parish church, to which she could go without expense whenever she felt disposed, and she would too, in spite of every one.

Previous to this, Nancy Nicholson had let a portion of the house at Newland, together with the land adjoining, to a young couple from Holderness, and for a time all appeared to be going on smoothly.

But the Asselby farm remained unlet, in consequence of her asking for it an exorbitant rent. She therefore deter-

mined to farm it herself, and in spite of her aversion to Asselby, was obliged to return to it. Mrs. W., her tenant, was again persuaded to lend her cart to remove the precious furniture of Nancy Nicholson, and shortly after she built another house at Asselby, and prevailed on her tenant at Newland to remove into the new house. She then got him to promise to bring with him the few trifling articles she said she had left locked up in the chamber at Newland. He little imagined what a quantity of worthless lumber was comprised in those "few articles."

Mrs. Nicholson and her cousin went over, on a day appointed, to superintend the removal of the miscellaneous collection of rubbish which had lain so long neglected. In a most awful condition they found it. The sight and smell which saluted them when they opened the door was not soon forgotten. The room literally swarmed with mice, and many of their dead bodies lay about in various stages of decay. The heap of barley was nearly levelled and pretty well shelled out, and, on lifting up the blankets, vast numbers of mice, both young and old, rolled out, and ran squealing about, in consternation at the unwonted disturbance of the comfortable abode they had enjoyed so long in peace and plenty.

Mrs. Nicholson stood, the very image of despair, holding in her hands the blankets, which were riddled through and through by the mice, who had made their nests in every fold, and the smell which came from them was almost suffocating.

She then had all the various articles conveyed down into the yard. Among them was an old broken cream-pot containing about a stone of salt, which displayed sufficient evidence that the mice had been frequently amongst it.

But even this she could not bear to leave behind, observing that the dirt could be picked out, and then it would last her a long time.

She next caused the chimney-stones and fire-grate to be removed from the parlour, at the additional weight of which the tenant grumbled sadly. They then commenced loading the cart, Mrs. Nicholson standing by to see that nothing belonging to her was left behind. Suddenly she espied the pot of salt, which had evidently been overlooked intentionally. The man declared he could not find a place where it would go safely, but she insisted on his taking it, and reached it up into the cart herself. The man endeavoured to shift some of the other articles to find a place for the salt pot, when, partly with his extra weight and partly with shifting the other things, the cart overbalanced, and the contents were strewed on the ground. Fortunately the man, seeing the danger, jumped off, and escaped without injury, but an excellent chest of drawers which he had in the cart was much damaged. Heedless of his dangers or losses, Mrs. Nicholson commenced a volley of abuse and lamentation, ludicrously mixed together—one moment cursing the man and the next mourning over her doctor's bottles and the unfortunate salt pot, which was reduced to fragments and the salt spread on the ground. She remarked that the drawers could be repaired, but the bottles and pot were done for ever.

The loading recommenced, and another jar obtained from the tenant for the salt, which was scraped up with a little additional dirt, of course, but as on the whole there seemed no reduction of quantity, Mrs. Nicholson was apparently satisfied, particularly as her tenant gave her the jar to make up for the loss of the bottles. At

length he started with his load, and in due time arrived safely at Asselby.

Mrs. Nicholson could never get a servant to live with her for any length of time, her filthy habits being past endurance. She endeavoured to do without assistance, but finding that impossible, she prevailed on her cousin to go to Asselby once a week to help her to clean up a little. She had her bed in the room down-stairs where she lived, and her chambers were not swept for months previous to her death. If her cousin offered to clean up-stairs she would reply that it was of no consequence, for no one went up but herself. Her cousin received no payment for her attendance, although she found her own provisions, relying entirely on Mrs. Nicholson's oft-repeated promise that she should be rewarded in her will. Her weekly attendance was continued until about the beginning of July, 1854, when Mrs. Nicholson engaged a daughter of the niece before mentioned, to go three times a week. She also found her own provisions, but had wages for her labour. The cousin, at Mrs. Nicholson's request, still went occasionally.

Soon after this Mrs. Nicholson became very ill, but was without medical advice until the 4th of August, making her words good in that respect, that she would never have another doctor until the last extremity. On that day she allowed one to be sent for, and on the following day she gave instructions for her will to be made. She bequeathed the farm and house she occupied, with all her furniture and money in the bank, to the niece before mentioned. She left another farm to the cousin in Ireland, who had been defrauded when they separated their land. She left £1500 to the son of a half-cousin by her mother's side,

residing in Cumberland. But the great bulk of her property was left to her half-nephew mentioned in the account of her visit to Cumberland.

Although both the medical gentleman and the solicitor very kindly urged her to remember the cousin who had so constantly attended upon her, without having hitherto received the slightest recompense or reward for her trouble and expense, she refused to leave her anything. Nor did she leave anything to her other own cousins in Cumberland, or perform her promise to provide for Mrs. W——, her tenant at Drax, or the promises she made to her other tenants that she would leave each of them a year's rent.

About a fortnight before her death she wished for some wine, and sent for a bottle of the best that could be procured. The wine was brought, and she was informed the price was four shillings, which caused her great dissatisfaction. She accused the person who brought it with extravagance in paying so much, and with folly in not ascertaining what would be allowed for the bottle when empty.

She then ordered in a five-gallon barrel of ale, all of which she consumed in the week previous to her death. Hearing from the doctor that she could not live long, she was dreadfully afraid of dying before she had finished the barrel, and so not have had all she could out of her money. As she had not been accustomed to drink fermented liquors for some years before, there is no doubt she must have been half-stupefied with beer during the last week of her existence.

She signed her will on Sunday morning, August 6th, 1854, and died the evening of the same day, aged sixty-seven.

THE WOODEN BELL OF RIPON.

NEAR the railway station at Ripon is a quaint block of old almshouses, with an ancient chapel dedicated to S. Mary Magdalen, of grey stone, backed by a grove of elms. The little chapel contains some curious wood carving, the original stone altar, and a large oak chest in which reposes a solitary curiosity—a wooden bell, painted grey-green. The chapel is fortunately unrestored, left in its picturesque antiquity to moulder away. Any one who had seen the chapel of Barden Tower some years ago, and what it has become under the hand of the restorer, will know what it is to be grateful that a venerable relic of antiquity has not been furbished up to suit modern taste. That St. Mary Magdalen's would have fallen into bad hands had it been given over to restoration may be judged by the hideous new chapel which the authorities have recently erected close to the almshouses.

By that wooden bell in the oak chest hangs a tale.

In the time of our grandfathers, Dr. Waddilove was Dean of Ripon, a divine of the old port-wine-drinking school.

Now S. Mary Magdalen's chapel was no longer used. By the ancient endowment there was to be a resident chaplain and daily service in the little church, which the inmates of the almshouses were expected to attend. But the chaplaincy and its emoluments were usually held by one of the canons of the Minster. The stipend went into his pocket; the duties were neglected. If the old almsfolk wished to pray to God daily, they might totter three-quarters of a mile up to the Minster.

Dean Waddilove took on himself the chaplaincy; that is, he appropriated to the stocking of his cellar the money bequeathed to the almonership of the Magdalen Hospital.

But his cellar fell low. The Dean wanted money; his credit with the wine-merchants was as low as his cellar. How was money to be raised?

One day he had the bell of the Magdalen Chapel removed from the gable in which it had hung for many centuries, and had hung silent for many years. It was an ancient bell, with a Lombardic inscription—

"Sum ego pulsata
Rosa mundi vocata."

The bell went to the founders; the money paid for it went to the wine-merchant, and a hamper of fine old crusted port arrived at the Deanery.

But Ripon people, though long-suffering, could not quite endure the "robbing of churches." Murmurs were heard; the Dean was remonstrated with. He puffed out, turning as red as a turkey-cock—

"Well, well! the bell shall go back again."

And sure enough next week the bell was seen once more hanging in the gable of S. Mary Magdalen's chapel as of yore.

The Ripon people were content. The bell was never rung, but to that they were accustomed. Who cared whether the old goodies in the hospital were ministered to or not? It was no affair of theirs if the founder's wishes were set at nought, and the walls of the Magdalen never sounded with the voice of prayer.

But next spring, as on many a former one, the swallows built their nests among the eaves, and found a place about the altar of God's deserted house, as they had done in the days of the Psalmist. When nesting-time came, some boys began climbing about the roofs in quest of eggs.

One of them, seeing a rope dangling from the bell, caught it and began to pull, when, to his amazement, the bell uttered no sound. He crept under it. There was no clapper; and, what was more, it hardly looked hollow. His curiosity was excited, and he climbed up to it, and discovered that the bell was only a piece of deal turned, and painted the colour of bell-metal!

The story sounded further than ever had the old bell; and for very shame the Dean was obliged to take it down, and hide it in the chest of the Magdalen chapel.

Autumn came round. The Dean had notable espalliers in his garden. His trees were too attractive to the urchins of Ripon to escape visits. This highly incensed the Dean; and one night, hearing the boys at his apple-trees, he rushed, stick in hand, upon them. One he caught by the scruff of his neck. The others fled over the wall.

"Oh, you young ruffian! you audacious young scoundrel!" roared the Dean; "where do you think thieves will go to hereafter? What do you think will happen to them here?"

"Please, sir! please, sir!——"

"Hold your wicked tongue, you rascal!" thundered the Dean, whistling his cudgel round his head, "I shall thrash you unmercifully now, and lock you up in the black-hole to-night, and take you to the magistrate to-morrow, and have you sent to prison. And then, if you go on with your stealing, sir! you will go—there!" And the Dean progged with his stick in the direction of the centre of the globe.

Then he shook the boy furiously—"one, two," bang came the stick down.

"Please, mercy, Mr. Dean; spare me!"

"Spare you, sir! no—three."

"But, please, Mr. Dean, *my father made the wooden bell for you.*"

"Go along, you rascal," gasped the Dean, relaxing his hold, and rushing back into his house.

THE MILKIN' TIME.

A CRAVEN SONG.

THE following charming little song is by James Henry Dixon, LL.D., a native of Craven, author of several works of a local character. It is inserted here as a specimen of Craven dialect, as well as for its own beauty. *

Meet meh at the fowd at the milkin' time,
Whan the dusky sky is gowd, at the milkin' time;
Whan the fog is slant wiv dew,
An' the clocks going hummin' thro'
The wick-sets, an' the branches ov the owmerrin yew.

Weel ye knaw the hour ov the milkin' time:
The girt bell sounds frev t' tower at the milkin' time;
But as t' gowd suin turns tǫ gray,
An' ah cannot hev delay,
Dunnat linger bi the way at the milkin' time.

Ye'll find a lass 'at's true at the milkin'-time,
Shoo thinks ov nane bud you at the milkin' time;
Bud my fadder's gittin' owd,
An' he's gien a bit ta scowd,
Whan ah's owre lang at the fowd, at the milkin' time.

* Published in "A Garland of Poetry by Yorkshire Authors." A. Holroyd, Saltaire, 1873.

Happen ye're afear'd at the milkin' time;
Mebbe loike ye've heer'd, at the milkin' time,
The green-fowk shak their feet,
Whan t' moon on Hee-sides breet;
An' it chances soa ta-neet, at the milkin' time.

There's yan, an' he knaws weel whan it's milkin' time:
He'd faace the varra deil at the milkin' time;
He'd nut be yan ta wait,
Tho' a Bargest was i' t' gate,
If the word, ah'd nobbut say't, at the milkin' time.

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OLD JOHN MEALY-FACE.

OLD JOHN M——,* a character in his way, and a celebrity in his very little circle, was born in the parish of Topcliffe, near Thirsk, on February 20th, 1784.

He was thrice married. His first and second wives I did not know; the third he married March 29th, 1838. She was afflicted with paralysis of her legs during a great part of her later life. She was a charming old woman—religious, amiable, and a general favourite with her neighbours.

Old John had sharp features, an eagle nose, and a prominent chin. He wore drab corduroy breeches and blue stockings. He shaved all the hair off his face. The nickname he bore in the village, where he resided on his small farm, was "Mealy-Face." He obtained it by this means: John was a close-fisted old man, who stinted himself, and his wife above all, in every possible way, for he dearly loved money. He did not allow his wife enough food, and she, poor thing, was wont, when he was out for the day at market or at fair, to bake herself a loaf from which she could cut a hunch when hungry.

Her husband found this out, and was very wroth. When he went to market he pressed his face down in the flour at

* I suppress the name, as the old man died but lately.

the top of the bin, and on his return put his face back in the depressions, to make sure that the flour had not been disturbed.

The old man was not without dry humour. The story is told of him that a clergyman called on him one day to say he was about to leave his present sphere of work, "the Lord having called him to work in another vineyard."

"Then," said Old Mealy-Face, "I lay you get a better wage."

"Yes," answered the clergyman, "it is a better living by a hundred a-year."

"Heh! I thowt seah (so)," said John, dryly; "else the Lord mud ha' called while (till) he'd been hoarse, and ye'd niver ha' heeard."

An excursionist met him on Whitston Scar, on the Hambledons. The traveller had come there from Thirsk, hoping to see the glorious view stretching to Pendle Hill, in Lancashire. But a fog came on and obscured the scene. The gentleman coming upon John, who had been to Helmsley on some business or other, accosted him in an off-hand manner:

"Hey, gaffer! there's a fine view from here, ain't there, on fine days?"

"Aye, sur, it might be worse."

"One can see a long way, I'm told."

"I reckon one may if one's got eyes."

"Now tell me, gaffer, can one see as far as America, do you think?"

"One can see a deel furder," answered John.

"You don't mean to say so?"

"Eh, but I do. One can see t' moon from Whitston on a moonshiny neet."

Old John had a famous pear-tree in his garden. Two years running his pears were stolen, and no doubt were sold in Thirsk market, without John being a penny the richer. The old man grimly awaited the thief as the fruit ripened in the following autumn, sitting nightly in his window, gun in hand.

One dark night, just before market-day, he heard some one at his tree. He took careful aim at the spot whence the sound proceeded, fired, and a scream told him his bullet had taken effect. In fact, he had hit the thief in the thigh; but the ball had fortunately penetrated the flesh, and broken no bone.

The pear-stealer was caught, and on the first opportunity brought before the magistrates at Thirsk. The presiding magistrate—I think it was Sir John Galway, but am not certain — deemed it advisable to caution John M—— against too free a use of his gun.

"You know, my good friend, that a gun loaded with a bullet might have killed the man who stole your pears."

"Ah, it might, and it would, but t' gun snecked (kicked) as I were blazin' wi' it."

"If the gun had not 'snecked,' as you call it, the bullet would probably have gone into the poor fellow's heart and killed him dead."

"I'll tak' care it deean't sneck again," said Old John, who had no scruples against shooting a pear-stealer.

Whilst in the parish of Topcliffe I am constrained to relate an anecdote illustrative of Yorkshire shrewdness, though unconnected with Mealy-Face.

An old woman—Molly Jakes, we will call her—died, or was thought to have died, and was buried by the parish. A few days after the funeral the vicar was talking to the

sexton, when the latter said, drawing the back of his hand across his nose, "Ye thowt old Molly Jakes were deead, sur."

"Dead, dead! bless my soul! of course she was."

"Well, mebbe she is neah (now)."

"What do you mean? Speak, for heaven's sake!"

"Nay, sur, it's nowt! Only I thowt efter I'd thrown the mould in as I heeard her movin' and grum'ling under t' greand (ground)."

"You dug her up at once, of course, man alive?"

"Nay," said the sexton, "I know two o' that," casting a knowing look at the parson. "T' parish paid one burying: who was to pay me for digging her up and putting her in ageean, if she died once maire? Besides," said the sexton, drawing his hand back again across his nose, "Old Molly cost t' parish hef-a-croon a week when she war wick (alive). Noo she's felted (hidden) under t' greeand, she costs nowt. If I'd dug her up and she lived ever seah (so) long, what would ha' t' rate-payers 'a said teah (to) me?"

John M——, once, when I was in his house, told me a curious tale about himself. He was riding one night to Thirsk, when he suddenly saw passing him a radiant boy on a white horse. There was no sound of footfall as he drew nigh. Old John was first aware of the approach of the mysterious rider by seeing the shadow of himself and his horse flung before him on the high-road. Thinking there might be a carriage with lamps, he was not alarmed till by the shortening of the shadow he knew that the light must be near him, and then he was surprised to hear no sound. He thereupon turned in his saddle, and at the same moment the radiant boy passed him. He was a child of about eleven, with a bright, fresh face.

"Had he any clothes on, and, if so, what were they like?" I asked. But John was unable to tell me. His astonishment was so great that he took no notice of particulars.

The boy rode on till he came to a gate which led into a field. He stooped as if to open the gate, rode through, and all was instantly dark.

"I'm an owd customer," said John when he presented himself to be married the third time; "soa, vicar, I hope ye'll do t' job cheap. Strike off two-thirds, as it's the third wife."

John Mealy-Face died at the age of eighty-four, and was buried at Topcliffe on November 5th, 1868.

THE BOGGART OF HELLEN-POT.

A TALE OF THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.*

I TOOK the opportunity last autumn, just before the break-up of the weather, of shaking off the dust of shoddy-mills, and getting a whiff of air, unadulterated with smoke, in a run among the Yorkshire moors for the better part of a week. I spent the first night at Bolton, and slept soundly, after a ramble through the beautiful Wharfedale, and an examination of the Strid, where the river gushes through a rift in the rock so narrow that it is supposed possible to stride across it, though I never heard of any man venturesome enough to make the attempt. A friend accompanied me, a Mr. Keene, and on the following day we ascended the valley of the Wharfe to Arncliffe, visiting on the way the picturesque ruin called Barden Tower, and the magnificent hanging crags at Kilnsea.

At Arncliffe, a quaint moor village, my companion fell lame, and was unable to accompany me next day on a mapless ramble in search of whatsoever was picturesque and wild. It was a glorious day, the sky pure and blue, the air elastic, the heather and fern twinkling with dew.

* Contributed by me to *Once a Week*, March, 1867.

It was really very hard for poor Keene to spend ten hours alone in a dismal little country inn, without either a book or a newspaper, whilst I was brushing through the heather, scrambling limestone scaurs, and exploring ravines, inhaling at every breath life and health and ozone. But it served him right. What was the fellow thinking of when he put on a pair of new boots for his walking expedition? He looked wistfully after me out of the parlour window, and called to me to be back for a dinner-tea at seven, adding that he hoped his feet would be better in the afternoon, and then he would stroll to meet me.

Leaving Arncliffe, and noticing a bright, fretful little stream dashing through a broken and beautiful cleft in the hills, I took a sheep-track above it, and determined on following its course. In a few minutes I seemed to have left civilisation behind me entirely. The great expanse of moorland which opened before, the utter absence of all signs of cultivation, the wild rocky pile of the Hard Flask on one side and of Fountains Fell on the other, gave the scene a savage grandeur which one hardly expects to find in England. The little beck moaned far away below me out of sight, the wind soughed pleasantly among the heather, and the curlew, which I constantly started, rose with a melancholy pipe and flew away to the grey scaurs on the side of Fountains Fell.

Being of the geological persuasion, I usually carry about with me a hammer and a small sack or pouch, which I sling round my neck, for the conveyance of specimens. I revelled in these limestone hills, spending hour after hour chipping off fragments of rock, and breaking them up to extract the fossils. I hardly knew whither I rambled, but I certainly got into Silverdale, for I lunched on my bread

and cheese with Penigent towering above me on the west, and beyond it rose the glorious pile of Ingleborough. I ascended Penigent, the height of which is 2270 feet, and watched the sunset from the top. Then I followed the precedent of the illustrious King of France who, having marchéd to the top of a hill, marched down again. But I was quite out in my geography. Now, with the map before me, I see that my ideas as to the direction in which Arncliffe lay were entirely wrong. My walk during the day had been of such a zig-zag nature that I had lost my compass points, and had made no landmarks. The consequence naturally was, that I descended Penigent on the wrong side, and then instinctively perceiving I was in the wrong, I did a foolish thing—I struck off from line of course at right angles. It would have been better for me to have retraced my steps up the mountain-side, and taken bearings again whilst there was still a little light; but instead of doing so, I involved myself more and more in confusion, and at last, as it became dark, I was utterly ignorant of where I was, and which was the direction in which my face was turned.

Under such circumstances a man is tempted to allow himself to be that which in a brighter hour he would repudiate—a fool. I remember mentally expressing my conviction that I was an idiot, and indignantly asking myself how I could have thought of setting out on a walk in an unknown country without map or compass? My exasperation with self was by no means allayed when I tripped over a stone and fell my length in a sludgy patch of swamp. At the same time I became conscious of a growing pain in my vitals, and was sensible of a vacuum in that region of the body which is situated beneath the lower buttons of the

waistcoat; and a vacuum is what nature is well known to abhor. There was a dinner-tea spread for me in the inn at Arncliffe: chickens and ham I knew had been promised; trout I naturally anticipated would prove part of the fare in a famous fishing district; veal cutlets perhaps, and mashed potatoes. Heavens! and I not there. I know I groaned at the thought, for the sound as it issued from my lips startled me. As I walked on with drooping head, those veal cutlets and mashed potatoes rose up before me tauntingly. I am a man of resolution, and finding that the vision only aggravated matters, I beat the veal cutlets down; yet, when they vanished, a new phantom rose to distress me. During the day I had examined on the slopes of Coska, Fountains, and Penigent several of those curious pots which are peculiar to the Yorkshire limestone moors. These pots, as they are called, are natural wells, hideous circular gaping holes opening perpendicularly into the bowels of the mountain. In rainy weather the tiny rills which descend the fells precipitate themselves into these black gulfs and disappear. Far down at the bottom of the mountain the streams bubble out again from low-browed caverns. Some of these pots are many hundred feet deep, some are supposed by the vulgar to be unfathomable, for certainly their bottoms have not been sounded yet, and a stone dropped falls and falls, each rebound becoming fainter, but the ear catches no final splash.

Now, the number of these frightful holes I had stumbled upon during the day made me fear lest in the darkness I should come upon one, and tumble down it without hope of ever coming up alive, or indeed of my bones receiving Christian burial. It was now in vain for me to endeavour to revive the dream of veal cutlets in order to obliterate

the hideous image of these pots; the pots maintained the day, and haunted me till—till I suddenly became conscious of some one walking rapidly after me, endeavouring apparently to overtake me. The conviction came upon me with relief, and I stood still, eagerly awaiting the individual, expecting at length to be put in the right direction. The stars gave light enough for me to discern the figure as that of a man, but I could scarcely discover more. His walk was strange, a wriggle and duck accompanying each step, the reason being, as I ascertained on his coming alongside of me, that he was a cripple in both legs.

"Good evening, friend," said I; "I'm a stranger lost on the moor: can you direct me towards Arncliffe?"

"On, on with me," was the answer, and the hand was waved as though pointing forward.

"Dark night this," I said.

"Darker below," he muttered, as though to himself; "Darker, darker, darker."

"Shall we have a bit of moon, think you, presently?"

He made no answer, and I turned to look at him.

There was something in the way he walked which made me uneasy. When he took a step with his right foot he worked his body round facing me, and then his head jogged on to his left shoulder and reclined upon it. When he stepped out with his left foot his body revolved so that his back was presented to me, and the head was jerked on to the right shoulder. I noticed that he never held his head upright; sometimes it dropped on his breast, and once I saw it drop backwards. The impression forced itself on me that just thus would a man walk who had his neck and legs broken, if by any means the possibility were afforded him to attempt a promenade.

"How far to Arncliffe?" I asked, but he vouchsafed no answer. I tried another question or two, but could obtain no reply. I lost my temper, and laid my hand on his shoulder to draw his attention to what I was inquiring, but with a wriggle he glided from under my hand, and hobbled on before me.

I had no resource but to follow him. He kept ahead of me, and seemed determined not to enter into conversation; yet I offered him half-a-crown if he would give me the information I desired to obtain.

I was puzzled with my strange companion, and felt somewhat uneasy. I felt that he was a bit "uncanny" both in his appearance and in his manner.

Presently we came near water, as I judged by the sound, which was that of a beck murmuring among stones. On went my conductor, following the water-course, and so rapidly that I had difficulty in keeping up with him. When he leaped on a stone or scrambled up a turf-hummock, so as to stand against the horizon, where a feeble light still lingered, I could distinguish the horrible contortions of his body, and the sight invariably heightened my uneasiness.

Suddenly I missed him!

I called—but there was no reply! I stood still and listened, but heard nothing save the bubbling of the stream, and, far, far away, the to-whoo of an owl.

Noiselessly a bat fluttered past me, coming instantaneously out of the blackness of the night, and vanishing back into it as instantaneously.

"I say, you fellow!" hallooed I to the vanishing guide.

"You fellow!" answered the scaurs of Penigent, in a lower key.

"To-whoo," faintly called the owl.

"What do you mean by deserting me like this?" I roared.

"Like this," muttered the echo. "To-whoo," responded the owl.

"I must follow the beck," I said; "that will lead me to the river, and the river will guide me to some habitation of living man."

"Living man," growled the echo. "To-whoo," sang the owl.

I stumbled over the water-worn stones, and splashed into water. My ankles were scarified, my shins bruised; I narrowly escaped breaking my bones as I fell again and again. I did not dare leave the stream, lest I should lose my way.

Then a nightjar began to hiss from among the rocks, and the stream to dash along more wildly. The banks rose higher, and I seemed to be walking through a railway cutting. I looked up, and saw the rugged outline of rock and furze on the eastern bank, and on top of a huge block stood a distorted human figure. It was that of my strange companion.

Down the slope he came with wriggle and jump; he came straight towards me, spread out his arms—in a moment they were clasped round me, and I was lifted from my feet. I was so astonished that I made no resistance at first, and it was only after he had taken a dozen steps with me, and I heard the plash of the beck falling into what must be a pot, and saw the black yawning hole open before me, and felt the man bending as though about to leap down it with me in his arms, that I tore my right arm loose, and caught at a young rowan-tree which leaned over the gulf.

At the same moment there flashed before my eyes the light of a lanthorn, the flame small and yellow, yet suffi-

cient to illumine the face of the bearer—a young woman, the countenance wondrously beautiful, but full of woe unutterable.

The lanthorn passed across the open mouth of the pot. The moment it became visible the arms which held me were unclasped, and I saw the man sink down the abyss, with the light reflected from his upturned face. He went down it, not with a whizz as a fallen stone, but slowly, as a man might sink in water. Thus I was well able to observe his blanched face and wide dilated eyes fixed with horror on the lanthorn flame.

Having recovered my feet, naturally my first impulse was to run up the bank, and get as far as possible from the ugly well into which I might have been precipitated. My next was to look round for the young woman who bore the light. I could see the lanthorn at some little distance, but I could not distinguish the bearer.

I called to her; she lifted the light till her hand came within its radiance. The small white hand beckoned me to follow.

I ran to catch her up, but the faster I pursued, the swifter glided the flame before me. Evidently the bearer did not desire to be overtaken. When I stopped, she stopped; when I advanced, she moved onwards; always keeping the same distance ahead of me. So we must have proceeded for a couple of miles, when suddenly the light went out, and at the same instant I became conscious of a small farm-house lying before me.

In less time than it takes me to write this I had entered the enclosure which surrounded it, and had rapped hastily at the door. A gaunt moorland farmer opened it, and looked at me with surprise.

"Can you let me have shelter for a little while, and then a guide to Arncliffe?" I asked. "I have lost my way, and have met with a strange adventure, which has somewhat shaken my nerves."

"Sit here; come here; sit thee down there," he said, pointing to the ingle corner with the stem of his pipe, and then closing and bolting the door, he stalked over to the opposite corner and sat down on a rocking-chair. He eyed me musingly, and smoked steadily without making any remark. After having puffed away for ten minutes, he shouted at the top of his voice—

"Gi'e him a glass of ale, lass."

"A'm boune to, lad," replied a voice from the back-kitchen; and looking over my shoulder, I noticed that there was a woman in the little lean-to back room, "fettling up" by the light of a rush-candle.

"Thou'rt none boune to Arncliffe to-neet?" said the man, slowly withdrawing his pipe from his mouth.

"I am, if you will direct me," I replied, "for I have a friend there who is expecting me, and who will be sorely put out at my non-appearance earlier."

"Humph!" He smoked for ten minutes more, and then said—

"And what brought thee this road?"

"I will tell you," I replied; and then proceeded to relate what had happened to me. As soon as I mentioned the strange companion I had met with—

"It's t' Boggart, lass!" called the farmer to his wife, "he's gotten agait misleading folk again."

When I spoke of the flash of light before which the man had quailed, and which had revealed the face of a woman, pale and sad, bending over it—

"Weel done, Peggy!" roared the farmer; "'tis no but Peggy wi' t' lanthorn, lass"—again to his wife.

"She's a good 'un," responded the lady from the kitchen.

"Who are the Boggart and Peggy?" I asked; "they seem to be intimate acquaintances of yours."

The great Yorkshireman did not answer, but whiffed away, with his dreamy eyes fixed on the fire.

"So t' Boggart thowt to ha' hugged thee down Pothoile!" Then he laughed. "I reckon," mused he again, "I reckon he were a bit flayed to see Peggy come anent him that road!"

"I wish," said I, "that you would tell me all about him and her."

"So I will, lad, bi'm bye, if thou'rt boune to Arncliffe to-neet." He looked up at me. "We can gi'e thee a bed if thou likes: it's no but a poor one, but it's none so bad—eh, lass?" The last two words were shouted to his wife.

"Ay, ay," she replied, from the kitchen.

"Thank you very kindly," said I; "if it were not for my friend at Arncliffe, I would accept your offer with alacrity; but as it happens, I *must* return there to-night."

"Gi'e us a leet, lass!" called the man, knocking the ashes from his pipe, rising, and taking down a lanthorn.

The good woman lighted the candle for him, and the great Yorkshireman shut the lanthorn door, took up his cap, and said to me—

"Now, if thou'rt boune to come, come on."

I rose and followed him. He led the way, and as we walked towards Arncliffe he told me the following tale:—

"Some hundred years ago there lived a young woman in a cottage near Kettlewell. A strange man came into the neighbourhood, gained her affections, and married her.

They settled at the little farm in which my guide now resided. They had not lived a twelvemonth together before the constables entered the house one evening, and took the man up on the charge of bigamy. He had a wife and family living at Bolton, in Lancashire. As they were carrying him off, he broke from them and fled over the moors, and was never retaken. By some it was supposed that he had escaped to America, but by others that he had fallen into one of the pots and had perished. His poor second wife, heart-broken, wandered all that night searching for him, and was found dead on the side of Penigent next morning. And they say," added my guide, in a low voice, "that she seeks him still; and when she's gotten him she'll tak' him before the throne of God to be sentenced for having ruined her happiness, and been the cause of her death. That's why he's so flayed (afraid) of meeting wi' she, and sma' blame to him."

"So you think the wretched man perished in one of the pots?"

"I reckon he did. And he'll never have rest till his bones are laid i' t' churchyard, and that'll never be."

"Farmer," said I, after a pause, "have you plenty of rope about your house?"

He grunted an assent.

"Then I will descend the pot to-morrow."

I am sorry to state here that my companion was so completely thrown off his balance by this announcement that he swore.

"Shall you have time to assist me?" I asked.

"I'm none particular thronged," he replied.

"Some additional help will be needed," I continued; "if you have a workman or two disposed to earn a day's wage

by being useful to me, bid them be ready with all that is requisite at the mouth of the pot to-morrow."

"Ay! if we can addle us a bit brass that road," responded the farmer, "we're t' chaps for thee. But I reckon thou'rt no but making gam' of me."

"I am not, indeed," I replied; "get plenty of rope ready, and a stout pole laid across the mouth of the hole, and I will go down to-morrow."

I was as good as my word. Keene accompanied me next day to the little farm, and there we found half-a-dozen men with ropes and windlass ready to assist in the exploit.

As the sun was shining, I felt no fear whatever, and I laughed and chatted whilst a belt was strapped round my waist, another under my arms, and the cord passed beneath them. Before descending I took up my geological bag and slung it round my neck; I also picked up my hammer.

"You may be sure I shall find some magnificent stalactites down there," said I.

"Are you ready?" asked Keene.

I sat on the edge of the gulf under the mountain ash to which I had clung for life the night before. I directed my eyes downwards, and saw the little stream lose itself in spray after a leap or two. How awfully black the abyss seemed! "Now, then!" I slipped down, and the windlass was slowly unwound. Click, click, click! I heard each sound of the crank as it descended. The air about me was cold and damp. Beautiful ferns and mosses flourished on every ledge; presently, however, I got beyond the fern zone. I was in darkness. The spray of the falling stream was so finely comminuted that it was more like mist than spray. The walls of the pot were green with lichen, and now I was below the region of mosses. Here, on a little

patch of moist *Marchanta polymorpha*, I found a poor butterfly, the common meadow brown. It had probably fluttered some way down the chasm in the giddiness of the moment, its wings had been clogged with spray, and it had been carried lower and lower till at last it had alighted, dripping and chilled, without hope of seeing sunlight again, on a small ledge covered with lichen. I rescued the poor insect, and put it inside my hat. I began to swing like a pendulum, and at one time had some difficulty in preventing myself from striking the rocky sides.

I could not see the walls now; I could not hear the click of the windlass. All below was perfectly black; not a sign of a bottom; but white terraces, covered with stalagmite, gleamed up round the well-like ribs, catching a little light from above. With my hammer I broke off a large mass of deposit formed by the droppings of water largely impregnated with lime. It whizzed down, but still I heard no final splash. I shouted—only faintly, as the pressure on my lungs from the belt prevented my using my voice to its full extent—but the whole well seemed alive with echoes. I tried to turn my head and look up at the sky, but I was unable. The darkness and chill began to tell upon me, and an agonising cramp contracted my legs. However, I managed to place my feet upon a ledge, and to stand up. Those working the windlass, feeling that the strain was off the rope, let out no more. When the cramp left me, I cast myself off again, and dropped below the ledge. After a while I began to hear a sound of falling water, and in a few minutes passed an opening in the side of the pit, out of which gushed an underground stream, and precipitated itself down the chasm.

Now I became conscious of a broad ledge of rock, ex-

tending considerably out into the well, and contracting its size; something lay upon it—fragments of broken stalactites and stalagmites, I fancied—what they were I could not distinguish, especially as at the same moment that I saw them I perceived something black rising towards me. In one second I saw the face of the Boggart flash up at me full of hideous triumph, and I felt the grip of his arms about my waist. Next moment I lost all consciousness.

When I came to myself I was lying in the sunshine on the slope above the pot—Hellen or Hull-pot is its name—with Keene and the farmer bending anxiously over me.

"I am all right," said I, in a low voice; and in a couple of minutes I was sufficiently recovered to sit up.

I took off my hat, and away flew the butterfly I had rescued, oblivious of the hours of darkness and misery it had passed through.

"Did you reach the bottom?" asked Keene. I shook my head.

"We let out all the rope we had," said my friend, "and then we pulled up again, and found you at the end in a dead faint. I see you have not been idle," he added, lifting my geological bag. "Full of stalactites, I suppose," and as he shook it the contents rattled.

"No," said I, "I put nothing into it."

"Then how comes it filled?" he asked. "Why, halloo! what have we here?" and he emptied out of it a heap of human bones and a shattered skull. *How* they got into the sack I shall never know. The remains were very old, and were encrusted with stalagmite. They lie now in Horton churchyard. I believe the Boggart has not been seen since.

* * * * * *

For a considerable time during our walk from Malham Tarn to Settle I had been silent. Keene could endure it no longer, and at last exclaimed, "Really this is intolerable! You have been in a brown study for the last half-hour without speaking a word. A penny for your thoughts!"

"To tell you the truth," I replied, "I have been thinking over what might have happened if you had fallen lame at Arncliffe, *if* I had gone on a geological walk without you, and had lost my way on Penigent, and had fallen in with a Boggart, who tried to precipitate me down a pot, and if I had been rescued by an *ignis fatuus*, and had finally descended the pot and brought up the Boggart's bones!"

Mr. Keene stared at me with amazement. I then related to him what I have just related to you, good reader, and I concluded with the observation: "All this, you know, *might* have happened, but unfortunately it *didn't*. You have had my thoughts, so hand me your penny.

THE REV. THOMAS BROWN,

POET OF LASTINGHAM.

THOMAS, son of the Rev. Thomas Brown, of Lastingham, near Kirby Moorside, was born in 1771, and at the age of two was deprived of his father. His mother remained at Lastingham, and the child was brought up in that village, secluded among the hills, so rich in early associations. It was thence that St. Chad was drawn by Theodore of Canterbury to fill the see of Lichfield, and before that time his brother Cedd had retired thither, after having founded the Church among the East Angles, and been consecrated Bishop of London.

After Thomas Brown had received the rudiments of his education in such schools as the neighbourhood possessed, he was placed under the Rev. Joseph Milner, at Hull, for classical instruction. On the completion of his studies he took the mastership of a school at Yeddingham, near Pickering, which he retained for nearly four years, and acquired the love and esteem of his pupils.

Thence he removed to Bridlington, where he had a larger school.

In 1797, when he was twenty-six years old, he removed

to Hull, and became editor of a weekly newspaper called the *Hull Advertiser*, which had been established some years before, and in which, while he resided at Bridlington, several of his poetical compositions and prose essays had appeared, under the signature of "Alexis."

He now entered holy orders, and undertook the tuition of two young gentlemen from Bridlington Quay, who were sent to board with him in Hull.

He married in October, 1797, but died on January 7th, 1798, at the early age of twenty-six.

A volume of Mr. Brown's poems was published after his death, in 1800, at Hull. They are not, for the most part, remarkable, except for the gentle, genial spirit which breathes through them. They are unsuited to the taste of the present day, which is impatient of odes and elegies, addresses to Genius, Rage; sonnets to Cleanthe, Delia; hymns to Contentment, and effusions on Melancholy. But through all breaks out a love of country scenes, and a longing for the moorside flowers of Lastingham. He writes to his mother there, however, to condole with her on the dulness of the Yorkshire peasantry of the wolds, and pities her want of some intelligent companions to share her thoughts:—

Rude as the soil, the sunburnt rustic roves,
Through flow'ry meadows and through leafy groves;
Yet sees no beauties in the fertile plain,
But as his crops or herds increase his gain.
Their dowdy dames deserve no higher praise;
Such like employments too consume their days.
No higher aim their homely wishes mean
Than cheeses firm, eggs plenty, butter clean;

No other subject e'er employs their tongues
But what to their domestic toil belongs;
If scandal e'er for higher power should call,
But a dull tale you hear—and that is all.

One recoils in these days from a poem that opens with—

All hail, thou potent energy of mind!
Fancy and judgment in one point combined.'

Or with—

Hail, great effulgent source of light!
Whose beams disperse the shades of night,
And bring the gladsome day.

And when page after page follows, containing stuff of this sort, which delighted our grandfathers, it is with no less surprise than pleasure that we suddenly light on two or three perfect little Yorkshire pieces, as fresh and clear from all affectation as one of Barnes's Dorsetshire rhymes, or Waugh's Lancashire ballads, of the present day.

The editor of Brown's poems only admits them into his collection with hesitation and an apology. But for them the volume might have gone to the paper-mills, and Mr. Brown's name have faded for ever from remembrance.

The editor says:—"The specimens of Yorkshire dialect have been greatly admired by every one whose habits of life qualify him to appreciate their merits. In my opinion they contain the most faithful representations of modern rustic manners, and the best imitation of rustic language that has yet appeared. Perhaps some, disgusted with the vulgarity of the language and sentiments, may think the imitation too close, and that the coarseness of clownish

manners ought to be somewhat softened in poetry. They will, however, afford great pleasure to every one conversant in the habits and dialect of the Yorkshire villagers, and on that account they are inserted."

What an apology for such a perfect little piece as the following:—

When I was a wee little tottering bairn,
An' had nobbut just gitten short frocks;
When to gang I at first war beginnin' to lairn,
On my brow I got monie hard knocks:
For se waik, an' se silly, an' helpless was I,
I was always a-tumbling down then,
While me mother would twattle me gently, and cry,
"Honey Jenny! tak' care o' thysen."

When I grew bigger, an' gat to be strang,
'At I cannily ran all about
By mysen, whor I lik'd, then I always mud gang
Bithout bein' tell'd about ought.
When, however, I com' to be sixteen year auld,
An' rattled and ramp'd amang men,
My mother wad call o' me in, an' would scauld,
And cry—"Huzzy! tak' care o' thysen."

I've a sweetheart comes now upo' Setterday nights,
An' he swears 'at he'll mak' me his wife—
My mam grows se stingy, she scaulds and she flytes,
And she twitters me out of my life.
But she may leuk sour an' consait hersen wise,
An' preach again likin'/ oung men;
Sen I's grown a woman her clack I'll despise,
And I'se—marry!—tak' care o' mysen.

Hardly, if at all, inferior to this charming little poem is the following :—

Ye loit'ring minutes faster flee,
Y'are all'owre slow by half for me,
That wait impatient for the morning;
To-morn's the lang, lang wish'd-for fair;
I'll try to shine the foremost there,
Mysen in finest claes adorning,
To grace the day,

I'll put my best white stockings on,
And pair of new cauf leather shoon,
My clain wash'd gown o' printed cotton;
Aboot my neck a muslin shawl,
A new silk handkerchee owre all,
Wi' sike a careless air I'll put on—
I'll shine this day.

My partner Ned, I no' thinks he,
He'll mak' hissen secure o' me,
He's often sed he'd treat me rarely;
But I'se think o' some other fun—
I'll aim for some rich farmer's son,
And cheat our simple Neddy fairly,
Sly this day!

Why mud I not succeed as weel,
And get a man full out genteel,
As au'd John Darby's daughter Nelly?
I think mysen as good as she,
She can't mak' cheese or spin like me;
That's mair 'an beauty, let me tell ye,
On onie day.

Then hey ! for sports and puppy shows,
And temptin' spice-stalls rang'd in rows,
And danglin' dolls by t' necks all hanging;
And thousand other pretty seets,
And lasses traul'd alang the streets,
Wi' lads to t' yall-house gangin'
To drink this day.

Let's letch a't o' t' winder ; I can see't,
It seems as tho' 'twas growan leet,
The clouds wi' early rays adorning ;
Ye loit'ring minutes faster flee,
Ye're all owre slow be half for me,
'At wait impatient for the morning
O' sick a day.

"Disgusted with the vulgarity of the language and sentiments," some may wish "that the coarseness of clownish manners ought to be somewhat softened in poetry"! Burns never wrote more charming vernacular verses than those of Thomas Brown. Here is another—

I leotly lov'd a lass right weel,
Was beautiful and witty;
But all I sed (an' it was a deal)
Could never raise her pity,
Or mak' her love me.

I tell'd her owre and owre again
(Did monie reasons render)
She'd never fynd another swain
Wad be se fond and tender,
If she'd bud love me.

I'd tent my sheep i' field or faud
Wi' spirits light and cheary,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's cau'd,
If she wad be my deary,
And say she'd love me.

I's nobbut a poor shepherd lad,
My hands aleean mainteean me:
Waes me! weel may I be sad
That makes the lass disdeean me,
'At winnot love me.

I thowt at first, i' my despair,
I'd gang and get me 'listed,
And bravely meet death i' the war,
Because the lass insisted
She wad not love me.

But now I've teean another mind,
I'll try to quite forget her;
Another lass may be mair kind
I'se like as weel or better;
An' she may love me.

Awd Daisy: an Eclogue.

Goorgy and Robert.

Goorgy.

Weel meet, good Robert! saw ye my awd meer
I've lated her an hour, i' t' loonin' here;
But howsumiver, spite of all my care,
I cannot spy her, mowther heead nor hair!

Robert.

Whah, Goorgy, I've te teyl ye dowly news,
Syke as I's varrá seer will mak' ye muse;
I just this minnit left your poor awd tyke
Dead as a steean i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.

Goorgy.

Whoor! what's that, Robin? tell us owre ageean;
You're joking, or you've mebby been mistean.

Robert.

Nay, marry, Goorgy, I seer I can't be wrang,
You kno' I've keyn't awd Daisy now se lang;
Her bread-ratch'd feeace, an' twa white hinder-legs
Preav'd it was her, as seer as eggs is eggs.

Goorgy.

Poor thing! what deead, then?—had she laid there lang?
Whor abouts is she? Robert, will ye gang?

Robert.

I care nut, Goorgy, I han't much te dea,
A good hour's labour, or may happen twea;
Bud as I nivver like to hing behynd
When I can dea kaundness tiv a frynd,
An' I can help ye wi my hand or team,
I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heam.

Goorgy.

Thank ye, good Robert. I can't think belike
How t' poor awd creature tumbled inte t' dyke.

Robert.

Ye maund she'd fun hersen just gaun te dee,
An' sea laid down by t' side (as seems to me),
An' when she felt the pains o' death within,
She fick'd an' struggled, an' se towpled in.

Goorgy.

Meast lickly; bud—what, was she dead outreet
When ye furst gat up?—when ye gat t' furst seet?

Robert.

You'se hear: as I was gaun down t' looan, I spy'd
A scoore or mair o' crows by t' gutter side,
All se thrang hoppin' in and hoppin' out,
I wonder'd what i' the warld they were about.
I leuks, an' then I sees an awd yode laid
Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost dead;
An' as they picked its een, and picked ageean,
It just cud lift its leg, and give a grean;
But when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,
I wav'd my hat, and shoo'd 'em all away.
Poor Daise!—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly out,
She's lang been quite hard sett te trail about.
But younder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoor she's laid,
An' twe 'r three Nanpies chatt'rin' owre her head.

Goorgy.

Aye, marry! this I nivver wish'd to see,
She's been se good, se true a frynd te me!
An' is thou cum te this, my poor awd meer?
Thou's been a trusty sarvant monny a year,
An' better treatment thou's desarv'd fra me
Than thus neglected in a dyke te dee!

Monny a daywark we ha' wrought togither,
An' bidden mony a blast o' wind and weather;
Monny a lang dree mahle, owre moss an' moor,
An' monny a hill and deeal we've travell'd owre;
But now, weeas me! thou'll never trot ne mair,
Te nowther kirk nor market, spoort nor fair;
An' now, for t' future, thoff I's awd and leam,
I mun be foorc'd te walk, or stay at heam.
Ne mair thou'll bring me cooals fra' Blakay brow,
Or sticks fra' t' wood, or turves fra' Leaf how cow.
My poor awd Daise! afoor I dig thy greeave,
Thy weel-worn shoon I will for keep-seeakes seeave;
Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,
'Twill mak' a cover te my awd arm-chair,
An' pairt an appron for my wife te weear
When cardin' woul or weshin' t' parlour fleer.
Deep i' t' cawd yearth I will thy carcase pleeace,
'At thy poor beans may lig and rest i' peeace;
Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs mayn't scrat thee out,
An' rahve thy flesh, an' trail thy beeans about.
Thou's been se faithful for se lang te me,
Thou sannut at thy death neglected be;
Seyldom a Christian 'at yan now can fynd,
Wad be mair trusty or mair true a frynd.

The following is also almost certainly by the same author, although it does not appear in his published volume of poems. The dialect is of the same part—the vales that run into the hills called to the north Cleveland, and to the west the Hambledons. The date is the same as that given above, and it is equal to them in merit. It is immeasurably superior to various other rhymed dialogues that appear in

several chap-book "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect," and breathes the same dry humour and delicacy of feeling that characterise Brown's Yorkshire pieces.

A DIALOGUE ON THE PRESENT INDECENT MODE OF DRESS.

Simon.

Good morrow, Johnny, hoo deea ye deea?
If you're boune my rooad, A'll gang wi' ye.
Hoo cawd this morning t' wind dus blaw;
Ah think we seean sall hae sum snaw.

Johnny.

Heigh, Simon, seea we sall ere lang.
Ah's boune to t' toon; Ah wish ye'd gang,
For Ah've a dawghter leeatly deead,—
Ah's boune te git her caffin meead.

Simon.

Heigh! Johnny, deead! whah seer you're wrang,
For she wur wi' us e'er seea lang;
An' oft wi' her, i' yonder booer,
Ah've jooake'd an' laugh'd full monny an hoor.
Bud first, good Johnny, tell me this,
What meead her dee? what's been amiss?

Johnny.

To tell thee, Simon, noo Ah's boune:—
Thoo sees Ah sent her to yon toon
To t' skeeal, an' next to leearn a trade,
By which she was te git her breead;
Bud when she first cum yam to me,
She had neea petticoats, ye see;

At first Ah fan she'd bud her smock,
An' ower that her tawdry frock;
Sike wark as this it rais'd my passion,
An' then she tell'd me—it was t' fassion;
Besides, her appron, efter all,
She'd quite misteean it for a shawl;
A sartin sign she sense did lack—
She'd teean and thrown it ower hur back.
Hur shoon had soles sa varra thin,
They'd nought keep out, but let wet in;
And round her neck she lapp'd a ruff
Of rabbit skin, or sum sike stuff,
Instead of wearing a good cloak,
Te keep hur warm when she did walk
Fra heame to market or to fair,
Or yance a week to church repair.
Besides, thoo sees, she had neea stays,
An' scarce aneeaf by hoaf o' clais.

Simon.

Whah, Johnny, stop, you're oot o' breath;
Bud hoo cum she te git hur deeath?

Johnny.

Whah, Simon, stay, an' thoo sall hear:
I' t' next pleeace, mun, hur breests wor bare;
Hur neeaked airms teea she lik'd te show,
E'en when t' cawd bitter wind did blaw;
An' when Ah talk'd about it then,
(You see Ah's awlus by mysen),
Hur mother awlus leeaned hur way;
It matter'd nowght what Ah'd to say.

Ah tell'd my wife hoo it wad be,
An' seea she can't lig't bleeam o' me;
Says Ah, foore she's twice ten years awd,
She seer te git hur deeath o' cawd.
For this mishap Ah bleeam that feeal
For spoiling hur at boording skeeal;
Noo hed she meead hur larn hur letters,
Instead o' dressing like hur betters,
She'd nut se seean hae gitten cawd,
An' meaby liv'd till she wor awd.
Ah's seer its all greeat fowk's pursuit
To hev, like Eve, a birth-day suit.

Simon.

Thoo's reeght, good Johnny, reeght, Ah say,
That Ah've obsarv'd afoore to-day;
An' noo i' toon, as each yan passes,
Yan can't tell ladies fra bad lasses;
An' oft Ah've thought, when t' cawd winds blaws
They'd deea reeght weel to freeghten craws;
For it wad blaw 'em seea aboot,
Nea cashun then ther'd be te shoott.
Just seea if that thee an' me
An ugly, monstrous thing sud see,
Away we beath sud run reeght fast,
As lang as ever we cud last.

Johnny.

Hey, Simon, seea we sud, Ah seear;
Bud noo to t' toon we're drawing neear.
Thoo needn't tell what Ah hev sed
Aboot my dawghter being deead.

Good morrow, Simon, fare thee well.
Ah say, noo mind thoo doesn't tell.

Simon.

Nea, that Ah weean't whall Ah hev breath;
Ah'll nobbut say, *she's starved* to death.*

It may perhaps be fair to the author to give at least one specimen of his more ambitious compositions, but it is difficult to find among them one that is really worth reproduction. Perhaps the best is the following ode, which is not without merit:—

TO THE SPRING.

Keenly o'er the wide heath sweeping,
Wintry blasts still vex the plain;
Clad in daisies, early peeping,
When will spring return again?
Soon, ah! soon, on genial wing,
Life and love and pleasure bring.

Careful o'er the ploughshare bending,
Bid the swain resume his toil;
And with grain in store attending,
Bid the sower strew the soil:
Soon, ah! soon, on genial wing,
Hopes of future harvests bring.

'Mid the pine trees, lonely cooing,
Let the plaintive turtle wail;
Each his mate the warblers wooing,
Bid them chant their am'rous tale:
Thy return, on genial wing,
Then each vocal grove shall sing.

* Frozen.

Bid the gentle showers water,
Let enliv'ning Phœbus warm ;
Then again reviving Nature
Shall disclose her ev'ry charm :
Soon refreshing zephyrs bring
All the breathing sweets of spring.

Yet with anxious thought pursuing,
Causes of well-grounded fear ;
Scenes of want and sorrow viewing,
Pity drops the silent tear ;
But with speed all-cheering spring
Better hopes and prospects bring.

In Kirkleatham hospital, a curious double almshouse founded by a Sir John Turner in the seventeenth century, near Redcar, in the museum of the institution, are portions of a tree. It had been cut down in the park, and divided into lengths for the purpose of converting it into firewood; but upon its being split by the woodman's wedge, the heart of the tree turned out round and entire, the outer part which enclosed it being about the thickness of four inches. Round the inner bole, or heart, which is about a foot in diameter, are several letters carved rudely, and at first sight apparently irregular; but upon closer examination they are found to wind round the wood in a spiral form, and the following couplet is plainly legible :—

This tree long time witness beare,
Two true lovers did walk here.

Underneath are the initials of the two "true lovers," and, if I remember aright, a couple of hearts transfixed by an arrow.

This must have been cut in the bark in Queen Elizabeth's time, judging by the rings in the tree. Year after year the bark grew over the wounds and buried them. The tender inner corticle had been wounded, and retained the scars; every trace of the inscription had long disappeared outside, and when the tree was grown to a full size, it was cut down last century. Then, when the wood was being split, the outer case fell off, disclosed the naked heart, and the faithful witness did bear token after long time that "two true lovers did walk here."

It is singular that the tree should thus have seemed mindful of the trust confided to it. The incident struck Mr. Brown, and he wrote upon it some lines of no great beauty. Indeed the circumstance itself is a poem, only spoiled by expansion into many words.

I only give a verse or two from his poem on the subject:

Long the wintry tempests braving,
  Still this short inscription keep;
Still preserve this rude engraving
  On thy bark imprinted deep:
"This tree long time witness bear,
Two true lovers did walk here."

By the softest ties united,
  Love has bound our souls in one;
And by mutual promise plighted,
  Waits the nuptial rite alone:
Thou a faithful witness bear
Of our plighted promise here.

. . . . .

On thy yielding bark engraving
  Now in short our tender tale,

Long time's roughest tempests braving,
Spread thy branches to the gale;
And for ages witness bear
Two true lovers did walk here.

It only remains to add that, judging from the portrait of Mr. Brown, he must have had a remarkably pleasing face. He had rather high cheek-bones, dark hair, large brilliant dark eyes full of intelligence, an aquiline nose, and small, delicate, but firm mouth. There is a somewhat sad expression in his countenance, the result maybe of consciousness that his days were numbered by the insidious disease (decline) which had already marked him for the grave, when his portrait was taken by Gale, of Hull.

JONATHAN MARTIN,

THE INCENDIARY OF YORK MINSTER.*

JONATHAN MARTIN was not a native of Yorkshire, but as it was in Yorkshire that he lived part of his time, and as his name is inseparably connected with the glorious Minster at York, which he partially burnt, he claims our notice in this volume.

He was born, according to his own account, at Hexham, in Northumberland, in 1782, of poor but honest parents, and by them, at a suitable age, was put apprentice to a tanner. He appears to have served his apprenticeship with steadiness, and on its expiration, when he was in his twenty-second year, he removed to London, intending to travel. Soon after his arrival in the metropolis, as he was one day viewing the Monument, a man accosted him, and inquired if he wanted a situation. Martin told him he

* Authorities for this memoir :—"A Full and Authentic Report of the Trial of Jonathan Martin for Setting Fire to York Minster; with an Account of the Life of the Lunatic." York, Bellerby, 1829. His own Life, written by himself, 1828, 1829. "York Castle in the Nineteenth Century; being an Account of the Principal Offences Committed in Yorkshire from the year 1800." By L. T. Rede. Leeds, 1829.

wished to go abroad, on which the man replied that he could suit him exactly, as a gentleman of his acquaintance had a son on board a frigate on the Indian station, who wanted a person of Martin's description, and would give him thirty-two shillings per month, besides his chance of prize-money.

Martin eagerly accepted this offer. But he soon found that he was in the hands of a press-gang; and he was sent to the Nore, where he was placed on board the Hercules, 74 guns, which formed a part of the expedition against Copenhagen in 1804 under Lord Nelson. After the surrender of the Danish fleet he was drafted into one of the prizes, an 84-gun ship, which, with a squadron of seven other vessels, was ordered to proceed to Lisbon to blockade the Russian fleet in the Tagus, in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of the French. These ships were taken by the British, and were brought to England.

The next affair Martin mentions in his biography as having been engaged in was in assisting to bring off the troops from Corunna in January, 1809. He says, setting sail from Vigo Bay—

"We reached Corunna in one day, and then approached the shore: the numerous carcases of dead horses, all floating in the bay, showed us the toil our army had suffered. We could plainly see the French and English camps from our ships, each occupying a hill very near the other. We made every exertion to get close in, to cover the embarkation of our troops, who were sadly annoyed by the fire from the French artillery on the heights. Our ships replied to the French as well as the heavy sea then setting would allow. By great exertion the whole embarkation was com-

pleted. They then directed their batteries against our transports, who had to slip their cables, and stand out of the reach of their guns. During this scene of confusion and terror several boats were sunk by the fire of the enemy and some by the violence of the sea. Our vessels presented an awful spectacle, from the number and condition of the wounded, who occupied our cockpit, cable tier, and every spare place on board, and whose misery was rendered greater by the tempest which arose, and prevented that attention being paid to them which their situation required: a great number perished solely on this account. During the gale five transports were lost, from which only few lives could be saved, owing to the state of the weather and the rocky nature of the coast."

Having landed the wounded men in England, the ship on board which Martin was sailed for Lisbon. Of his adventures at sea Martin tells several remarkable incidents; but they are many of them connected with dreams, and if not wilful falsehoods, are most probably misrepresentations. Of such probably is what he relates as occurring whilst he was at Lisbon. He says that whilst in the Tagus the whole crew went on shore except himself, a young negro, and the captain's wife and daughter. The black, knowing the captain had a quantity of gold in his chest, proposed to Martin to murder the ladies, and take a boat and escape with it—to India, Martin says. To this he refused to accede, and ultimately succeeded in persuading the Indian (African?) to abandon his dreadful intention. About this time, he says—

"I began to see my lost and ruined state as a sinner, and to cry to God for mercy and salvation, hoping he would spare me to return to my native land, when I would join

myself to the people of God. But alas! my vows, often repeated, were as often broken. Notwithstanding, the Lord heard my prayers, and restored me to my parents as safe and well as when I left them. My deliverance from on board a man-of-war was extraordinary, but the Lord having given me favour in the sight of the whole crew, when all hands were piped to breakfast, a boat appointed for the purpose was brought under our bows, and the soldiers formed a circle on the forecastle of the ship, to prevent the sentry seeing what was going forward; I dropped into the boat and got ashore, and remained in safety at the waterman's house until our ship sailed. I entered on board a transport going to Egypt for corn for our troops then lying at Messina. When I arrived in Egypt, I was filled with delight on beholding the place where our blessed Lord took refuge from the rage of Herod; and where the wisdom of Joseph (directed by Almighty God) saved the land of Egypt and his own father's house from the effects of the seven years' famine, of which I had so often read. A wide range of buildings was pointed out to me by the Turks, which they said formerly held the grain preserved by Joseph. Reflecting on these things, led me to review my misspent life, and to see how often God had preserved me in many dangers, and how ill I had requited him; so that my thoughts troubled me sore, and I resolved anew to amend my life. I began to be comforted by reflecting that He preserved me for wise purposes, and that I should live to praise him. Blessed be the name of the Lord, I was not disappointed."

A Mr. Nicoll, a native of Peterhead, who was formerly in the navy, and was a messmate with Martin in two vessels, of which one was the "Hercules," says—

"I remember Martin well, and sailed with him first about 1803. He was always skittish. We used to say that he was fitter for a parson than a sailor; nicknamed him Parson Saxe. He was often sulky and idle. He did not pray much, but was inclined to argue on religious subjects; he said he had a light that we had not, and that he held meetings in his dreams. He told extraordinary and unaccountable tales; but," said Mr. Nicoll, "they have gone from me, as I treated them as fudge and palaver." Mr. Nicoll adds that Martin was jolly as any at one time, and would drink and dance and be merry as the rest; at another time he would weep bitterly. Some were angry with him, others ridiculed him; "but I," said Mr. Nicoll, "thought him more rogue than fool. I remember his saying that a book was shot from his hands at Cadiz, and that he considered it a warning from heaven. Some one told him he should have been otherwise employed than in reading at such a time; in reply to which he abused the person who rebuked him. It was my opinion that he shammed a good deal for a sulk. He was particularly fond of viewing and conversing about the celestial bodies, but had a dread of any one pointing to a star,* and would not believe that they were other worlds; and, indeed, grew quite angry at such an assertion. I have often said such things as a scot (jest), to draw him on, and he has abused me. He was hale enough, but used to complain of weakness, and, as I thought, sham sick."

A Greenwich pensioner, who served with him, says:— "I knew Jonathan twenty-three years ago and upwards;

* In Yorkshire this prejudice exists strongly. A Yorkshireman once pulled down my hand as I pointed to the Great Bear, saying that if I pointed to a star I should be struck dead—it was a sin.

he was a good sailor, but had fits of melancholy, and then would talk of dying and a future state. I have often told him that our days were fixed, and he blamed me for saying so. I remember somebody larking in the top, and he, Martin, fell, catching the hair of the sailor in his way; he actually tore off a portion of his scalp; he saved himself by clinging to the cross-trees. He quarrelled with and fought a man named Dobson, who died in Greenwich Hospital some years since. They sat across a bench and fought. Martin was beaten. He was laughed into this quarrel."

Martin gives the following account of his escape:—

"Being on the main yard, and losing my balance, I found myself falling; there seemed nothing to save me from being dashed to pieces. The loose end of the tracing line, about an inch thick, was hanging near me. I got it round my left hand, and grasping it with my right, the swing of the rope, together with my weight, threw me overboard, and I remained suspended by my arm, within a few feet of the sea, until my shipmates came to my assistance; and I praised God that I received no material injury, except my arm being a little wrenched by my weight. Again, falling by accident out of a gun-port, my shipmates succeeded in rescuing me when not able to help myself. And being on the top-gallant-yard, the topping-lift broke, and the end I was on went down like the end of a beam. In my fall I grappled with the backstay, and brought myself up, and landed on the cross-trees. Thus the Almighty preserved me from death when there was no other hope—the height from the deck being about eighty feet."

He relates also the following circumstance, which was corroborated by a Greenwich pensioner:—

"After I was appointed to the gunners' crew, when on our voyage to Cadiz, the gunners' yeoman, who had charge of the stores and all the powder, shot himself through the head in the store-room, where there were upwards of five hundred barrels of gunpowder, and joining the place where all our oakum and old ropes lay. When the report of the pistol was heard in that place, the consternation became general throughout the ship's company, as an explosion was to be dreaded. Some were for making to the boats; others, more desperate, were for leaping overboard, expecting the ship to blow up every moment. In the midst of the panic produced, I and four of my shipmates ran below, rushed into the store-room amidst the smoke, and soon extinguished the little fire produced by the wadding of the pistol, and then we discovered the body of the unfortunate man lying bleeding, his brains literally strewed over the floor. Thus did God put in our hearts to risk our lives, and by that means save our ship's company, six hundred in number, from an awful death."

"Martin," says one of the Greenwich pensioners, "went with a boat's crew to get water. In crossing some buoys he fell in; the accident was not perceived, but we at length missed him; when we got him out he was all but gone. He said we had conspired against him, but God had delivered him. I remember this, for Dobson threatened to thrash him if he repeated it. Martin was punished for drunkenness, and bore it in a very cowardly manner. When he was in the mortar-boat he sang psalms, but when we were afterwards very near wrecked, he was as cool or cooler than any one on board. He fell overboard whilst assisting in hooking a shark, but was picked up almost immediately. He got hurt in falling, and would never

assist in the hooking again. We had many sick and dying aboard, and the sharks often followed in our wake: we burnt bricks and covered them with tarpauling, &c., fixing a hook in the brick; this the fish would swallow. Martin was very active in this, until his accident. After that he said, 'The Lord was vexed at the guile.' He hated the Catholics."

Another pensioner, who corroborated a portion of the foregoing, added: "Martin was much noticed by the officers; but he told them many falsehoods, and at last was generally disliked. He was at one time in such favour with his superiors, that two men were punished for cutting the slings of his hammock whilst he was asleep, which is generally passed over as a joke; but he pretended to have been hurt by the fall. When angered, he would swear as much as anyone, and sometimes immediately afterwards would cry and pray. His dreams and stories would have filled a book. I saw him years afterwards at Portsmouth. Never knew that he had deserted; he was continually amongst the crews of the King's ships. Went to London with him, and he talked a good deal about religion when at Portsmouth, but lived very loosely in London.* Martin told me a variety of his adventures—that he was nearly murdered by the Algerines, &c., &c., but that he was marvellously delivered, and that God had told him in his dreams to quit the sea. He had a good deal of prize-money to receive, but there was a delay in his getting it. The day he was to have

* Neither Mr. Nicoll nor the other pensioner assert that Martin was guilty of a loose life. Perhaps this was only on the occasion of his visiting London with the sailor who mentions it. Mr. Nicoll says Martin was a moral man.

it finally, he was to meet me at Rotherhithe; he never came, and from that time (1810) I never saw nor heard of him."

Martin does not tell us how long he remained in the transport service; but when he was paid off, he proceeded to Newcastle to visit his parents, probably in 1810; and then went to work with Mr. Page, a farmer at Norton, in Durham.

"Here," he observes, "commenced that series of trials which almost obliterated the remembrance of my former difficulties, and which, were they not well known to many now living, might appear to border on romance." In reading his life, however, we can find no traces of "trials" which were not brought upon himself; and there is very little of the "romantic" about them. A few months after his residence at Norton he married, and became the father of a son.

"I had him baptised Richard," he says. "I was deterred from giving him my own name on account of the sins of my youth, as I conceived if I did, the Lord might take him away." Not long after, he dreamed that his mother came to see him, and told him he would be hanged; and this dream produced a strong impression upon his mind.

His thoughts became more directed than before to religious matters, but not without "manifold backslidings," as he himself confessed.

At Yarm, in Yorkshire, four miles from Norton, where he lived, was a Methodist chapel, and he used to attend church at Norton in the morning, and chapel at Yarm in the evening. One Sunday morning he received the Holy Communion in the church at Norton, and in the evening

he was at a love-feast at the Wesleyan chapel.* This was his first formal reception into full membership with the Methodist body. He had obtained, as he calls it, "perfect liberty." He was converted, a new being, emancipated from obedience to the law, being justified by faith only.

He now began to feel strongly against the Church of England, which taught the necessity of obedience to the moral law even to those who walked in the Spirit. The laxity of the clergy in going to parties, balls, and plays, offended him.

"I knew also that I was not authorised by law to interfere with the Establishment. I betook myself to fasting and prayer, earnestly seeking direction of the Lord how I should proceed in this matter. I dreamed on Friday night that a man held out to me a piece of honeycomb, of which I did eat, and felt refreshed, and concluded this a gift divine. I felt greatly encouraged. On Saturday I gave away most of my working clothes among my shopmates, having fully resolved to confess my Lord and Saviour the next day before the congregation; not doubting but the step I was about to take would lead me into trouble. I spent that night chiefly in prayer, for strength to perform the task I had undertaken—of warning the people of their dangerous state by their carnal security; the necessity of repentance and regeneration, by the operation of the Spirit; and finally, of their having the witness of the Holy Ghost

* As an instance of Martin's carelessness of expression, I may say that he relates in his own biography that he attended the love-feast at Yarm half-an-hour after communion at the church at Norton. Yarm is four miles from Norton. This mistake arose from the Life being written from his dictation by a second, who wrote half-an-hour per afternoon.

that their sins were blotted out through faith in a crucified Saviour."

He accordingly entered the church with the clerk early in the morning, and whilst the latter went to ring the bell, Martin secreted himself in the pulpit, and remained hidden there till the end of the prayers, when he suddenly stood up, and gave forth as his text, S. Mark iv. 21–23, and began to preach, with violent gesticulations. He was at once removed by the churchwardens and constable, but was allowed to remain in the church, though dislodged from the pulpit.

About this time he was favoured, or deluded, with the following vision :—

"I dreamed that I was called to the city gates of London, and beheld the inhabitants tearing each other's flesh in the most horrible manner, and I heard a voice speak to me—'In one day this city shall be burnt to the ground.' And I was taken by the Spirit to the banks of a river, and I commenced digging the earth, and cast up several sharp-edged weapons, in particular a large axe, stained with human blood. I took hold of it, and that instant there appeared, as I thought, S. James, and I struck off his head at one blow, and awoke out of my sleep. This strange concern opprest me in the spirit, and I said, 'This is no other than Popery and persecution are intending to come forward amongst true Christians. Oh! England, beware of Popery!'"

Martin now began to write letters to the clergy and other members of the Church, "entreating them, as they valued their souls, to amend their lives, and flee to the blood of sprinkling for mercy and pardon." His conduct seems to have been so improper, so marked by a "zeal not accord-

ing to knowledge," that he was expelled the Methodist Society; and he complains that his religious friends were afraid to own him—he was left alone in the world; and, to add to his troubles, he lost his employment. He then went to Whitby and worked for a few weeks, but soon returned to Norton, and from thence went to Bishop Auckland, where he obtained employment; and determined once more to attempt exhorting the people in the church. He was, however, taken out by a constable; and then he began that practice which he appears never afterwards to have abandoned, of posting papers on the church doors, as a warning to the clergy and congregation. The following is a copy of one of these singular productions:—

"Oh! hear the word of the Lord, you clergymen, for the mighty sword is expanded over your guilty heads; now shall you come to a complete dissolution; now shall your candlesticks be completely overthrown; now shall your blindness come to the light, and your shame before all the people, for the Lord will not suffer you to deceive the work of his hands any longer. Oh! prepare yourselves to meet your God, you double-hearted sinners; cry aloud for mercy, and now shall my God make bare his arm and conquer the devil, your great master, for the monster of hell shall be completely overthrown, and you and him shall not deceive the nations any longer, for now shall God be worshipped in spirit and truth; now you shall and must throw away your little books you carry into the pulpits to deceive the people with; you now preach for wine and gluttonous living, and not for precious souls—will you not get your portion with the rich man in hell if you do not repent and find mercy? "JONATHAN MASTERS,

"Your sincere friend."

Martin continued for some time attending church, and disturbing the service by his groans and exclamations of assent to, or dissent from, what was enunciated from the pulpit. At Bishop Auckland one day he heard the preacher declare that no man could be absolutely certain that his sins were forgiven, and his happiness hereafter was assured, till he had put off mortality, and his eyes were opened in the light of eternity. This was too much for Martin to bear. He says :—

"The bitterness of my soul constrained me to call out—'Thou hast no business in that pulpit, thou whitened sepulchre, thou deceiver of the people, how canst thou escape the damnation of hell?' I was determined to address the people on the following Sunday, and tell them the state they must be in under such a ministry, and of the justness of that God who will judge the world in righteousness. John Bunyan admonished his hearers to an upright and strict life, being assured if they were neglected they were void of religion, and Popery would again spread through England. Like poor John Bunyan, I was pulled out of the place as soon as I began to speak. The clergyman employed an attorney to write against me, and I was apprehended as a vagabond; and they wanted my master to swear that I was deranged. My master objected thereto, stating that I had been with him seven months, and had been a faithful servant. He inquired of my master and several neighbours at Norton if they were not afraid of me, but was answered in the negative."

Martin mentions here that his wife had become a great enemy to him since he joined the Methodists; that she wanted him to leave them, and vowed to God that, unless he deserted them, she would disown him as a hus-

band; and "from that period to the day of her death, eight years, she kept her word, but his firmness was not shaken."

"About this time the Bishop (I think of Lincoln) was to hold a confirmation at Stockton, for the Bishop of Durham. I had heard that he was a good man, and that numbers attended his visitation. I was glad to hear so good a report of him, and concluded that if he were really so good a man and so eminent a Christian, he would not fear death, and resolved to try his faith by pretending to shoot him. I had been in Newcastle to see my brother, and recollecting he had an old pistol, I asked and obtained it, and brought it home with me. On my arrival, my wife, observing the pistol, inquired what I wanted with it. I replied with a smile that I got it to shoot the Bishop. I laid it down carelessly, determined, if she should remove it, and I should receive no encouragement by a dream, I would proceed no further in the matter. When I got up in the morning the pistol was not to be found, and there, as I thought, the matter dropped; but some officious person hearing of it, told the clergyman of Norton, and he laid a complaint before the magistrate against me. A vestry meeting was then called, to which I was summoned. My previous interference with the church was urged against me, and so much was I tormented with questions on the subject, before I went to the vestry, and while there, that I was considerably agitated and off my guard. However, the reverend gentleman was little better tempered than myself, and showed a degree of rancour that I did not expect. I was asked if I had a pistol to shoot the Bishop with; to which I replied, 'that I did not mean to injure the man, although I considered they all deserved shooting,

being blind leaders of the blind; consequently both must fall into the ditch.' I was then suffered to depart, but was next day taken into custody, and brought before the meeting of justices at Stockton, and examined very harshly. They asked me, if I had found the pistol, would I really have shot the Bishop? I replied, 'It depended upon circumstances—I would ask him some questions out of the Creed, and if he did not answer me satisfactorily as to his conversion, and the evidence of the Spirit, he must be branded as a deceiver of the people.' For this I was sentenced to be confined in a mad-house for life, but glory be to God, they could not keep me an hour longer than my Lord and Saviour thought fit. I felt as happy under this trial, in the assurance of Jesus' love, as if I had been going to a palace."

He was at first confined in a lunatic asylum at West Auckland, but was afterwards removed to a similar establishment at Gateshead. His afflictions then and subsequently he relates thus:—

"I had not for a long time seen my wife and child, as during the time I was so rigorously confined they had been denied admittance. My poor wife had long been labouring under heavy affliction, having a cancer in her breast. When I began to work they were allowed to come and see me, and my wife at parting said—'Farewell, Jonathan, look to Jesus; pray for me; may God bless you; my strength is fast failing, and I feel that I shall not be able to come any more.' She spoke prophetically, for we met no more. A short time after, she took to her bed, from which she never rose. My readers may judge of my grief to think that my poor wife was a-dying, at no great distance, and when she requested to see me, even in

custody and in chains, the keeper was so unfeeling as to refuse her dying request. She afterwards sent my son (little more than seven years old), hoping that his youth, innocence, and distress might soften their hearts, but his appeal was unheeded. She sent him again with her dying love to me, and the keeper's wife shut the door in his face, and the child was suffered to return weeping to his mother. His supplication, as I afterwards heard, would have melted any heart, crying, 'What will become of me? My mother is dying, and my father is shut up in a mad-house, where I am not so much as allowed to see him.' "

It must be remembered that Martin's account of things is not to be trusted in all particulars. At the same time it is certain that asylums were not conducted at that period with humanity and judgment.

Mrs. Orton, the keeper's wife alluded to, was examined at the trial of Martin, ten years later. She said: "When Martin was with me I thought him a really insane person. He would sit on the floor with two cross-sticks as if he was fiddling, either singing hymns or whistling. He called his sticks an imitation of David's harp. I have known him fast four days—and say it was God Almighty's orders—in imitation of Christ fasting forty days on the Mount. He was often under restraint, and was bad to manage."

He succeeded in making his escape from the asylum* on the 17th of June, 1820, but was caught at Norton and brought back. On the 1st of July, 1820, he made his escape again by rubbing the rivets of his irons with free-

* Nicholson, the keeper of the Gateshead Asylum before the Ortons, said at the trial: "Martin was under my care eleven or twelve months. He conversed very rationally. I should not have thought him fit for a lunatic asylum."

stone, which he managed to secrete in his room. He broke through the ceiling, got into a garret, and escaped through the tiles upon the roof. He thence descended cautiously and safely to the ground; and thus ended his captivity of three years.

With great difficulty—still with the rings of his chains on his ankles—he reached the house of Mr. Kell, an intimate friend, of the same way of thinking, at Cadlaw Hill. Mr. Kell freed him from the remains of his fetters—"the degrading emblem of slavery," as Jonathan termed them. Mr. Kell was a distant relation of Martin on his mother's side; and he remained there a fortnight, till his strength was recruited, when he left him, designing to proceed to an uncle's, a distance of sixteen miles, to assist him to get in his hay harvest. However, before he reached his uncle's house, he was met by his cousin, who told him that Orton, the keeper, with a constable, had been there in search of him: he therefore escaped as fast as he could to Glasgow, where another uncle resided; and he reached it in safety. From Glasgow he went to Edinburgh; and was in that city at the rejoicings on account of the coronation of George IV. Martin stopped at Edinburgh only one day, being anxious to see his wife; and on returning to Norton he found his wife still alive, but in the last stage.

After remaining three weeks with his friend Mr. Kell, he determined to go to London to be near his brothers, one of whom was the celebrated imaginative painter so well known by his wonderful pictures, "The Eve of the Deluge," "The Plains of Heaven," &c.

His friend having furnished him with money, he left Darlington for London on the 1st of August, 1820, exactly a month after he had made his escape. He went, how-

ever, no further than Boroughbridge, where, on September 8th, he received a letter informing him of his wife's death, and of his having had his house robbed of money and goods to the amount of £24. He gives a pitiable account of the last illness and the distress of his poor wife:—

"I learned afterwards that my dear wife had to go through great tribulation. There was a woman allowed one shilling and sixpence per week to wait on her, but she always locked her in at night, without any attendant but the poor child to wait on his wretched mother; until my sister, hearing of their condition, came and took him away with her. So greatly neglected was he, that there was none to cut the bread for him; and when my sister came to see them he had the loaf picked out, as if eaten by mice, not being able to cut it himself. In this pitiable condition my poor boy sat up several nights with his mother to hold the drink to her when she became too weak to do it for herself."

He then went to Hull, where he began to preach to his mates in the tannery where he worked. "I was moved to speak to them of their drunken lives, what would be the consequence if they did not repent. One or two of them, more wicked than the rest, got above me with a bucket of bullock's blood, which they heaved over me; but that did not move me from my stand: then they tried water. Then the devil put it into their minds to heave wet skins in my face, and that did not make me quit my stand until the hour was up."

Notwithstanding these checks, which in Jonathan's description strongly remind the reader of the sufferings of Mawworm, he continued his exhortations in and out of the

shop, and, if we are to believe his own account, two hundred persons were converted by him.

From Hull he was driven by this treatment by his carnally-minded shopmates, and went to Norton, where his old master, Mr. Page, having obtained the consent of the magistrates that Martin should not be again consigned to the asylum, employed him as a tanner. But he soon after (in 1822), removed to Darlington, where he also worked at his trade, and spent his evenings in preaching to and praying with those who would hear him. He boasts that through his labours in seven weeks "two hundred precious souls were set at liberty." He remained at Darlington apparently till 1827, and here he pretends to have had some remarkable visions.

"I should inform my readers how I was taken to the seaside in a vision, and beheld a countless army of men arising from the waves. As I stood gazing thereon a man advanced towards me, and said, 'Where shall we find bread for so great a multitude?' He quickly answered, 'Where they can.' They then advanced with great fury, and covered, as it were, the whole earth, and I thought England fled before them. This dream made great impression on my mind after I came to Darlington, and I determined to make known the things that will befall England, unless we all turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart, for I dreamed of a great battle between Newcastle and Sunderland; and again, that the son of Buonaparte came and conversed with me, and having a musket, said he would shoot through the door of an Englishman. He tried three times, and the third was successful.

"I then left him, and was soon overtaken by some baggage waggons; all the French fired their muskets in

the air. I was taken prisoner, and they shut me up with the Word of God and a Wesley hymn-book in my hand. In the prison the sun shone upon me with all its splendour, and I rejoiced to see the mercy of God towards me."

He then bursts out into the following denunciation against clergymen :—

"Deceive not yourselves, oh, you clergymen, for my dream has been doubled, for you will have to fly to the mountains to hide yourselves from your enemies, for the son of Buonaparte has a second time appeared to me. The first time he stood before me, he stood with a firelock in his hand, and said to me, I will shoot through the door of an Englishman. The first time he tried to present, but he was too weak, but willing to avenge the death of his father, though but a child. The second time he levelled the firelock, but could not stand the force of powder. The third time he levelled and fired, and hit his mark, and said, I will shoot through the door of an Englishman. The second dream was like unto the first : he broke through the door, and demolished the house before me with great dexterity and art. The youth appeared before me with a beautiful countenance, with a light complexion, and light curled hair ; and as he passed before me through the door, I held out my hand, and he shook hands with me. I have the honour of shaking hands with the son of Buonaparte, though I have not seen his father, and he vanished out of my sight. He came from Denmark to reside in England. O England ! prepare for war, and to meet a hot reception ; for as you surprised the Danes at Copenhagen, so will the son of Buonaparte surprise you and reign in England, and come off victoriously. The thing is certain, and will come to

pass. You must not think the time long, for the youth will soon be ready to act the part of his father, and do valiantly; for he shall be a scourge to the wicked clergymen of England."

At Darlington he was wont to declare that Prayer-books had been the means of sending many souls to hell. He then wore a coat and boots of seal-skin, with the hairy side outwards. Afterwards he procured an ass, which he rode upon, to be more like Christ; and he used to preach to a society of Oddfellows at the High Cross at Darlington. His son Richard he put with a pedlar Jew, as his assistant; and when remonstrated with, said that his reason was that little Dick might labour at the conversion of the Jews. He was a good workman.

"I came to Lincoln on one Saturday in September, 1827, and on the following Sunday went to view the Cathedral, as I was a stranger in the town. I heard the voice of singing close by the Cathedral; I drew near, and as I stood listening, a young man, a Methodist, opened the door and invited me in. Three violent young men (for piety), Sunday-school teachers, pressed me hard to join them to assist them in instructing the rising generation, and pray that God would give a blessing to their labours. I told them I would as well as God would teach me. We had not been long together before the Lord put it in our minds to hold a short prayer-meeting, that God would own our feeble efforts, and bless the children. Whilst I was at prayer it was impressed on my mind to pray that the Lord would fill the large Cathedral full of converted clergymen, and that he would distribute them amongst all the churches of Great Britain, that blind guides and the devil might not deceive the people any longer. I was fervent in prayer,

and that prayer disturbed the devil out of his den. A public-house being next door, the landlady and her company came into the room whilst I was on my knees, the landlady afraid of losing her company, and, as it were, hell broke loose upon me. The devil fiercely attacked me, but I stood to my arms; the powers of the bottomless pit could not make me rise from my knees until I had prayed for my enemies; then I arose and gave out a hymn to conclude the meeting. When the landlady could not turn us out, then she engaged her wicked company to attack me. They surrounded me, and flew upon me like fiery serpents from hell, gnashing their teeth, and crying out: 'Out with him, head first! Break his neck over the stones!' But I alighted on my feet, and the devil was conquered."

At Lincoln, where Martin worked for a man named Weatherall, he compiled and printed his biography; two editions were soon disposed of, and he printed a third edition in 1828, of five thousand copies. A friend and fellow-believer wrote his biography from his dictation, and it underwent some sort of supervision, for Martin was wholly ignorant of spelling, and had little idea of constructing a grammatical sentence.

By hawking his little book about the country, and by quartering occasionally in the houses of those who were willing to extend their hospitality to him, on account of his gifts of prayer and the word, he contrived to make a decent living. He frequented the Methodist chapel at Lincoln, and received his card of membership from the minister there. In 1828 he got acquainted with a young woman, twenty years his junior, named Maria Hodson, who lived at Boston. Martin visited her there, and they were married

in Boston parish church. Shortly after the marriage they came together to York, on the day after Christmas-day, 1828, and obtained lodgings in the house of a shoemaker named William Lawn, No. 60, Aldwark.

During his stay in York he employed himself in vending his books, and was well known in the city from wearing a glazed, broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and a singular black leather cape, which came down to his elbows, with a square patch of fur sewn on the back, and extending from one corner to the other. At York he attended the Methodist meeting, but sometimes was with the Primitives, or Ranters. When he had any vacant time, he spent it in reading either the Bible or his hymn-book. On Sunday afternoon he was wont to go to the Minster, and on the 6th of January the following letter was found tied to one of the iron gates of the Minster choir; it was fastened by a shoemaker's waxed thread, but was not directed. A verger, however, took it down and gave it to one of the canons or minor canons, who, however, thought it too absurd to deserve notice. The following is a verbatim copy of it:—

"York, Janrey the 5— 1829.

"Hear the word of Lord, Oh you Dark and Lost Clergymen.

"Repent and cry For marcey for know is the day of vangens and your Cumplet Destruction is at Hand for the Lord will not sufer you and the Deveal and your blind Hellish Docktren to dseve the works of His Hands no longer

"Oh, you Desevears will not milleons of the mightty and Rich men of the Earth have to Curs the Day that ever they gat under your blind Docktren know to be a shamd

of your selvs and wepe for your Bottls of Wine and your downey Beds will be taken away from you I warn you to repent in the name of Jesuse and believe he is able on Earth to forgeve Sines, for there is no repenting in the greave Oh you blind Gydes are you not like the man that bilt his Hous upon the Sands when the Thunder starmes of Gods Heavey vangens lites upon your Gildrys Heads a way gos your sandey Foundaytons and you to the deepest pet of Hell re Serve the Curses of millions that your blind Doctrens has Decevd and to reseve Gods Heve Curs and the Ward pronounst Depart you Carsit. blind Gides in to the Hotist plase of Hell to be tormented with the Deveal and all his Eanguls for Ever and Ever

"Jona. Martin, a frind of the Sun of Boneypart Must Conclude By warning you again Oh. Repent repent He will soon be able to act

"the part of his Father

"Derect for Jonathan Martin

"Aldwark No. 60"

Another epistle was also found, on Wednesday, the 21st of January, by a sailor from Hull, who being at York, visited the Cathedral in company with his wife. When walking along the western aisle he saw on the ground, near a pillar, a small packet, which he had the curiosity to open. It was tied with a shoemaker's waxed thread, covered with old matting, and contained a stone, round which was wrapped a pamphlet, entitled "The Life of Jonathan Martin." He also found in the parcel a letter, sealed with cobbler's wax, and addressed to the Clergy of York. He read and exhibited both the letter and pamphlet at the house where he was stopping, but they were thought of no

consequence. Fortunately, unimportant as they were considered, he did not destroy them. The letter was couched in the same strain as that already given.

In other MSS. dropped in or near the Minster, and bearing the signature of "M.," the following expressions were found:—

"Your great churches and minsters will fall down on your guilty heads;" but no sort of suspicion was entertained that anyone was wicked or mad enough to cherish the determination of destroying one of the finest existing specimens of the munificence and piety of our ancestors; therefore no precautionary measures were taken.

On the 27th of January, Martin left York with his wife, stating that they were going to Leeds to reside, and his luggage was sent off accordingly to that place. They arrived in Leeds on the 28th, and Martin remained there till the Saturday following. They lodged at the house of John Quin, No. 6, Brick Street. His conduct is described as having been most orderly and decorous. He attended worship at a chapel of the Primitive Methodists one evening; his conversation was cheerful and perfectly rational; he appeared to be kind and affectionate to his wife, and spent the time while he was in the house chiefly in singing hymns, reading the Scriptures, and conversing on sacred subjects. The principal part of Thursday and Friday he was engaged in vending his pamphlet. When he left Quin's house on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, he seemed perfectly tranquil, and said he was going to fulfil an appointment that he had in the neighbourhood of Tadcaster, and that he should return to his wife at Leeds on Monday by dinner-time. Instead of stopping at Tadcaster, he came back to York, and went to

his old lodgings in Aldwark. He told Mr. and Mrs. Lawn that he and his wife had been no further than Tadcaster, and that he was going to stop in that neighbourhood for the purpose of hawking books. He asked if he could sleep there that night, and on being answered in the affirmative, he took possession of the room he had before occupied. In the afternoon he went out, and was observed perambulating the Minster-yard, and taking special note of the building. His attention appeared particularly directed to the western towers. He returned to Mr Lawn's in the evening, and remained till eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he went out—and returned no more.

This wretched incendiary had then, no doubt, laid all his plans for the destruction of the Minster; a project which, to judge from his subsequent communications to Mr. Wilson, a local preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion at Hexham, he seems to have entertained for some time. The motives which prompted him to attempt the destruction of this beautiful church were the fanatical antipathy he entertained towards the clergy of the Church, whom he condemned as "blind guides"—to whom, however, he said he felt no ill-will, malice, or personal hostility, but he was sorry for them, as he believed they were leading the higher ranks in society astray; and the destruction of the Minster, he was of opinion, "was for the glory of God, the good of the people of England generally, and for the good of the inhabitants of York in particular, as when the Cathedral was destroyed they would be compelled to disperse themselves to other places of worship, where they would hear the Gospel preached." When he had fully made up his mind on the subject, he began to apprehend opposition

from his wife; and he told Mr. Wilson that he adopted the following extraordinary mode of neutralising it:—"He took the ring from her finger while she slept, and though she manifested much concern at the loss of her ring, he allowed her to vent her feelings in unavailing regrets, until he thought her sufficiently moulded to his purpose. He then exacted a vow from her that she was to keep his secret, and he would restore her ring. This being agreed to, he told her his intention, on which she seemed greatly disturbed, and they went to Leeds."

After Martin left his lodgings on Sunday morning he went to the Minster and heard the sermon. In the afternoon he repaired there again, and entered the south transept as soon as the doors were open. He walked about till after the service began; and the sexton (Job Knowles) noticed him passing several times as he was ringing the bell for prayers. Before he entered the Minster in the afternoon he had provided himself with a "razor with a white haft, the back of which he used instead of a steel; a flint, tinder, matches, and a penny candle cut in two." This, however, soon burnt out, and he replaced it with one of the wax candles which had been used in the Minster the previous evening. During service he concealed himself behind a tomb—probably Archbishop Grinfield's, in the north transept—muttering to himself as the organ played, "Buzz, buzz—I'll teach thee to stop thy buzzing." There he remained till all the people had left. He then quitted his place of concealment and walked about, looking where he could best make the fire. The ringers were in the belfry in the evening, and from behind a column he watched them go out. And here it may be remarked that very important consequences often result from apparent acci-

dents. If the ringers had locked the door of the belfry after them, in all probability he could not have made his escape from the Minster, but would have been compelled to remain till the doors were opened in the morning; when, mingling with the crowd, in the hurry and confusion, he might not have been noticed, and the calamity would always have been ascribed to accident.

After the ringers left, Martin went into the belfry and struck a light. A gentleman who was passing the Minster about half-past eight o'clock, saw a light in the belfry at that time; but as the ringers had been there, he thought they were about ringing again, and took no notice of the circumstance. Two persons who were confined in Peter prison also saw a light in the belfry after nine o'clock. At this time the incendiary was busy preparing his means of escape. He cut about ninety feet off the rope attached to the prayer-bell, which passed through a hole in the floor of the belfry into the aisle below, and having pulled it up, he formed it into a ladder by doubling it and tying knots at regular distances. After he had worked some time, he put out his light, and finished his ladder in the dark. When this was completed he left the belfry, and having climbed over the iron gates which separate the nave from the north-east aisle, he used the rope-ladder to get over the gate leading from that aisle into the choir, which is usually kept fast. He then struck a light the second time, and with the razor cut three yards of gold fringe, two gold tassels, &c., from the pulpit, and the crimson velvet curtains from the dean's and precentor's seats at the bottom of the choir, and those from the archbishop's throne. He also took a small Bible, and as he expected to be taken and imprisoned, he brought away the Bible that it might be a comfort

to him in his confinement. He then piled the cushions and Prayer-books in two heaps, on each side near the carved work, and set them on fire by introducing matches among them.

Having done this, he set about making his escape. He had brought with him a pair of shoemaker's pincers, which Mr. Lawn had left in the room where he slept on Saturday night, and having tied one end of his rope to the machine used for cleaning the Minster, he dragged it under the window in the west aisle of the north transept, which he broke with the pincers; and having seen that one of the piles (that by the archbishop's throne) to which he had set fire was burning briskly, he descended, and left the Cathedral a little after three o'clock in the morning of the 2nd of February, taking with him the articles before mentioned, and also some purple silk—a part of one of the robes of the clergy.

During the time he was in the Minster he says he felt no fear, but was, "on the contrary, quite happy; sometimes he prayed, and sometimes he praised God, because, as he said, He had strengthened him to do so good a work!"

The incendiary had left the Minster several hours before the fire was discovered. The patrol left the Minster-yard about half-past two o'clock, before he had made his escape, and they saw no indications of anything unusual when they left. About four o'clock a man going past saw a light in the Minster, but he thought the workmen were preparing a vault, and unfortunately passed on without endeavouring to ascertain what was really the cause of so unusual an occurrence as a light burning in the sacred edifice at that early hour.

About five o'clock a series of reports, resembling repeated

explosions, were heard. The parties who heard them wondered what they meant, but never thought of tracing them to their source. The discovery at last took place in the following singular manner:—A lad named Swinbank, one of the younger choristers, whose duty it was to go and practise at the Minster early every morning, went as usual a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of February. He found the doors were not open, and began to slide on a piece of ice in the Minster-yard to amuse himself. Whilst so doing he fell on his back, and before he recovered himself from that position he saw smoke issuing from the roof of the Minster. Alarmed at the sight, he went to Job Knowles, the sexton, for the keys. On his return he found the doors had been opened by some of the workmen, and Mr. Scott, the builder, entered the building at the south door, but had scarcely got in when he was compelled to retreat—so dense was the smoke that respiration was impossible. A gentleman with difficulty then made his way to the organ screen; but was compelled to retreat to avoid suffocation. By the vestry door, however, access was obtained to the choir—the gates from the vestry, and also those leading from the aisle into the choir, being fortunately open. The fire, which originated at one end of the stalls, had consumed the whole row, with all their tabernacle work; and about half-an-hour after it was first discovered, the flames had spread to the stalls on the other side. One of the Minster engines was kept in the vestry, and this was immediately placed in the aisle, where it played on the place where the communion-plate was kept, and around which the flames were raging with great intensity: the tabernacle screen was in this spot burnt to the ground, and the plate was melted into one mass. As soon

as this engine was got to work, several individuals succeeded in carrying out the whole of the cushions and books from the north side of the choir; the cushions and part of the hangings of the cathedral were also saved, as was the curious old chair which stood within the rails. The next effort was to remove the brass eagle or lectern. This was effected with great difficulty, owing to its weight, by the few persons who had the courage to brave the suffocating effects of the smoke. They were driven back three times before they succeeded in carrying off the upper part of the eagle, which was taken into the vestry; the other portion was afterwards carried out at a door on the chapter-house side. All this was the work of a few minutes; and at this time (perhaps about a quarter after seven), the organ screen, the north side of the choir, and the roof, were to all appearance untouched by the fire. At this period, if a few firemen had been present who understood their business, this part of the church might have been saved. Shortly after, however, the flames spread round the south-west corner of the choir and reached the organ; and when this noble instrument caught fire, an appalling noise—occasioned by the action of the air in the pipes upon the flames—resounded through the building, and struck with awe all who heard it.

Whilst this was passing in the interior of the building, the alarm had been spread through the city by the ringing of the bells of S. Michael-le-Belfry, and the Yorkshire Insurance Company's engine was soon on the spot. It was placed at the south door, and the pipes were carried into the Minster, and directed over the organ upon the fire which was then raging in the choir. The city engines arrived soon after, and were stationed at different parts of the building. An express was sent to the barracks, and

the barrack engine arrived about eight o'clock. Major Clark and several officers accompanied it with a file of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who were of great use in facilitating the operations of the persons employed in extinguishing the flames.

About ten minutes before eight o'clock another engine was brought into the Minster; but the roof having caught fire from the organ—the flames from the latter igniting some of the bosses of the groining, which were of maple-wood—the melted lead and pieces of burning timber began to fall so rapidly that the men were compelled to abandon their positions, and the engine was stationed further off, in the nave, whence it continued to play over the screen upon the burning ruins in the choir for several hours. Previous to the removal of this engine an attempt was made by two or three gentlemen to cut down the great gates leading from the choir into the north-east aisle, with a view to cut off the communication with the altar: the molten lead and burning rafters, however, fell about them so rapidly that they were obliged to desist.

By eight o'clock, or a little later, the organ—one scarce equalled for tone and power by any instrument in the world—was totally consumed, together with the valuable collection of music which was deposited in the organ loft; and much of which, being in manuscript, could not be replaced.

By the exertions of Mr. Plows, stone-mason, a number of men were about this time got upon the roof of the side aisles; by means of ropes, buckets and the pipe of an engine were hoisted up, and from this elevation a torrent of water was discharged upon the flames beneath. A number of men were also employed in cutting away the

roof towards the east window, who continued their exertions as long as they were practicable. About a quarter past eight o'clock the flames burst through the roof, near the lantern tower, and the spectacle from the exterior was awful and impressive in the extreme, whilst the effect of the scene in the interior was magnificent beyond description. Immediately in front of the screen which divides the nave from the choir, the engine already alluded to was playing directly upon the fire, but with little effect, owing to the magnitude of the space over which the flames had spread themselves. From the screen to the altar the vast area had the appearance of an ignited furnace; and the men who were employed in working the engines, and in various other ways endeavouring to stop the progress of the flames, resembled beings of another world rather than inhabitants of this material globe. Their voices, as they shouted to their comrades for "water" or for more assistance, fell in harsh and discordant tones on the ear; they moved enveloped in an atmosphere so dense that it was scarcely possible to breathe in it, partially illumined by the flames and partly by the rays of the sun, which now streamed in through the painted windows, producing altogether an effect indescribably beautiful and grand. A number of bats and other birds, burnt out of their retreats, were now seen flitting about, unable to find an outlet, and many perished in the flames.

About half-past eight o'clock an express was sent by Archdeacon Markham to the Mayor of Leeds, informing him that the Minster was on fire, and requesting that two of the largest engines belonging to that town might be sent off immediately. This was shortly followed by another express from Mr. Newman, the actuary of the Yorkshire Fire Office,

requesting that two more engines might be immediately forwarded to York. At this period serious fears were entertained that the fire would extend over the whole of this immense fabric; the flames were rapidly gaining ground at the east end, and the engines had not the least effect in allaying their progress. The lantern tower, and the whole of the roof of the nave, appeared to be saturated with smoke, which also poured out of the windows of the western towers. The knotted rope having been discovered by which Martin made his escape, and not satisfactorily accounted for, and its being rumoured that a bunch of matches had also been found which had been lighted at both ends, the opinion that the fire was not caused by the gas, or by candles being left in the organ-loft or in the clergymen's robing-room, which had at first been entertained, began to give way to the idea that this was the work of an incendiary; and when the smoke was seen issuing from the places we have mentioned, it was at once said that a train had been laid, and that it was breaking out in different places. This, providentially, was not the case; the smoke penetrating the roof, &c., was merely occasioned by the denseness of the volume of vapour collected in the church before the doors were opened, and which at last found vent in that manner; and the fire never extended beyond the lantern tower.

At ten minutes past nine a portion of the burning roof fell in with a tremendous crash. For an instant the whole area was illuminated, and the next moment a volume of smoke and ashes was sent forth which involved for a short time everything in darkness and obscurity. From that time till half-past ten portions of the roof kept falling in, till from the lantern tower to the east window the blue

vault of heaven was the only canopy. The molten lead from the roof during this period poured down in torrents.

Soon after ten o'clock an engine arrived from Escrick Park, near York, the seat of Paul Beilby Thompson, Esq., M.P. That no time might be lost, that gentleman's beautiful grey carriage horses were yoked to his engine, and it was driven into the city with the utmost promptitude. About half-past ten another engine arrived from Tadcaster, and was immediately got to work. One of these engines was brought to the east end, and played into the choir through an aperture made in the lower department of the window; another also played for a short time through the farthest window at the north-east end.

As great alarm was felt lest the east end of the Minster should fall, a part of the staff of the 2nd West York Militia was placed to prevent the public from passing in that direction; the inmates of the opposite houses had previously removed their families. Providentially, however, this alarm turned out to be unfounded. This fine window—the largest, we believe, in England, if not in the world—was only very partially injured.

The floor of the choir was strewed with fierce-burning timbers, and resembled a liquid lake of fire; it was heated completely through, and the vaults below glowed with a radiance that occasioned a general cry from those who could get near, of "The vaults are on fire." But the heat now began sensibly to abate, owing partly to the quantity of water poured upon the burning timbers which covered the floor of the choir and the Lady's Chapel behind the altar screen, and partly to the removal of the burning rubbish from the bases of the pillars, which latter being of limestone, were very much injured by the action of the fire.

The rafters of the roof, and other immense pieces of timber, were converted literally into charcoal, and were removed to the nave and into the Minster-yard.

About noon the fears of the fire spreading any further were removed; but the engines continued to play for hours after upon the mass of fire and flame on the floor of the church. Great efforts were also made to save the beautiful screen which divides the nave from the choir, and this was effected, for that ornament of the Minster was only very slightly injured.

About two o'clock the engine of the Norwich Union Company, with the requisite number of men, arrived from Leeds. They had been barely two hours on the road, and in less than three minutes after the engine stopped in the Minster-yard it was at work. Two other engines arrived from Leeds shortly after. A fourth arrived about four o'clock.

When the fire was so far got under that no fears were apprehended of its extending beyond the choir and chancel, several parties were admitted into the nave to view the spectacle. Some ladies were amongst them, one of whom was heard to exclaim, on viewing the awfully splendid yet distressing scene, "What a subject for Martin!" alluding to the celebrated painter. Little did she then think that Martin's brother had occasioned this terrible conflagration.

The crowds of people who flocked to the scene of this calamity continued to increase all the afternoon, and it was found necessary to place constables at the Minster doors, to prevent the influx of persons desirous of seeing the state of the edifice; many arrived from a considerable distance, and it was quite impossible that more intense feelings of anxiety and distress could have been evinced than were displayed

by the inhabitants of York, who from their infant days had been accustomed to consider the Minster as their boast and glory.

A great-aunt of mine, still alive, has often described to me the overwhelming sensation it caused. Her father, a man of remarkable self-restraint, wept like a child. The feeling in many a home was as if some accident had befallen and carried off a dearly-loved relation.

There was gloom that day on every countenance, and in the early part of the day a sort of stupor appeared to pervade all ranks; people were overcome by the greatness of the unexpected calamity, and seemed scarcely to know whether to consider as real the events which were passing around them, or whether they were under the influence of a dream.

During the whole of the afternoon the workmen and others were busily employed in removing the fallen rafters and other rubbish from the choir. Most of these were carried out into the Minster-yard, which was thickly strewed from the south door to the vestry with the fragments of the roof, blackened and reduced to charcoal. Within the nave a detachment of the Dragoon Guards was drawn up to prevent intrusion there, and a guard of the staff of the 2nd West York was mounted for the same purpose, as well as to secure the ornamental portions of that part of the structure from damage. The floor of the nave was strewn with fragments of the roof which had been brought from the choir; and against one of the pillars lay the remains of the organ—a few fragments of the gilt pipes and a portion of the iron work. A dense mass of smoke still rose from the embers, on which several of the engines continued to play during the night. The fire was not totally extinguished

when the shades of evening drew on, for occasionally a fitful flash of lambent flame was seen struggling with the gloom, but was quickly extinguished by the water from the engines directed to the spot.

During the evening the silence which reigned around, only broken at intervals by the tread of the sentinels or the occasional remarks of a passenger, formed a striking contrast to the bustle and confusion which had prevailed during the day. About ten o'clock men were observed with lanterns visiting every part of the roof, to see that all was safe; and the night was passed without any further alarm.

A word as to the extent of injury which the sacred building sustained. The roof of the central aisle, which was of exquisite workmanship, was entirely destroyed from the lantern tower to the east window; this roof occupied a space of 131 feet in length by 45 in breadth, and was 99 in height from the floor of the choir. In the interior, from the organ screen to the altar screen, all the beautiful tabernacle work, the stalls, galleries, bishop's throne, pulpit, &c., were entirely consumed. The altar screen was so much injured that it was obliged to be taken down. Of the monuments, several were damaged either from the effect of the fire or the falling of the timbers of the roof.

It is impossible to conclude this part of the subject without alluding to the remarkable circumstance that one of the lessons appointed to be read on the Sunday after this calamity at the evening service was the 64th chapter of Isaiah, being the Church's prayer to God. It was singularly applicable to the fire which destroyed the Cathedral; one verse especially—"Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste." Few in the

congregations assembled in the numerous churches of York on the Sunday evening heard it unmoved. Another thing, thought to be a coincidence, but which is certainly a very remote one, was that the cathedral was fired by Martin on Candlemas Day, using one of the wax-candles employed in the choir during evensong.

Various reports as to the origin of the fire circulated in York. Some supposed it originated from the gas, others attributed it to the candles left alight in the organ loft or in the vestry of the clergy. But others suspected it was the work of an incendiary, and they were confirmed in this belief by finding the knotted rope which had been left by Martin, and was discovered early in the morning.

On Monday evening a committee of inquiry was formed, consisting of clergy and gentlemen. They met at the Residence; and the vergers, workmen, and other individuals connected with the Minster, underwent a rigorous examination. The investigation was continued on Tuesday and Wednesday, and the strictest secrecy was observed in the proceedings; in the course of which it was ascertained that the rope was cut from the one which is attached to the prayer bell, and that not with a knife, but by being chafed with a sharp stone. It was also ascertained that the window was opened from the interior; and a bunch of matches, burnt at both ends, was found among the rubbish, and afterwards a pair of shoemaker's pincers. The matches were found under the rubbish of the burnt organ; the pincers on the stool of the window out of which the knotted rope was suspended. The fact was also proved that several anonymous letters had been sent to the vergers; and also that the parcel, with the letter and pamphlet before alluded to, had been found in the Minster by a person from Hull.

A gentleman was despatched to Hull to obtain possession of these documents; but in the meantime they had fallen into the hands of Mr. Isaac Wilson, of that place, who with great promptitude came to York and laid them before the committee.

Mr. Pardoe, the active police officer of York, was employed to ascertain to whom the shoemaker's pincers belonged, and they were owned by Mr. Lawn, at whose house Martin had lodged. Other circumstances formed a chain of evidence so complete and conclusive as to leave no doubt that Jonathan Martin was the incendiary, and hand-bills were issued on Thursday offering a reward for his apprehension. Pardoe had been despatched to Leeds in pursuit the previous day, with a warrant from Archdeacon Markham, which on his arrival was instantly backed by the mayor of the borough. For the rest of the day and during the night Pardoe and the whole force of the police were employed in endeavouring to find a clue to the retreat of the incendiary. They were not successful; but on Thursday morning his wife was taken into custody while vending the "History of his Life." When discovered by the officers, she expressed her surprise at the charge against her husband; and after admitting that he left that town on Saturday morning, said that she understood, on his departure, he was going into the neighbourhood of Tadcaster; that she had not heard of him since; and that she had experienced great uneasiness at his long absence. She added that his place of concealment, or anything further connected with the affair, was totally unknown to her. She was kept in custody at Leeds, in her own house, in the charge of two constables, who obtained possession of all Martin's books and papers.

On Thursday morning information was received which caused an express to be sent off to the neighbourhood of Pontefract, where an active and diligent search was commenced. A clue was obtained, which led to the belief that the incendiary had passed through Pontefract on the road to Wakefield. The Mayor of Pontefract ordered the police of that town to afford every assistance to the gentlemen in pursuit, and he was traced to Polston toll-gate. From the information there obtained it was supposed he had taken the direction to Heath; and the pursuit was immediately followed up in that direction, and continued through the most of Friday. It was reported in the evening about seven o'clock that Martin had been captured about five miles from Bedale, and would be brought into York by the Carlisle Express coach. The coach was half-an-hour beyond its time, and the streets were filled with crowds of anxious spectators, who waited in the expectation that the incendiary would arrive by it. Many persons went out of Micklegate Bar, and ran alongside of the coach till it stopped in Coney Street. It was then found that the report was an erroneous one, for Martin was not there; nor was it true that he had been captured.

On Saturday morning it was ascertained that the police had been on a wrong scent, as Martin had proceeded to the north instead of to the west; and about half-past nine o'clock that morning an express was received stating that he had been arrested the previous evening near Hexham. The following are the particulars of his flight and capture:

Martin left the Minster, as has been stated, a little after three o'clock in the morning. He proceeded to Easingwold and got a pint of ale; from thence to Thirsk, at which place he arrived at eleven o'clock; from Thirsk he

went to Northallerton, where he arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon in a state of apparent fatigue. He remained till evening with a brother-in-law who resided there, and expressed great anxiety to get on to Hexham to see a friend. At nine that evening he left Northallerton in a coal cart, in which he travelled all night till he arrived at Joft-hill pit, near West Auckland, on the Watling Street road. The next morning he proceeded to Alensford, on the Derwent, where he slept on the Tuesday evening. He left Alensford about eight o'clock on the Wednesday morning, and stopped at the Riding Mill, where he had a pint of ale; from thence he proceeded to Corbridge, where he arrived about twelve o'clock, and had half-a-pint of ale; and then went to Cadlaw Hill to his friend Mr. Kell, where he arrived about two the same afternoon, being the same place where he sought refuge when he escaped from the asylum at Gateshead. Martin remained there till eleven o'clock on Friday morning, and during his stay he expressed a great anxiety to see newspapers.

The handbills giving a description of Martin's person, and offering a reward for his apprehension, were circulated in all parts of the North; and one of them fell into the hands of Mr. Stainthorpe, a sheriff's officer, of Newcastle, who knew him. Mr. S., on Friday, the 6th, having to go to Corbridge, heard that Martin had returned home, but did not at that time know there was any charge against him. Returning to Hexham, where he kept a public-house, Mr. S. found the handbill lying on the table; and he immediately saddled his pony and set off to Mr. Kell's, where he felt satisfied he would find him. The house, called Cadlaw Hill, is situated between Stagshaw Bank and Hexham, on the north side of the Tyne. It is a house

situated by itself, and had Martin not been well known in the neighbourhood, it might have afforded concealment for some time. On alighting he inquired of a young woman who was standing at the door if Jonathan Martin had got home. The family, it would seem, were not aware of the crime he had committed, as the bailiff was readily answered in the affirmative. On receiving this information he bolted in, and found Mr. Kell and Martin sitting together, the latter engaged in reading a hymn-book. They both rose on his entrance, and he, accosting Martin, asked, "Is not your name Jonathan Martin?" He immediately replied, "Yes, it is." On which Mr. Stainthorpe said, "You are my prisoner." Martin displayed very little emotion, nor did he even ask why he was made a prisoner. Mr. Kell was greatly surprised, and asked Mr. Stainthorpe what Martin was charged with. He replied he was not at liberty to tell him; but that he should require his assistance to convey the prisoner to Hexham, on reaching which place he would give him every information necessary. Mr. Kell readily agreed, and the prisoner as readily seemed disposed to take the road. The first question he asked Mr. Stainthorpe was, "Do you belong to York?" Mr. Stainthorpe replied in the negative, and cautioned him not to say anything that might criminate himself. On their coming in sight of Hexham, from which Cadlaw Hill is distant nearly four miles, Martin, pointing to Highside House, two miles from Hexham, said, "Yonder is the house in which I was born"; and seeing the church of Hexham, he exclaimed, "That is a fine old church. Did the Catholics build that too?" On the way Martin asked if any York papers came to Hexham. And also he said to Mr. Stainthorpe, "Am I advertised in the Newcastle

papers?" On being told he was, and also that he was charged with burning York Cathedral, he readily said *he had done it;* and he added, "As soon as I knew I was advertised, I intended to tell everything." On reaching the House of Correction, Martin's bundle was opened, when it was found to contain part of the valuable crimson fringe, &c., which he said he had cut away from the pulpit, or some part of the Minster, a small Bible which he had brought away at the same time, and a piece or two of the painted glass of the Minster. An old razor was found in his pocket, with which he said he cut the crimson fringe, &c., and with which also he struck the fatal light by which he was able to fire the Minster. There were found also seven copies of his Life, but only one penny of money. He appeared up to the moment of his apprehension to have been profoundly ignorant of the extent of the injury he had occasioned; but on a gentleman telling him he had totally destroyed the Cathedral, his countenance brightened, and the news seemed to exhilarate him. He exclaimed, seemingly pleased, "Have I?" After he was lodged in the House of Correction an express was sent off to York with the intelligence.

It was whilst he was in the House of Correction at Hexham that Mr. Wilson (of whom mention has been made) visited him, in company with Mr. Stainthorpe. Mr. Wilson asked him whether his desire to see the newspapers at Cadlaw Hill arose from an anxiety for self-preservation. He replied, "None whatever"; but as he was ignorant what effects had been produced by the fires he had kindled, he was anxious to know; on which Mr. Stainthorpe said the damage was estimated at £100,000. He coolly said, "If it were not for the glory of God, if that could be pro-

moted, £200,000 would not have been too much, and that in his opinion it would have been well if all the Minster had gone together, as the worship carried on in it was idolatrous and superstitious." He declared that he was quite happy and fully resigned to his situation, and "would give himself up into the hands of the Lord."

Such had been the demonstration of popular feeling shown by the persons collected at different times to wait the coaches coming in when Martin was expected, that the magistrates very prudently arranged that he should arrive in York early on Monday morning, and that the examination should take place immediately on his arrival. It was as near as possible half-past three o'clock when Mr. Newstead and Pardoe arrived with their prisoner in a post-chaise at the Session House in the Minster-yard. He was taken into the room occupied by Harrison, the keeper of Peter prison, where he seated himself on a chair with his hands clasped, his feet elevated on the fender, and his eyes closed. Mr. Pardoe asked him if his feet were cold; to which he replied "Yes"; and this was the only word he spoke till the examination commenced. He was dressed in a blue coat and trousers, with a drab greatcoat. He had by no means the appearance of a "stout man," as described in the bill; but the person where he lodged said he had fallen away very much in that short period.

It was half-past four o'clock when everything was arranged for examination. The magistrates took their seats on the bench, and Martin was placed at the bar; the warrant under which he was apprehended was read over to him, and the depositions of witnesses were also read.

It is unnecessary here to give the evidence either on this occasion or at the subsequent trial. On being asked what he had to say for himself, he made the following confession in a firm tone of voice :—

"The reason that I set fire to the Cathedral was on account of two particular dreams. In the first dream I dreamed that a man stood by me with a bow and a sheath of arrows. He shot an arrow, and the arrow stuck in the Minster door. I then wished to shoot, and the man presented me the bow, and I took an arrow from the sheath and shot, and it struck on a stone and I lost it. In the second dream I dreamed that a cloud came down on the Cathedral, and came over to the house where I slept, and it made the whole house tremble. Then I woke; and I thought it was the hand of God pointing out that I was to set fire to the Cathedral. And those things which were found on me I took lest any one should be blamed wrongfully. I took them to bear witness against myself; I cut the hangings from the throne, or cathedra, or whatever you call it, and tore down the curtains."

Here he stopped rather abruptly, and being asked whether he had anything more to say, he replied, "No."

During the whole of the proceedings Martin appeared perfectly calm, and stood with his eyes closed nearly the whole of the time, his head inclining over the right shoulder.

His committal was then made out, and signed by Mr. Dickens, the chairman, and the Rev. D. R. Currer, and he was removed to the City Gaol, and given into the custody of Mr. Kilby, to remain till the Assizes.

After Martin was committed to the charge of the gaoler,

on the morning of the 9th of February, he breakfasted and went to bed. His sleep was sound and tranquil, and he awoke much refreshed and in good spirits.

Strangers were not admitted to see him. Next day he appeared greatly depressed, and was very anxious to avoid public observation. He attended prayers in the chapel during the morning. The next day, however, he refused to attend the chapel. Subsequently he was visited by the Rev. G. Cobpland, the chaplain, in his day-room, who found that so deeply rooted was his aversion to the Liturgy of the Church of England as to leave him no reason to doubt that a forced attendance during the chapel service would be much more likely to prove injurious than beneficial to his own mind. Besides, he thought it not at all improbable that were he compelled to attend, he might consider it his duty to interrupt the service, and publicly to protest against a mode of worship which he deemed unscriptural. Under these circumstances his attendance at chapel was not enforced. He frequently prayed and sang hymns, and when the order was relaxed by which strangers were prohibited from seeing him, he entered very freely into conversation with them. He still pretended to be favoured with extraordinary visions. On one occasion he said he dreamed that two angels appeared to him in prison, one of whom told him to apply his lips to the tip of his wings, which he did, when he was immediately conveyed beyond the walls of his prison.

His brother arrived in York about ten days before the Assizes commenced, to make preparations for his defence. The defence intended to be set up was insanity; and a number of witnesses were collected with a view to support this plea. Dr. Wake, at the request of his brother, visited

him on Friday, the 20th. Up to this period his conduct had been extremely mild, and his feelings composed; but a little change had been observed for a day or two previous, and that night, about twelve o'clock, he attempted to make his escape. He slept in what was called the Hospital Room—a room in which there were two beds, a person who was appointed as his guard sleeping in one of them, and Martin in the other. The guard fell asleep about half-past eleven o'clock, and was soon after awoke by a knocking, apparently outside the room. Not apprehending anything, he went to sleep again; and Martin, having torn his bed-rug into lengths, tied them together, and formed a rope about nine yards long. He fastened this round his ankles, and having on only his shirt and his drawers, he ascended the chimney. An iron grate which was fixed in near the top prevented him, however, from getting to the outside of the prison, and he was obliged to descend again. He then placed his sooty shirt under the bed, swept the soot into the same place, and put on his flannel dress, and retired to bed. The attendant, on awaking about two o'clock, found him up, but he soon lay down again; and both rose at half-past six o'clock. Almost as soon as the door was opened Martin bolted out, and went into the yard. His attendant, alarmed, followed him, and found him washing himself. The state of the room and of his person, together with two bricks being laid in the fire-place, proved the fact that an escape had been attempted. Indeed, when charged with it he did not deny it. He said, if he had been a smaller person he should have effected his escape; but that it was the "will of God" he should make the attempt, and be frustrated.

Of course, after this a closer watch was kept upon the actions of the prisoner.

On Monday, March 23rd, he was brought before Mr. Justice Bayley at the Guildhall, and true bills were found against him for arson and sacrilege. He is described during the examination at the Guildhall as having been perfectly placid, and as having smiled occasionally.

When the Court adjourned for rest and refreshment to the Mansion House during the proceedings, he engaged in conversation with the parties near him, and laughed at their observations. A lady said to him—"In destroying that beautiful pile of buildings you inflicted no real punishment on its clergy."

Martin laughed, and answered—"Eh, but it may mak' them stand and consider their ways. All those who are really converted will think I've done reight enuff."

The trumpets soon after sounded, heralding the approach of the judge. The prisoner said—"Hark, how the watchman cries. Oh! attend to the sound." The crowd was so dense in the hall that it was with difficulty a passage could be made for his lordship. Martin laughed, and observed to Mr. Kilby, "They'll have t' ould man down." A gentleman asked him if he was not afraid? He said, "No, not at all."

The populace entirely filled the hall and part of the yard; and Jonathan turned his face towards them, frequently laughing, and talking to those with whom he came immediately in contact. He said he "believed he was the most righteous man in court"; adding, "I have made as much noise as Buonaparte ever did. I think this is a very throng day." He then turned round to the counsel and reporters, and said, "I keep them very busy;

I have given them all a job. I'll put their hands in by-and-bye." When the judge returned he said, "Here's t' ould man coming again." He seemed quite pleased at being the object of such universal interest, and repeatedly laughed at the attempts of the people to get a sight of him.

The trial of Jonathan Martin took place in the Crown Court of York Castle before Mr. Baron Hullock, on Monday, March 30. The Court was crowded. When placed at the bar, and the first charge, that of having feloniously set fire to the cathedral church of S. Peter's, York, had been read to Martin by the clerk of arraigns, and he had been asked the usual question whether he were "guilty or not guilty," he placed himself in a theatrical attitude, and said, "It was not me, my lord, but my God did it. It is quite common to him to punish to the third and fourth generation, and to show mercy to all that fear Him and keep His commandments."

A plea of "Not guilty" was entered.

The second indictment was then read over to him, charging him with feloniously stealing a quantity of crimson velvet and gold fringe and two gold tassels, the property of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral and Metropolitical Church of York. He was asked whether he was guilty or not guilty. Throwing out his left hand, he replied—

"My God gave me that for my hire. The Lord gave the silk to mak' a robe, like David the King, and the velvet to mak' a cap, and the tassels I took from the pulpit to hang down over my right and left ear."

THE CLERK OF INDICTMENTS.—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

MARTIN.—"I had it given me for my hire."

This was taken as a plea of "Not guilty"; and Mr. Baron Hullock addressing him, said, "You will be tried to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." He bowed, and said, "Very well, my lord"; and was removed from the bar.

The crier of the Court then announced, at the desire of the judge, that the trial of Jonathan Martin would not take place till Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

On Tuesday, March 31st, the Court was as crowded as on the preceding day, and great confusion was the result; this seemed to cause Martin much amusement, and he laughed repeatedly at the struggles of the crowd at the door, and leaped on a seat to observe it.

After the hearing of the evidence, the substance of which has been incorporated in the narrative, Jonathan Martin was called upon for his defence. Martin, who had become very listless during the examination, seemed at this moment full of animation, and in a very vehement manner uttered in broad Northern dialect the following words in his defence:—

"The first impression that I had was by two particular dreams, sir; and after I had written five letters to warn the clergy. I think the last I wrote was a very severe one. I believe I wrote in it all the curses of the Scripture to warn them, and likewise signed my name to every letter, and the place I lodged at, No. 60, Aldgate. I never received any letters, which I was anxious to have from these clergymen, to speak to them by mouth, but there was found none among them that dared to answer me. I prayed to the Lord what I was to do. The next night I dreamt that a wonderful thick cloud came from heaven and rested upon the Minster." [Here the prisoner gave a long account of

his dream, mentioned above, and about the cloud resting over the house.] He continued:—"The house was so shook that it awoke me from sleep. I was astonished, and began to ask the Lord what it meant. I felt a voice inwardly speak that the Lord had chosen me to destroy the Cathedral for the wrong that was doing by the clergy in going to plays, and balls, and card-tables, and dinners. Different things impressed my mind that the Lord had chosen me, because the house shook and trembled. I thought it resembled the pillar of smoke, and fulfilled the prophecy of Joel, that God would pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, and the old men should see visions, and the young men dream dreams, and that there should be signs in the heavens, blood and fire, and vapour and smoke. I thought that I should be fulfilling the word of God, and it was so impressed on my mind I had no rest night or day; for I found the Lord had determined to have me to show this people a warning to flee from the wrath to come. I was rather at a loss, and astonished about my wife lest she should attack me, for I could not do it without being all night from her. After I had considered a while and got everything in order, I began to think it was impossible for me to do it, as if I was away without my wife knowing where, she might conceive I was about the Cathedral, and come and put me out. Therefore I thought of this, to take my wife's ring off her finger, and tie her over to this concern, which I did, as I have mentioned before, and the circumstance of my wife's keeping the vow. After I told her the circumstance she was much grieved, and strove to get me away to Leeds, to get me from the purpose I had informed her of. We went to Leeds and stayed a few days there, but I could get no rest to my mind till I had accom-

plished the deed. I was obliged to take leave of her on the Saturday morning. I had a severe contest between flesh and blood. It was a sair contest, especially when she asked what was to become of her, and of my child Richard I had at school at Lincoln. I thought she would have nailed me to the spot; but after a moment a passage of Scripture struck my ears, and it cried out like a whisper, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' I heard another—'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.' And I heard a third whisper—'Even thine own life.' I tore myself from her arms. I said—'Lord, not my will, but thine be done.' I then felt the love of God in my heart. I thought I would go to Tadcaster, and took twenty books with me. When I got them the Spirit told me to go forward. I had no money to keep me over the Sunday. I had only fourpence-halfpenny." The prisoner then gave a minute detail of his proceedings, and the different expedients resorted to in order to set fire to the building, which he described as having been a work of great labour and difficulty. He said, at the evening service he was "very much vexed at hearing them sing the prayers and amens; he thought the prayer of the heart came from the heart, and that they had no call for prayer-books." He observed—"The organ then made such a buzzing noise, I thought, 'Thou shalt buz no more—I'll have thee down to-night.'" "Well," he continued, "they were all going out, and I lay me down aside of the bishop, round by the pillar." [The prisoner concealed himself behind a tomb.] "I lay here till all went out. I thought I heard the people coming down from ringing the bells; they all went out, and then it was so dark that I could not see my hand. Well, I left the bishop, and came out and fell upon my

knees, and asked the Lord what I was to do first, and he said—'Get thy way up into the belfry and cut a rope'; and I had never been there, and I went round and round; I had a sort of a guess of the place from hearing the men, as I thought, come down. Then the Spirit said, 'Strike a light.' And I then struck a light with a flint and razor that I had got, and some tinder that I had brought from my landlord's. I saw there were plenty of ropes: then I cut one, and then another; but I had no idea they were so long, and I kept draw, draw, and the rope came up till I dare say I had near 100 feet. I have been a sailor, and thought to myself, this will make a man-rope, a sort of scaling-rope, and I tied knots in it. Aye, this is it, I know it well enough (pointing to the rope which lay upon the table). So I went down to the body of the Cathedral, and bethought me how I should go inside. I thought if I did so, by throwing the rope over the organ, I might set it *ganging*, and that would spoil the job. So I made an end of the rope fast, and went hand-over-hand over the gates, and got down on the other side, and fell on my knees, and prayed to the Lord, and He told me that do what I would they would take me. Then I asked the Lord what I was to do with the velvet, and He told me" (the prisoner here repeated what he had before stated in his plea about the robe, cap, and tassels). ".The fringe, I thought, would do for my hairy jacket that I have at Lincoln. I have a very good sealskin one there; I wish I had it with me, that I might show it you. Then I got all ready. Glory to God! I never felt so happy; but I had a hard night's work of it, particularly with a hungry belly. Well, I got a bit of wax-candle, and I set fire to one heap, and with the matches I set fire to the other. I then tied up the things

that the Lord had given me for my hire in this very handkerchief that I have in my hand." He then observed that he had "hard work" while engaged in making his preparations; but, said he, "I had a glorious time of it; and many a time I called 'Glory be to God' in a way which I wonder they did not hear on the outside." He left the pincers, he said, because the old man with whom he lodged could not afford to lose them, and he knew he would get them again. He thought it a work of merit to burn prayer-books and music-books, but not to burn the Word of God, and he appeared to regret that he could not save the large Bible by getting it over the gates and putting it outside. He detailed the particulars of his journey to the North; and described himself as having, from his arrival at York till he reached Northallerton, had very little food, but "t' Lord refreshed my soul on t' road wi' t' snow upon t' ground." He then went on with his story till he reached Mr. Kell's house, and "t' Hexham man came, tapped me on t' shoulder, and took me to t' lock-up." He concluded, after speaking twenty minutes—"I am almost tired of talking, but I will efterwards tell ye a bit more."

A minute or two after, he said to the reporters—"An' you have been writing down what I said—I think I talked o'er fast for thee!" He then espied one of his publications, and said—"I see the'se gotten one of my bukes. I wrote mysen at different times, and have sold 10,000 copies."

The defence set up for the prisoner by Mr. Brougham, acting for Jonathan Martin's brother, was that Jonathan had perpetrated the deed when in an unsound state of mind. The jury returned the verdict—"We are of opinion

that he set fire to the Cathedral, being at the time insane, or of unsound mind."

Baron Hulloch :—"Then your verdict must be *not guilty* on the ground of insanity; and the prisoner must remain in close custody during his Majesty's pleasure."

Martin was highly irritated at the line of defence adopted by Mr. Brougham; but that some suspicion of his lunacy was entertained by himself at an early period appears from his own words in his autobiography, written before he set fire to York Minster:—"The devil suggested to me that the people would think me mad." "My wife endeavoured to comfort me, as she feared for my head."

After the sentence he was handcuffed and conveyed into the Castle. He made no observation, but was evidently disappointed and dejected at the result. For some days after this Martin seemed rather despondent, but he soon resumed his activity, pacing up and down at the rate of five miles an hour, and at an average of twenty miles per day. He asked some one he knew, who visited him, after his son, who was at school at Lincoln, and said—"I'm thinking that God ha' used me varry badly."

He was removed from York Castle to S. Luke's Hospital in London, where his conduct is described as having been generally rational. He seldom spoke on the subject of his crime. Towards his brother he entertained the bitterest enmity for having had him proved insane. But he consoled himself in his confinement with the thought, "The Lord will take his own time to deliver me, and that will not be long, for He has a great work which cannot be done without me."

When he heard of the death of Baron Hulloch, before whom he was tried, and which took place the same year,

he seemed much agitated, walked about a while, as if talking to himself, but made no observation. It transpired afterwards that he looked on this as a signal instance of the Lord punishing one of his enemies.

ROBERT ASKE.*

THE suppression of the smaller monasteries, and confiscation of their lands for the enrichment of Henry VIII.'s rapacious followers, and their precious chalices and jewels to satisfy the King's extravagance, caused great discontent in England, especially in the North. But one bishop had favoured it—Cranmer, who always sided with the King. Latimer wished the monasteries to become nurseries for the clergy. The only other Reforming prelates, Shaxton and Barlow, probably desired the wealth to flow into their own pockets. Shaxton was inhibiting and persecuting in favour of Protestantism those who were as yet tolerated by the law; and in Mary's reign turned his coat, and persecuted in favour of Catholicism. Barlow was anything most conducive to his own advancement and pecuniary interests. He was first Catholic, then Lutheran, then, in 1531, Catholic again. In Edward VI.'s reign, when Zwinglianism was in favour, he became Zwinglian; in Mary's reign he offered to conform again to Catholicism, but finding he could not retain his bishopric, he went

* For the compilation of this memoir I have used chiefly Froude's "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada."

beyond the sea, where he remained till the accession of Elizabeth.

The measure of the suppression had been carried through Parliament with almost insulting defiance of the opinion and wishes of the Upper House, forced through by the imperious will of the King. The discontent consequent on this disrespect was general among the nobility; from them it spread to the country families, who saw in the spoliation of the monasteries the desecration of the familiar scenes of daily life, the violation of the tombs of their ancestors, and the expulsion of abbots who had been their friends, and were often their relations.*

Simultaneously, Legh and Layton, the two most active and overbearing of the monastic visitors, were sent into Yorkshire (A.D. 1536) to carry out the Act of Suppression. The dissolution of the religious houses commenced in the midst of an ominous and sullen silence. The Act extended only to those houses whose incomes were under two hundred pounds a-year, and among these the commissioners were to use their discretion. They were, however, to visit every abbey and priory, to examine the books, examine the monks, to collect every idle word of gossip and slander that was circulating against a house, and might serve as an excuse for its suppression and the confiscation of its goods.

Legh and Layton carried out their work with ostentatious insolence. They were followed by a train of servants decked out in the spoils of desecrated chapels, with copes for doublets, tunicles for saddle-cloths, and silver reliquaries hammered into dagger-sheaths. They had been

* The abbots had been "the trustees of their children and the executors of their wills" (Examination of Aske, in Froude).

ordered to suppress superfluous holy-days; in their zeal against Catholicism they had even desecrated the Lord's-day, and commanded the holding of common markets on Sundays.

The driving forth of monks, many old and infirm, and of timid nuns, into the wide world, of which they knew nothing, shocked the sensibilities of the lower orders, who could sympathise with distress, and who, opening their hovels to receive the outcasts, gathered from their recital of indignities exasperation against the Government which did these wrongs.

In addition to the suppression of monasteries, parish churches were pulled down, and only one left for every seven or eight miles; the church plate of silver was confiscated, and "chalices of tin" given in their place.*

Every element necessary for a great revolt was thus in motion—wounded religious feeling, real suffering caused by real injustice, and the expectation of additional outrages. The clergy in the North were disaffected to a man,† and the people had no desire to see the religion of their fathers disturbed.

At Michaelmas, 1536, the people rose in Lincolnshire, to the number of sixty thousand.

Towards the end of September young Sir Ralph Ellerker,

* For instance, in Topcliffe there stood before the Reformation two churches or chapels, one at Dalton, the other at Elmire, two hamlets within three miles of the parish church. Till the last few years the people of the village of Dalton and the inhabitants of Elmire were without a church, and but for the Dissenting chapels would have been without religion.

† George Lumley, eldest son of Lord Lumley, in his evidence declared that there was not a priest in the whole north of England who did not sympathise with the rebellion, and assist it with money.

of Ellerker Hall, at the foot of the Wolds where they trended to the south-east along the Humber, to die away in dreary flats, had been entertaining a party of friends for cub-hunting. Among his guests were his three cousins, John, Robert, and Christopher Aske. John, the eldest, was the owner of the old family property of Aughton-on-Derwent, a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, with two sons students at the Temple; Robert, a barrister, was in good practice at Westminster; and Christopher was possessor of an estate in Marshland, in the West Riding. The Askes were highly connected, being cousins of the Earl of Cumberland, whose eldest son, Lord Clifford, had recently married a daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and niece of the King.

The hunting party broke up on the 3rd of October, and Robert left Ellerker on his return to London. But on reaching the Humber he was told at the ferry that the people were up in Lincolnshire. He wished to return, but the tide was out, and would not allow him. He therefore resolved to make his way by by-roads to Rawcliffe, near Goole, where his brother-in-law had a house. But he was met near Appleby, on his road to the ford of the Trent, by a party of the rebels. He was asked his name, and was offered the popular oath. Robert Aske was, there can be little doubt, well prepared to throw himself into the cause. His heart and soul were writhing at the changes being made in religion—at the brutalities with which the Reformers carried out their work. He took the oath, and at once cordially threw in his lot with the malcontents. He was well known in the neighbourhood, and was at once elected to the command of the district from the Humber to Kirton; and he spent some days in endeavouring to bring

into shape and discipline the disorderly crowd of rustics who were in arms. But he was doubtful of the prospects of the rebellion in Lincolnshire. He saw that there was no common policy, no commanding mind directing the insurrection. The people in the West Riding were also beginning to stir. He crossed into Marshland, and passing the Ouse into Howdenshire, went from village to village ordering that no alarm bell should be rung, no beacon fired, except on the receipt of a special message from himself.

Then he hastened back into Lincolnshire, but by this time the rebellion was breaking up. The Duke of Suffolk, at the head of the royal army, rapidly occupied Lincoln. Aske had reached that city only a day before the entry of the Duke. The cause was hopeless in Lincolnshire, and he went back full speed to Yorkshire.

As he rode down at midnight to the banks of the Humber (October 13) the clash of the bells from every church tower along the river came pealing to him across the water. The beacons were flaming in Swanland, S. Austin's Stone, and were flung from tower to tower.

"The fishermen on the German Ocean watched them flickering in the darkness from Spurn Head to Scarborough, from Scarborough to Berwick-upon-Tweed. They streamed westward, over the long marshes, across Spalding Moor, up the Ouse and the Wharfe, to the watershed where the rivers flow into the Irish Sea. The mountains of Westmoreland sent on the message to Kendal, to Cockermouth, to Penrith, to Carlisle; and for days and nights there was one loud storm of bells and blaze of beacons from the Trent to the Cheviot Hills." *

All Yorkshire was in movement. Everywhere the

* Froude, ii., c. 13.

people, without a dissentient voice, were loud in their outcries against the compulsory alteration in religion. Whatever the case may have been elsewhere—and it was popular in Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, and Berkshire; partly so in Kent—it was detested universally in Yorkshire, Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. Imagine a Government nowadays forcibly destroying Wesleyan chapels, expelling the ministers, insultingly desecrating Bibles and Wesley's hymn-books, and what would be the state of feeling among the Nonconformists of the North? Yorkshire was Catholic to a man, and all it cherished and revered was being outraged with conspicuous insolence. Should it not rise? Everywhere Robert Aske found himself acknowledged as the head of the insurrection. In his absence an address had gone round the towns, had been nailed on the church doors and posted on the market crosses, which bore his signature, though written, as he protested, without his consent. Ill-composed, and therefore scarcely the writing of an accomplished barrister, yet with a rugged eloquence, this appeal called on all good Englishmen to make a stand for the Church of Christ, which wicked men were destroying, for the commonwealth of the realm, and for their livings, which were bled by oppressive taxes.

Whoever wrote the letter, it did its work. One scene out of many will illustrate the effect:—

"William Stapleton, a friend of Aske, and a brother barrister, also bound to London for the term, was spending a few days at the Grey Friars at Beverley with his brother Christopher. The latter had been out of health, and had gone thither for change of air, with his wife. The young lawyer was to have set out over the Humber on the 4th of

October. At three in the morning his servant woke him, with the news that the Lincolnshire beacons were on fire and the country was impassable. Beverley itself was in the greatest excitement; the sick brother was afraid to be left alone, and William Stapleton agreed for the present to remain and take charge of him. On Sunday morning, October 8th, they were startled by the sound of the alarm-bell. A servant who was sent out to learn what had happened brought in word that an address had arrived from Robert Aske, and that a proclamation was out, under the town seal, calling on every man to repair to Westwood Green, under the walls of the Grey Friars, and be sworn into the Commons. Christopher Stapleton, a sensible man, made somewhat timid by illness, ordered all doors to be locked and bolted, and gave directions that no one of his household should stir. His wife, a hater of Protestants, an admirer of Queen Catherine, of the Pope, and the old religion, was burning with sympathy for the insurgents. The family confessor appeared on the scene—a certain Father Bonaventura—taking the lady's part, and they two together 'went forth out of the door among the crowd.' 'God's blessing on ye,' William Stapleton heard his sister-in-law cry. 'Speed ye well,' the priest cried; 'speed ye well in your godly purposes.' The people rushed about them. 'Where are your husband and his brother?' they shouted to her. 'In the Freers,' she answered. 'Bring them out!' the cry rose. 'Pull them out by the head, or we will burn the Freers and them within it!' Back flew the lady in haste, and perhaps in scorn, to urge forward her hesitating lord—he wailing, wringing his hands, wishing himself out of the world; she exclaiming it was God's quarrel—let him rise and show himself a man. The

dispute lingered; the crowd grew impatient; the doors were dashed in; they rushed into the hall, and thrust the oath down the throat of the reluctant gentleman, and as they surged back they swept the brother out with them upon the green. Five hundred voices were crying, 'Captains! captains!' and presently a shout rose above the rest, 'Master William Stapleton shall be our captain!' And so it was to be: the priest Bonaventura had willed it so; and Stapleton, seeing worse would follow if he refused, consented.

"It was like a contagion of madness. Instantly he was wild like the rest. 'Forward!' was the cry; whither, who knew or cared? only 'Forward!' And as the multitude rocked to and fro, a splashed rider spurred through the streets like a man distraught; eyes staring, hair streaming, shouting as he passed that they should rise and follow, and flashing away like a meteor.

"So went Sunday, at Beverley, the 8th of October, 1536; and within a few days the substance of the same scene repeated itself in all the towns of all the northern counties, the accidents only varying. The same spirit was abroad as in Lincolnshire; but here were strong heads and strong wills which could turn the wild humour to a purpose—men who had foreseen the catastrophe, and were prepared to use it."*

The Yorkshiremen were very different from the men of Lincoln. Instead of assembling and marching in unwieldly crowds, without chiefs or discipline, accoutrements or provisions, the Yorkshire insurgents picked out their tallest and sturdiest men, furnished them with arms, raised money by a rate from house to house, sent them forth with a

* Froude, ii., c. 13.

month's wages in their pockets, and a promise of a continuance should their services be prolonged. On October 13th Robert Aske was at the head of an army of foot and horse furnished admirably at all points. Each parish furnished its own contingent towards the Holy War, for their religion and liberty of conscience, and each parish band was headed by the cross of its church, borne by the priest.

The first great rendezvous in Yorkshire was on Weighton Common. Hither came Stapleton with nine thousand men out of Holderness and Beverley. The two divisions encamped on the heath, and Aske was acknowledged as the commander of the entire force. Stapleton was ordered to march upon Hull, which was held by Sir Ralph Ellerker the elder and Sir George Conyers for the King; and Aske was to move upon York.

On Sunday, October 15th, the main army crossed the Derwent, and marched on York. On Monday it was before the gates. The citizens, to a man, were in the interest of the rebellion; but the Mayor did not open the gates till he had made terms of capitulation with Aske. It was engaged that no pillage should be permitted, no injury of any kind be done. A fixed price was to be paid for provisions, and only the cavalry were to be quartered within the walls. These terms were sworn to, and punctually observed.

Aske's first act on entering York was to fix a proclamation on the doors of the Minster, inviting the dispossessed monks and nuns to return to their cloisters. The deserted convents and monasteries were speedily prepared for them by willing hands, and the poor scared religious crept forth from their hiding-places, and returned once more to the old haunts they had loved, and in which they had spent such

guileless, peaceful years. Their delight was unbounded. "Though it were never so late when they returned, the friars sang matins the same night." *

In the meantime, Lord Darcy, a gallant old nobleman who had fought against the Moors by the side of Ferdinand, was in Pontefract. He was without commission from the King, without authority to issue instructions and raise an army to put down the rebellion; he knew also that he might have called, but who would have answered his summons? His sympathies, moreover, were with the insurgents. He had viewed with profound distaste the spoliation of the convents, and with greater alarm the encouragement given to the spread of novel doctrines.

He was in Pontefract with only twelve men, Edward Lee, Archbishop of York, Sir Robert Constable, Lord Neville, and Sir Nicholas Babthorpe.

There he received a letter from the King, telling him to make it known "that he had never thought to take one pennyworth of the parish churches' goods from them," which was a lie, and a useless lie, for the churches had already been despoiled of their eucharistic plate. Lord Darcy wrote to the King to say that there were sixty thousand men in arms, forty thousand in harness; the whole population was with them; he could not trust his own retainers; and that Pontefract was defenceless.

On Tuesday, the 17th, couriers brought news to Aske at York, that the Commons of Durham were hastening to join him under Lord Latimer, Lord Lumley, and the Earl of Westmoreland. Northumberland was in arms under the Percies.

On Thursday afternoon, Oct. 19th, Aske arrived at

* The Earl of Oxford to Cromwell (Froude, ii., c. 13).

Pontefract; and finding that the citizens were on his side, he sent a message that the castle must be delivered, or it would be stormed. A conference was demanded and agreed to. Hostages were sent in by Aske. Lord Darcy, the Archbishop, and the other noblemen and gentlemen, came to the gate.

"And there and then the said Aske declared unto the said Lords spiritual and temporal the griefs of the Commons; and how first the Lords spiritual had not done their duty, in that they had not been plain with the King's Highness for the speedy remedy and punishing of heresy, and the preachers thereof; and for the taking the ornaments of the churches and abbeys suppressed; the irreverent demeanour of the doers thereof; the abuse of the vestments taken extraordinary; and other their negligences in doing their duty, as well to their Sovereign as to the Commons.

"And to the Lords temporal the said Aske declared they had misused themselves, in that they had not prudently declared to his Highness the poverty of the realm, whereby all dangers might have been avoided; for inasmuch as in the north parts much of the relief of the Commons was by favour of the abbeys, and that therefore that this last statute made the King's Highness had no money out of that shire in award yearly, for that his Grace's revenues of them went to the finding of Berwick; now the property of the abbeys suppressed, tenths and first-fruits, went out of those parts; by occasion whereof, within short space of years, there should no money nor treasure there be left; neither the tenant have to pay his yearly rent to his lord, nor the lord have money to do the King service."*

* Rolls House MS., in Froude.

Lord Darcy asked for time. If not relieved, he undertook to surrender on Saturday. He knew that Lord Shrewsbury was rapidly marching to Pontefract, and was already at Newark, with a large force. Aske, however, who knew the necessity for gaining such a powerful position before the arrival of the royal troops, and who knew that there were only twelve men in the castle, would not hear of so long delay.

He allowed Lord Darcy till eight o'clock the following morning to make up his mind. At the appointed hour a fresh delay was demanded, but was peremptorily refused, the alternative being an immediate storm; the drawbridge was lowered, the rebels took possession of the castle, and Lord Darcy, the Archbishop of York, and every other man within the walls, high and low, was sworn to the common oath.

On the afternoon of the surrender the insurgent leaders were sitting at dinner in the great hall. A letter was brought in and delivered to Lord Darcy. He read it, and dropped it with a heavy sigh. It stated that Lord Shrewsbury would be that night at Pontefract. Before night all the passages of the river by which Shrewsbury could advance had been secured.

In the meantime Hull had surrendered to Stapleton. So it went over the whole North; scarce a blow was struck anywhere. The whole population was swept along in the general current, and Skipton Castle alone in Yorkshire held out for the Crown. All the great families of the North except the Cliffords, the Dacres, and the Musgraves, had come into the confederacy. Six peers or eldest sons of peers were with Aske at Pontefract. Lord Westmoreland was represented by Lord Neville. Lords Latimer,

Darcy, Lumley, Scrope, and Conyers were there in person. Besides these, there were the Constables of Flamborough, the Tempests of Durham, Fairfaxes, Strangways, Bulmers, Lascelles, Nortons, Moncktons, Gowers, Ingoldsbys, and a host of other representatives of the landed gentry of the North.

Whilst this was going on, the King and his Government were straining every nerve to meet the emergency.

Reinforcements were ordered under the commands of the Earls of Rutland and Huntingdon, and the Marquis of Exeter. The Duke of Norfolk was ordered to join the force under Lord Shrewsbury. He did so reluctantly at the head of three thousand men, and the royal army halted at Doncaster. The town was in their hands; the autumn rains had swollen the river, securing their flank. The Duke was, so ran his instructions, to avoid the dangerous issue of a battle. He wrote his intention "to esteem no promise that he made to them (the rebels), nor think his honour touched in the breach of the same."

Lord Shrewsbury, as soon as he found himself too late to prevent the capture of Pontefract, sent the Lancaster Herald thither with a proclamation, which he was to read at the market-cross. As he approached Pontefract he overtook crowds of the country people upon the road, who, in answer to his questions, told him they were in arms to defend Holy Church, which wicked men were destroying. In Pontefract he was arrested before he could unroll his proclamation and brought before Robert Aske.

The commander of the insurgents read the proclamation, and then said to the herald:—"I will go to London, I and my company, a pilgrimage to the King's Highness, and

there we will have all the vile blood of his Council put from him, and all the noble blood set up again, and also the faith of Christ and His laws to be kept, and full restitution to Christ's Church for all the wrongs done unto it; and also the commonalty to be used as they should be."

The herald asked to have this answer in writing. The chief wrote it, signed it, and then, presenting the paper to the herald said, "This is mine act, whoever says aught to the contrary. I mean no harm to the King's person; but I will die in the quarrel, and my people with me."

The insurgents marched from Pontefract in three divisions. Sir Thomas Percy, at the head of five thousand men, carried the banner of S. Cuthbert. In the second division, over ten thousand strong, were the men of the West Riding and Holderness, under Robert Aske. The rear was a magnificent body of twelve thousand horse, all in armour—the knights, esquires, and yeomen of Richmond and Durham.

In this order they came down to the Don, where their advanced posts were already stationed, and deployed along the banks from Ferrybridge to Doncaster.

The Duke of Norfolk, in accordance with instructions, lay still, and showed no signs of fighting. The gallant North-countrymen shrank from being the first to shed blood. Their professed intention was not to fight, but to march—an armed pilgrimage, the Pilgrimage of Grace—to London, to lay their sorrows, the wrongs of Holy Church, their fears lest religion should be innovated on, before the throne of the Sovereign. They hoped the armed demonstration would have its effect. If they fought, if they pro-

voked a battle, they could not maintain their position that they were loyal subjects.

The Duke of Norfolk skilfully availed himself of this feeling in the great host to enter on negotiations, fully proposing to himself "to esteem no promise that he made to them, nor think his honour touched in the breach of the same."

Endless parleys and negotiations were begun. Lord Darcy knew that delay was fatal, and he urged an immediate onslaught. But Aske had not his experience. He had never seen war; he trusted that the display of the feeling and strength of the North would obtain concessions; as a man of profound religious sentiment, he shrank from shedding of blood till forced to assume the offensive by the failure of negotiations.

On Friday, October 27th, a conference was held on the bridge over the Don by Lords Latimer, Lumley, Darcy, Sir Robert Constable, and Sir John Bulmer, on the side of the Pilgrims of Grace, and an equal number of knights and noblemen from Norfolk's army. Robert Aske remained on the bank of the Don, "the whole host standing with him in perfect array." The conference lasted till darkness fell, and with it set the hopes of the insurgents. It was agreed that Sir Richard Bower and Sir Ralph Ellerker should carry the petition of the Pilgrims of Grace to the King, and that the Duke of Norfolk should escort them in person, and intercede for their favourable hearing. Meanwhile, and till the King's reply was known, there was to be truce.

The Duke and the two messengers reached London on November 1st. Full of craft, Henry detained them a fortnight without giving them an answer, and in that time

succeeded in bribing or persuading the two gentlemen to desert the cause which they were sent to plead, and come over to the safer and more profitable side of the Crown.

It had been made one of the articles of convention that during the truce, till the King's answer was known, neither side should gather troops, but Henry disregarded this promise, and by infinite exertion secured the services of fifty thousand reliable men.

In the meantime, also, letters from the King had been sent to the principal nobles who had joined the rebellion, and proclamations were issued to the people.

Aske began to despair of receiving an answer from the King. He therefore determined to call a Parliament and Convocation of the northern notables to sit at York.

The weather changed; an early winter set in, and the rivers either fell or froze, and still no answer from Henry. The King, blind to what was honourable, took a disgraceful advantage of the occasion. The insurgents were bound by the terms of their agreement not to advance or execute any hostile movement till the King's answer came; the same terms were accepted by the Duke of Norfolk, but Henry would not be tied by them. He would send no answer, and all the while he was marching men to the North to crush the rebellion. He did more. He ordered Lord Shrewsbury to advance. Shrewsbury hesitated—perhaps at the danger; more probably at the dishonour. He wrote to Henry; but the King would not hear of his will being opposed. His musters were coming up in strength.

Anthony Curtis, a cousin of Aske, volunteered, under cloak of his kinsmanship, to penetrate into the camp of Robert Aske, and assassinate him. His offer was not scouted.

On Monday, Nov. 27th, the Northern Parliament assembled, not at York, but at Pontefract. Thirty-five peers and knights, besides gentlemen and leaders of the Commons, sat in the Castle Hall; the clergy and the Archbishop of York in the church. The discussions of the Convocation were opened by the Archbishop in a sermon, in which he denounced the insurrection as traitorous and the Parliament as unlawful. His voice was drowned by the indignant cries of clergy; he was dragged from the pulpit, thrown on the floor, and was only saved from being killed by some of his friends. The clergy then drew up a series of resolutions pronouncing successively against each step taken in the Reformation; and other articles were simultaneously drawn up by the council in the Hall.

On Nov. 29th the Duke of Norfolk arrived with extensive powers at Doncaster. He was to grant formally two concessions to the insurgents—a free pardon if they laid down their arms, and a promise that there should be held a Parliament at York. For the rest, the commissioners were to deceive the Pilgrims into believing that what they wanted would be granted, but were to promise nothing outright. To the Duke of Norfolk was added, as royal commissioner, Sir John Russell. On the same day Lord Darcy, Robert Aske, and three hundred of the most prominent men of their party, passed the bridge of the Don with safe-conduct into the town. Wearing their Pilgrims' badges—the five wounds of Christ embroidered on their breasts—"they made obeisance on their knees before the Duke and Earls, and did humbly require to have the King's most merciful and free pardon for any their offences committed." This done, they presented the reso-

lutions of the Parliament and Convocation of Pontefract. Debates and negotiations followed till Dec. 2, when an agreement was made and signed. The pardon and the Parliament were directly promised. Other engagements were made which the insurgents confidently believed gave them all they hoped and prayed for. They were deluded into this belief; and so the conference closed with Aske and the lords and gentlemen with him removing the badge of their pilgrimage — the five red wounds — from their breasts, saying—"We will wear no badge nor figure now but the badge of our sovereign."

So these gallant men were allowed to retire, basely deceived, to disperse, and spread abroad the joyful news among the people that the King in his mercy had yielded to their requests; the monks would be allowed to retenant their cloisters, the old religion would be left undisturbed, and false doctrine would be no longer tolerated and supported in the land.

The great host melted away as rapidly as it had assembled. By the end of December many of the gentlemen who had been in the insurrection had gone to London and seen the King, who won them back to an unreserved allegiance. Lord Darcy and Sir Robert Constable had been invited, but declined to present themselves, one on the plea of sickness, the other out of fear hiding in a remote tower. "Aske alone, the truest and the bravest, ventured to the King's presence. He saw the King, and wrote out for him a straightforward and manly statement of his conduct, extenuating nothing, boasting of nothing, relating merely the simple and literal truth. Henry repeated his assurance to him that the Parliament should meet at York; and Aske returned, hoping against

hope—at all events, exerting himself to make others hope—that the promises which they supposed to have been made to them at Doncaster would eventually be fulfilled. To one person alone he ventured to use other language. Immediately that he reached Yorkshire he wrote to the King, describing the agitation which still continued, and his own efforts to appease it. He dwelt on the expectations which had been formed, and in relating the expressions which were used by others he indicated not obscurely his own dissatisfaction."*

"I do perceive," he said, "a marvellous conjecture in the breasts of the people, which is, they do think they shall not have the Parliament in convenient time." He goes on enumerating reasons which led people to doubt that the King intended keeping his word with them, and concluded with—"Finally, I could not perceive in all the shires, as I came from your Grace homewards, but your Grace's subjects be wildly minded in their hearts towards commotions or assistance thereof, by whose abetment yet I know not; wherefore, sire, I beseech your Grace to pardon me in this my rude letter and plainness of the same, for I do utter my poor heart to your Grace to the intent your Highness may perceive the danger that may ensue; for on my faith I do greatly fear the end to be only by battle."

These were the words of a plain, honest man—a man unaccustomed to the guile, deception, and falsehoods which were practised unscrupulously by princes for their own purposes. He had trusted the King's word, as the word of a Christian man; but his heart began to fail him when he saw signs that the King had not meant to keep his word, yet he blushed to let his thought slip from his pen.

* Froude, ii. c. 13.

Large garrisons were placed in Newcastle, Scarborough, and Hull, to quell insurrection when the intentions of the King became manifest. Royal officers penetrated the country, compelling suspected persons to sue out their pardons by taking the oath of allegiance in a form constructed for the occasion.

Loud outcries were raised; the people resented the flight of frightened gentlemen to London to make their submission. They charged them with cowardice, with desertion of the good cause for the sake of securing their heads and their acres. The royal promises were a delusion. Nothing more was heard of the promised Parliament; no redress of wrongs had been granted. The specious promises of the King had been bubbles which had burst. Sir Francis Bigod, of Mogreve Castle, in Blakemore, headed the new rising, and in January, 1537, issued a circular inviting a muster at Settington. Bigod was a pretentious pedant. He succeeded in getting possession of Beverley; but the late leaders, whose names still possessed authority—Robert Aske, Lord Darcy, and Sir Robert Constable—lost no time in denouncing him. His men fell away from him, and he was prisoner.

Other risings took place in Westmoreland and Cleveland. Carlisle, where was the Duke of Norfolk, was attacked.

"Our pleasure is," wrote Henry VIII. to the Duke, "before you close up our banner again, you shall cause such dreadful execution to be done upon a good number of the inhabitants of every town, village, and hamlet that have offended, as they may be a fearful spectacle to all others." The Duke mildly hung only seventy-four persons, instead of executing in its full severity this brutal order.

Suddenly, in April, Aske, Darcy, and Constable were seized and conveyed to the Tower. They had done their best to discredit Bigod and disperse his followers. They had been guiltless of participating in the abortive rising in Cleveland. There is no evidence that Aske, at least, was meditating another rebellion. Apparently the King was no more sincere in his promise of pardon than in that of a Parliament of York. A decent space of time, five months, was allowed to elapse between making the covenant and breaking it. Some cannons which Aske had obtained at Pontefract it was alleged had not been surrendered; he had dared to intercede for the life of a traitor, Hallam, at Hull.

With the sweet spring weather the time for hanging came. Twenty Lincoln men were gibbeted.

Then came the turn for the Northern men. In May they were brought up for trial in three batches. There was some difficulty in procuring the condemnation of them all. The Crown was forced to use intimidation. "Cromwell," said Lord Darcy, "it is thou that art the special and chief causer of all this rebellion and mischief, and art likewise causer of the apprehension of us, and dost daily earnestly travel to bring us to our ends and to strike off our heads. I trust that ere thou die, though thou wouldst procure all the noblemen's heads within the realm to be stricken off, yet there shall be one head remain that shall strike off thine."

"Of Aske," says Mr. Froude, "we catch glimpses which show that he was something more than a remarkable leader. A short entry tells us that six or seven days after his arrest, 'his servant, Robert Wall (let his name be remembered), did cast himself upon his bed, and cried,

"Oh my master! oh my master! they will draw him, and hang him, and quarter him," and therewith he did die for sorrow.' Aske had lost a friend when friends were needed. In a letter which he wrote to Cromwell he said that he had been sent up in haste without clothes or money; that no one of his relations would help him; and that unless the King would be his good and gracious lord, he knew not how he would live. His confessions during his imprisonment were free and ample. He asked for his life, yet with a dignity which would stoop to no falsehood, and pretend to no repentance beyond a general regret that he should have offended the King. Then, as throughout, he showed himself a brave, simple, noble-minded man."

Bills against them were found. Darcy was arraigned before twenty-two peers, and was condemned to death. Fifteen commoners on the same day were tried before a special commission in Westminster Hall.

Sir Thomas Percy, Sir Stephen Hamarton, Sir John and Lady Bulmer, pleaded guilty. A verdict was given against Aske, Constable, Bigod, Lumley, and seven more. Sixteen knights, nobles, and gentlemen who a few months before laid down their arms and ripped off their badges, trusting in the King's promise of free pardon, were sentenced to die an ignominious death.

Some fragments written in the interval after the sentence by Darcy and Aske still remain. Darcy was nearly eighty years old, yet his bold handwriting shows no signs of age or agitation:—

"After judgment given, the petitions of Thomas Lord Darcy, to the King's Grace, by my Lord Privy Seal.

"First, to have confession; and at a mass to receive my

Maker, that I may depart like a Christian man out of this vale of misery.

"Second, that incontinent after my death my whole body may be buried with my late wife, the Lady Neville, in the Freers at Greenwich.

"Third, that the straitness of my judgment may be mitigated after the King's mercy and pleasure.

"Fourth, that my debts may be paid according to a schedule enclosed."

Aske wrote to Cromwell, requesting that his poor innocent children might have some provision made for them out of his confiscated property. The prayer was granted. So also was that of Aske and Darcy, that they might be spared the revolting horrors of drawing and quartering. Darcy was executed on Tower Hill on June 20th. Sir Thomas Percy, Bigod, the Abbots of Fountains and of Jervaux, Hamarton, Sir John Bulmer, young Lumley, and Nicholas Tempest were hanged at Tyburn. Lady Bulmer was burnt alive at Smithfield. A town correspondent, in a letter to Sir Henry Saville, after briefly mentioning the burning of the unfortunate lady, urges Sir Henry to fly to London to be in for the pickings of the confiscated estates and the pleasures of the London season.

Robert Aske and Sir Robert Constable were ordered to be hung in Yorkshire. At the beginning of June they were paraded through the eastern counties under the charge of Sir Thomas Wentworth. At Lincoln they were delivered into the custody of the Duke of Norfolk. Constable suffered at Hull.

Aske in conversation with his confessor acknowledged his treason, which indeed had been patent; but it does not appear that he admitted treasonable practices after his

pardon. The King had even sent him a token of free pardon, and Cromwell had several times solemnly promised him his life if he would make a full confession. He complained of the unworthy treatment he had received. It pained his noble soul to think that his monarch had duped and lied to him. But his bearing was quiet and brave, and it was only to this confessor that he disclosed the duplicity of the King.

He was taken to York, and drawn through the streets upon a hurdle at eight o'clock in the morning of August 13th to be decapitated. At the scaffold, which was erected in the Pavement, at the east end of All Hallows Church, he asked the people to pray for him, and remember their rights and privileges as true-born Englishmen, and not to be deterred by his death, for he had done no more than was his duty. His face was bright and smiling when he kneeled down to pray, and he remained a quarter of an hour on his knees engaged in fervent devotion. He then submitted his head to the axe.

After the execution, the body was taken to a blacksmith's named Pyements, who riveted chains on the lifeless remains. Next morning, at five o'clock, the sheriff and his officers, with a troop of light horse and a large number of citizens, took the body to Heworth Moor, where a gibbet was erected thirty-five feet high. The body was suspended from it, and the sheriff then read his proclamation, threatening imprisonment for twenty years to anyone found removing the body or injuring the gibbet.* Aske was aged fifty-eight when he died.

* "Criminal Chronology of York Castle." Compiled from prison documents, &c. 1867.

BROTHER JUCUNDUS.

AT York were two religious houses—S. Mary's Abbey and S. Leonard's Priory—so close together that their walls abutted. The magnificent ruins of S. Mary's Abbey Church, the heavy fragments of the Priory Church of S. Leonard's, now stand in the gardens of the Botanical Society, and resound no longer to the sound of psalmody, but to the strains of the band playing marches, waltzes, and overtures.

At the close of the fifteenth century, before the Dissolution was thought of, there lived, and fasted, and prayed in S. Leonard's Priory a fat monk named Brother Jucundus. He had not been long in the house. He had joined the order in a fit of headache and remorse, after heavy potations on the occasion of the installation of a new Lord Mayor, and it is possible—probable, I suspect—that he somewhat regretted his precipitancy. Yet there was no escape. The irrevocable vows were on him; for life he was bound to eat only vegetables and bread, drink very small beer, and sleep only six hours in the night.

Convivial songs floated through his mind when he ought to have been chanting the Psalms of David, and the flavour of old sack rose upon his palate when he looked dolefully down at dinner-time into his mug of "swipes."

A year passed. The full paunch of Brother Jucundus began to subside; his fat cheeks to fall flabby, like the dew-laps of a cow; a dispirited expression took the place of the watery twinkle which had once animated his eye.

Come what might, Brother Jucundus felt he must have a fling. He should die without it. Just one jollification in the twelvemonth, and then he would put up for the rest of the year with beans and cabbage, small beer and matins before dawn.

York fair approached. York fair! of all that is ravishing! The shows of dancing dogs, the whirli-go-rounds, the giantesses and dwarfs, the "spice" stalls, the drinking-booths! To York fair he must, he would go, if condemned to a bean and a thimbleful of water for fasting dinner ever after.

And go he did. He managed it in this way:—After dinner the whole community took an hour's sleep. As they rose at midnight and dined at mid-day, this was very necessary, and the Priory was silent, save for snores, from one o'clock to two. At half-past one Brother Jucundus stole to the porter's lodge, found the porter asleep in his chair—so took possession of his keys; went to the Prior's apartment; the Prior was asleep; pocketed a crown from his money-box, and left the Priory.

At two o'clock the community awoke. The porter missed his keys. The Prior missed the crown. All the monks were summoned into the chapter-house, and all missed Brother Jucundus.

After long deliberation it was decided that two sedate and trusty brothers should be sent out in quest of him.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon. Jucundus had enjoyed himself amazingly. The amount of gingerbread horses

and men he had consumed was prodigious. He had seen "The Spotted Boy" and "The Bearded Woman"; he had gone round in the whirligig on the back of a wooden horse; he had shot for nuts at a mark, and won his pocket full, which he cracked every now and then, and washed down with a draft of really good ale. And now, just now, he was going up in the boat of a great see-saw, with a foaming tankard in his hand, his jolly red face illumined with glee, and his ample throat thundering forth—

"In dulce jubilo-o-o,
Up, up, up we go-o-o";

when his sweet jubilee was cut short by the sight of two monks from his Priory, with grim faces, making their way towards the see-saw.

Brother Jucundus tried to scramble out, and in so doing tumbled down. He was picked up. Either his libations, or the fall, or disinclination to return to S. Leonard's weakened his legs, and he tottered so much that the reverend fathers were obliged to put him in a wheelbarrow and roll him to the Priory gate. At the entrance stood the Prior with a brow of thunder.

Brother Jucundus looked pleasantly up in his face from out of his conveyance, smiled benignantly, and piped—

"In dulce jubilo-o-o,
Up, up, up we go-o-o."

The chapter was still sitting, stern and threatening.

The helpless monk was trundled in his barrow into the midst of the assembled fathers, to be tried and sentenced.

He had been caught, *flagrante delicto*, in a see-saw, drunk, riotous, and incapable. Nevertheless, Brother Jucundus was not disposed to view his case unfavourably.

He looked round on the chapter with an affectionate glance from out of his watery eye, and the kindest, most winsome smile on his ruddy cheeks.

He was asked at once for his defence. He murmured, with a hiccup—

"In dulce jubilo-o-o."

The sentence was unanimous, and unfalteringly given. He was to be walled alive into a niche in the Priory cellar. The execution was to be carried into effect immediately.

As he was helped down the cellar stairs, some glimmer of his situation came in on the mind of Jucundus, and he sadly trolled out—

"Down, down, down we go-o-o."

A convenient niche was soon found. A cruse of water and a loaf of bread, with cruel mockery, were placed in the recess. The ready hands of zealous monks mixed the mortar, brought the bricks, and in a quarter of an hour Brother Jucundus was firmly walled in to his living grave.

Now for the first time did the extreme inconvenience of his position break upon the unfortunate monk. In the wheelbarrow he had been able to sit; here he was walled upright. It was cramping, intolerable. He kicked, he pressed backwards with all his might; and suddenly, with a crash, the wall behind him gave way, and he rolled backwards over a heap of fallen bricks into a cellar.

The shock brought him completely to his senses. Where was he? Now he saw the gravity of his offence—the terrible fate that had been prepared for him. Escape was fortunately open to him. He ran up the cellar stairs, and found himself in the Abbey of S. Mary's. The cellars of the two monasteries had adjoined; a wall alone

had divided them. He had tumbled out of S. Leonard's into S. Mary's.

S. Mary's Abbey belonged to the severe Cistercian Order. Complete silence was one of the rules of the society. Except on Easter-day, no monk might speak; on Easter-day every one talked, and nobody listened. When Brother Jucundus accordingly appeared in the cloisters, no monk turned to look at him, or asked him "how the saints he had come there?" but swept by him like a ghost. Jucundus made himself as much at home as was possible. He took his place at table, ate and drank what was set before him, occupied a pallet in the common dormitory, lifted his voice in concert with the others in the Abbey choir, and nobody meddled with him. The monks, if they thought about him at all—and it was against their rules to think of anything but their own spiritual affairs—thought he was a new monk just joined in the usual accepted manner.

A twelvemonth passed. It had been dull in S. Leonard's; it was duller in S. Mary's. The day came round on which York fair was held, the day, that happy day, which had ended so dolorously.

Now the day before York fair the office of cellarer fell vacant in S. Mary's Abbey by the death of the monk who had presided over the wine and beer. The Abbot by a happy inspiration committed the keys to Brother Jucundus. Here was an opportunity! If York fair might not be enjoyed in the market-place and the Pavement, he would at least commemorate it in the Abbey cellar.

On York fair-day, accordingly, Brother Jucundus, after having seen all his fellow-monks safe in bed, stole down the stone steps into the vault where were the

barrels, with a tankard in his one hand and a lantern in the other.

S. Mary's Abbey was often called upon to receive noble, even royal guests, and entertain them nobly and royally. It therefore contained barrels of very prime wine and very strong audit ale. Brother Jucundus went along the range of barrels trying one tipple after another. There is nothing so dangerous as mixing your drink, and this the reverend brother discovered at last, for he sat down, unable to proceed further, by the best cask of Malmsey, and turning the tap, filled his tankard.

Next day at noon the Cistercians assembled in the refectory for their frugal repast, dinner and breakfast in one; and as they had been up since midnight, and had eaten and drunk nothing for twelve hours, were tolerably hungry and dry. But the mugs were empty. At the Abbot's table even was neither wine nor beer. The silent fraternity bore with this some time, but at last even the rules of the Order could not keep them perfectly silent. They shuffled with their feet, growled and grunted discontentedly. At last the Abbot, in a voice of thunder, shouted—

"I want my beer!" and the example of the head becoming infectious, "Beer, beer, beer! we all want our beer!" resounded from every part of the refectory.

"Where was the cellarer?" Nobody knew. At last two brothers were commissioned to go to the cellar and fetch ale. They presently returned with awe-struck countenances, beckoned to the Abbot to follow them, and led the way along the cloisters down the cellar stairs. Curiosity, though against the rule, was infectious, and all the monks crept *en queue* after the Abbot. When they

reached the vault a shocking sight presented itself to their eyes. Brother Jucundus lay with his head against the butt of Malmsey, flourishing his tankard over his head, and feebly, incoherently, trolling forth—

"In dulce jubilo-o-o,
Up, up, up we go-o-o."

It was too flagrant an offence to be passed over. A chapter of the Order was at once constituted in the cellar itself. All the monks were present. Unanimously it was decided that after solemn excommunication with bell, book, and candle, the guilty brother should be walled up alive on the scene of his crime in that very cellar.

The awful scene of excommunication was proceeded with. It took some time, and during the ceremony Brother Jucundus gradually resumed consciousness—the fumes of Malmsey slowly evaporated. A convenient recess was found, where a heap of crumbling bricks lay prostrate. It was the identical nook out of which a year and a day before Brother Jucundus had escaped into the Cistercian Order and Abbey of S. Mary.

Into this niche therefore he was built. His terrible position had not, however, as yet forced itself on the monk's brain; he still tasted Malmsey, still was his heart buoyant, and with swelling lungs he roared forth his song—

"In dulce jubilo-o-o
Up, up, up we go-o-o."

Now, it happened that the clocks in S. Leonard's and S. Mary's differed by a quarter of an hour. That of S. Leonard's was slower than that of S. Mary's. Consequently it was only just dinner-time in S. Leonard's Priory, and the cellarer, pitcher in hand, had just descended the

stairs, and was filling his vessel with small beer, when he heard close to his ear, from behind the wall, a stentorian voice thunder forth—

"In dulce jubilo-o-o,
Up, up, up we go-o-o."

The voice, the strain, the words were those of Brother Jucundus, who a year and a day before had been immured at that very spot.

Down went the pitcher, and away fled the monk—amazement, admiration in his countenance, "A miracle! a miracle!" in his mouth—to the monks, just issuing from the church and the recitation of Sext and the office for the dead around the body of their Prior, lately deceased, and that day to be buried.

The whole community rolled like a tidal wave down the cellar-stairs, and stood with breathless awe in a circle about the spot where twelve months and a day before they had walled in Brother Jucundus.

It was a miracle—there could be no doubt of it. Eager hands tore down the wall, and revealed the reverend brother, hale and rosy as of yore, and at his side a loaf as fresh as when put in, and a pitcher still full to the brim.

There could be no doubt but that this was a special interposition to establish the innocence of the monk, and to indicate to the community who was to be their future Prior.

With one voice they shouted, "Jucundus our Prior! Saint Jucundus our head and father!"

On the shoulders of the enthusiastic brethren the miraculous monk was carried up-stairs and installed in the Prior's seat in the chapter-house.

Under him S. Leonard's jogged along very pleasantly, and he did much in his long rule of the monastery for its discipline and good order, if not to justify, at least to excuse, the dissolution which fell on it immediately after his death.

YORKSHIRE RECUSANTS.

MARY I. has perhaps justly earned her title of "The Bloody" from the burnings of Protestants which took place in her reign; they were in number 288.* But it may be questioned whether the reprisals on the Roman Catholics in the reign of her sister Elizabeth were much less cruel; they were certainly more numerous. Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England," tells us that "the rack seldom stood idle for all the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign."

Two hundred and four died the horrible death of hanging, drawing, and quartering for their religion. Fifteen of these suffered for denying that the Queen was supreme head of the Church, one hundred and twenty-six for exercising their ministry as priests, the rest for having left Protestantism for the Roman communion. But this in no way exhausts the number of sufferers. Many died of their hardships in prison; many lost all their property, were banished, and mutilated. The names of 1200 who suffered in this manner before the year 1588—that is,

* According to the highest estimate; others reduce the number to 227.

before the greatest heat of the persecution—have been collected by Dr. Bridgewater. Many of these died in prison under sentence of death.

Dr. Lingard says—"In 1578, Whitgift, Bishop of Worcester and Vice-President of Wales, was ordered to employ torture to force answers from Catholics suspected of having heard mass.* The Catholic prisoner was hardly lodged in the Tower before he was placed on the rack. During the reign of Elizabeth the first victim who suffered hanging and quartering for the sole exercise of his ministry was Thomas Woodhouse. After him 123 other priests. Moreover, thirty men and two women were executed as felons for harbouring and abetting priests, besides numbers of clergymen and laymen who died of their sufferings in prison. Generally the court dispensed with the examination of witnesses. By artful and ensnaring questions an avowal was drawn from the prisoner that he had been reconciled (to the Roman Church); or had harboured a priest; or had been ordained beyond the sea; or that he admitted the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope, or rejected that of the Queen. Any one of these crimes was sufficient to consign him to the scaffold. Life, indeed, was offered on condition of conformity to the established worship; but the offer was generally refused, and the refusal was followed by death; and the butchery, with very few exceptions, was performed on the victim while he was yet in perfect possession of his senses."

It may be as well to notice some of the laws passed in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, to give some idea of the terrible oppression exercised on the unfortunate Catholics.

* Strype's Life of Arch. Whitgift, 83.

Nov. 4th, 1547, the Parliament passed a law that any one speaking or preaching against the newly-authorised liturgy for the administration of the Lord's Supper "should be imprisoned, and make fine and ransome at the King's will and pleasure." *

Any priest refusing to use the new liturgy was to be deprived and suffer imprisonment for life, and any lay person speaking against the Book of Common Prayer, or attending any other religious service except that of the Established Church, for the first offence forfeited ten pounds or suffered three months' imprisonment; for the second offence, twenty pounds, or six months' imprisonment; and for the third, the forfeiture of all goods and chattels, and imprisonment for life. †

Another law enacts that because many people would not attend their parish churches since the change of religion, such persons as do not attend their parish churches on Sundays and holy-days, "for the first offence shall suffer six months' imprisonment without bail or mainprize; for the second offence, a year's imprisonment; and for the third offence, imprisonment for life." ‡

In the first year of Elizabeth it was required that laymen or women should pay one shilling for every time they did not attend their parish churches, and that if they should speak against the Book of Common Prayer, for the first offence they should be imprisoned for six months; for the second, should suffer a year's imprisonment; and for the third, should be incarcerated for life.§ And if any one, after April 1st, 1563, should maintain in writing the Pope's supremacy in the Church he should be guilty of high

* 1 Edw. VI. c. i. † 3 Edw. VI. c. i.
‡ 6 Edw. VI. c. i. § 1 Eliz. c. ii.

treason —that is, if a man, he should be hung, but cut down alive, his breast and stomach sliced open, his heart, still palpitating, be drawn out, and then that while yet warm his limbs should be hacked off, dipped in boiling pitch, and exposed over the gates on spikes; but if a woman, that she should be burnt alive.*

Another law passed later provided "that they who should reconcile any person to the Church of Rome, and those who should leave the Established Church for the Roman communion, should be guilty of high treason—that is, be subjected to the same horrible death. And also, that such as should relieve any one who had so reconciled others, or should bring any crosses, pictures, rosaries, &c., into England, consecrated by the Pope, should undergo the penalty of præmunire—that is, their lands and goods were forfeited, and their bodies imprisoned at the King's pleasure."

Those who should not betray the hiding-places of Popish priests who had reconciled Protestants to the Church of Rome, were to be hung, drawn, and quartered. †

It was again enacted, in 1581, that they should be guilty of high treason who should commit the offences enumerated above, and also, whoever should say mass was to be fined 200 marks and suffer imprisonment for a year, and those who refused to attend the Anglican liturgy were fined £20 a month. ‡

In 1586 the Earl of Arundel, for having written to two Catholic priests to say that he thought of leaving England, where he could not exercise his religion in freedom, was fined five thousand pounds!

* 5 Eliz. c. i. † 13 Eliz. c. ii. ‡ 23 Eliz. c. i.

Under James I., the laws against Papists became even more cruel, restrictive, and harassing. They became guilty, were imprisoned, and had their goods confiscated if they sent their children to be educated abroad.* In 1622, in the reign of King James I., the prisons were opened—the Spanish marriage being then on the *tapis*, and James inclined to be lenient—and 4000 Catholics were released.†

Among the Popish sufferers at York was the Rev. William Hart, a native of Wells, in Somersetshire, and a member of Lincoln College, Oxford. Not liking the change in religion, he left Oxford and went to Douay to pursue his studies there, and thence he went to Rheims. He was then labouring under a terrible internal disease, and his physicians declared that there was no remedy for him but a surgical operation. During the operation he prayed, and was so lost in devotion that he showed no sign of pain, to the astonishment of the surgeon. After his recovery he was sent to Rome. S. Philip Neri one day saw the students destined for England walking in the street. He accosted them with reverence, saying, "Salvete flores martyrum!—All hail, ye martyr flowers!"

From Rome William Hart was sent to England, to Yorkshire, to minister to the Catholics there, who were very numerous and in sore straits. His gentleness, winning manner, and glowing faith, made him a general favourite. His charity towards the poor Papists who crowded the York prison was overflowing. These poor creatures were dying in confinement in great numbers, being ill-fed and

* See the atrocious laws, 1 Jac. I. c. 4; 3 Jac. I. c. 4, 5; 7 Jac. I. c. 6; and 3 Chas. I. c. 2; 25 Chas. II. c. 2; 30 Chas. II. c. 1.

† Wilson's "History," fol. 195; Rushworth's "Collection," i. fol. 62, 63.

barbarously treated by their keepers. Every day he visited them, encouraging them to suffer with patience, and administering to them in secret the sacrament.

He was nearly captured on one occasion when assisting at mass at night, but escaped. He was, however, taken six months after, when in bed and asleep, on the night following Christmas-day, 1583.

He was sent to York Castle and lodged in a dungeon, loaded with double irons. During his confinement he was visited by the Dean of York and other clergy of the Established Church, who urged him to conform to the State religion; but he gently, yet firmly, refused. He was tried on the charge of having received ordination as a priest out of England, and of having dispensed the sacraments to Roman Catholics in her Majesty's realm. In reply to a charge of high treason, he said that he acknowledged obedience to the Queen in temporal matters, but that obedience to the Pope in things spiritual was not inconsistent with hearty allegiance to the Queen in other matters not involving religion.

When his sentence was pronounced, he murmured in the words of Job, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He fasted the last six days before his execution, and spent his nights in incessant prayer. He took leave of his fellow-prisoners, thanked the chief gaoler for his kindness, and was placed on a hurdle to be dragged to the place of martyrdom. On the way he was pestered by the Rev. Mr. Bunny and the Rev. Mr. Pace, who beset him with arguments against Popery, and at last with reproaches. "Good Mr. Pace," said Hart, with a smile, "be so kind as to leave me in peace the short while

I have to live." Then raising his eyes, he began to recite the psalm—"To thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens."

The rope was put round his neck, and he was thrown from the ladder on which he stood, and instantly cut down alive, his body ripped open, and his warm beating heart torn out of his bleeding body. He was then dismembered. He suffered March 15th, 1583.

John Amyas, a native of Yorkshire, trained at Douay, and ordained priest in 1581, was sent on the English mission in the same year with one Edmund Sykes; and Robert Dalby, a native of Durham, was sent from the same college on the same mission in 1588. Amyas and Dalby were taken at York, and condemned to death for being Roman Catholic priests. Dr. Champney, in his MS. history, says:—"I was myself an eye-witness of the glorious combat of these holy men, being at that time a young man, in the twentieth year of my age. . . . They were drawn about a mile out of the city to the place of execution, where, being arrived and taken off the hurdle, they prostrated themselves upon their faces to the ground, and then employed some time in prayer, till Mr. Amias, being called on by the sheriff, rose up, and with a serene countenance walked to the gallows and kissed it; then kissing the ladder, he went up. The hangman, after fitting the rope to his neck, bade him descend a step or two, affirming that thus he would suffer the less. He then turned to the people and declared that "the cause of his death was not treason, but religion"; but here he was interrupted, and not suffered to go on. Therefore, composing himself for death, with his eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, forgiving all who had anyways procured his

death, and praying for his persecutors, he recommended his soul to God, and being flung off the ladder he quietly expired, for he was suffered to hang so long till he seemed to be quite dead. Then he was cut down, dismembered, and disembowelled, his head cut off, and the trunk of his body quartered.

"All this while his companion, Mr. Dalby, was most intent in prayer; who, being called upon, immediately followed the footsteps of him that had gone before him, and obtained the like victory. The sheriff's men were very watchful to prevent the standers-by from gathering any of their blood, or carrying off anything that belonged to them. Yet one, who appeared to me to be a gentlewoman, going up to the place where their bodies were in quartering, and not without difficulty making her way through the crowd, fell down upon her knees before the multitude, and with her hands joined and eyes lifted up to heaven declared an extraordinary emotion and affection of soul. She spake also some words, which I could not hear from the tumult and noise. Immediately a clamour was raised against her as an idolatress, and she was drove away; and whether or no she was carried to prison, I could not certainly understand."

At the same Assizes at York, another priest, Roger Diconson, was condemned to death, and seven maiden ladies who had assisted at a mass he had celebrated in their house.

Margaret Clitheroe, daughter of Mr. Middleton, a "gentleman of a fair estate in Yorkshire," was the wife of a Mr. Clitheroe, and lived in the city of York. Their house was a common refuge of missionary priests. Detected at last as harbouring them, her husband fled, and

she, being seized, was committed to York Castle; and kept strictly confined till her trial.

On Monday, the 14th of March, 1586, in the afternoon, Mrs. Clitheroé was brought from the Castle to the Common Hall in York, before the two judges, Mr. Clinch and Mr. Rhodes, several others of the council sitting with them on the bench.

Her indictment was read:—"That she had harboured and maintained Jesuit and seminary priests, traitors to the Queen's Majesty and the law; and that she had heard mass and such like."

Then Judge Clinch stood up and said—"Margaret Clitheroe, how say you? Are you guilty of this indictment or not?"

"I have harboured no traitors to the Queen. God forbid that I should have done so," she answered.

The judge asked her how she would be tried.

"Having committed no offence," she answered, "I need no trial."

"You have offended against the statute, and therefore must be tried."

A little child, frightened by the officers who had been sent to search Mrs. Clitheroe's house, had revealed the priest's secret chamber,* and there a chalice and some sacerdotal vestments had been found. These were brought out; and the judges, scoffing at her religion, asked her in what she believed.

"I believe in God," said she, gravely.

"In what God?" asked the judge.

* Several of these secret hiding-places remain in old Yorkshire houses. There is one at Norton Conyers; another at New Hall, near Thirsk—a hole in the thickness of the wall.

"I believe," she answered, "in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and hope for salvation through the death and mercy of Jesus Christ."

Margaret Clitheroe persistently refused to plead. If she pleaded she would be tried for high treason, and if found guilty the law of England would condemn her to be burnt alive; but this horrible death would in all probability have been commuted to hanging.

Next day she was brought into the Common Hall to be reheard. She again refused to plead. The judge said to her—"Yesterday we passed you over without sentence, hoping you would put yourself on the country, for otherwise you must needs have the law. We see nothing why you should refuse; there be but small witness against you, and the country will consider your case."

"Indeed," said she, "I think you have no witness against me but children, whom with an apple or a rod you may cause to say what you will."

"It is plain," said the judge, "that you have hidden priests in your house by the things which have been found there." She answered—"As for good Catholic priests, I know no cause why I should refuse them as long as I live." On this, Rhodes, Thurleston, and others exclaimed—"They are all traitors and deceivers of the Queen's subjects." "God forgive you," she meekly replied; "you would not speak so if you knew them."

Whigginton, a Puritan preacher, then boldly stood forward and interceded in her behalf, assuring the judge that if the Queen's law empowered them to put her to death, God's law did not do so. But it was in vain. Margaret would not plead, and must therefore take the consequences. The law was plain on the subject. The

unfortunate woman had several reasons for refusing to plead. In the first place, had she done so, she would at once become liable to have torture applied to extract from her a confession of the names of those she had concealed, and of other Romanists in York who had abetted her in secreting priests. She doubted her constancy under the rack, and therefore deemed it advisable to refuse to plead. Another reason may have been that she preferred a death in the prison before a few witnesses to a public hanging amidst a crowd.

The judge passed sentence—"That in the lowest part of her prison she should be stripped, laid on her back on the ground, and as much weight laid on her as she could bear, and so continue for three days; and on the third day, should she still refuse to plead, be pressed to death—her hands and feet tied to a post, and a sharp stone under her back."

Margaret Clitheroe heard this fearful sentence with no change of countenance, but said, "If this judgment be according to your conscience, I pray God for a better judgment in His presence."

She implored to be allowed to see her husband before her death. Even this mercy was denied her. The night before she suffered she asked the gaoler's wife to allow one of her maids to bear her company through the night, "not for any fear of death, but because the flesh is frail." The kind woman herself remained the night with her.

She suffered at York, March 25th, 1586. The following is an account of her death given by an eye-witness:—

"The place of execution was the Tolbooth, six or seven yards from the prison. After she had prayed, Fawcett, one of the sheriffs, commanded them to put off her apparel,

when she, with four women, requested him on their knees that, for the honour of womanhood, this might be dispensed with. But they would not grant it. Then she requested them that the women might unapparel her, and that they would turn their faces from her during that time. The women took off her clothes, and put on her a long linen habit.* Then quietly she laid her down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief, and most part of her body with the habit. The door was laid upon her, her hands joined towards her face. Then the sheriff said, 'Nay, ye must have your hands bound.' Then two sergeants parted her hands, and bound them to two posts. After this they laid weight upon her which when she felt, she said, 'Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, have mercy upon me!' which were the last words she was heard to speak. She was in dying about one quarter of an hour. A sharp stone, as much as a man's fist, had been put under her back; upon her was laid to the quantity of seven or eight hundredweight, which breaking her ribs, caused them to burst forth of the skin."

Her children, by order of Government, were carried away and brought up as Protestants: her son William was sent first to Cambridge and then to Oxford. But the strong impressions made by his mother's holy life and dreadful martyrdom produced their natural effect, and he left England and embraced the Roman faith.

John Lockwood was the eldest son of Christopher Lockwood, of Soresby, in Yorkshire, by his wife, a daughter of Sir Robert Lassels, of Brackenborough, in the same county. He was born in 1555. He gave up his succession to his father's estates that he might serve God as a Roman

* This she had made for herself whilst in prison.

Catholic priest, and resigned the comfort of a gentleman's position in his county for the risks and sufferings of the career of a missionary in England.

He was ordained at Rome. Twice he was imprisoned in England before his final capture and death. In 1610 he was banished the country; but he returned, and the old man remained in the house of Mrs. Catersly at Woodend, near Thirsk, till his final capture. He was at work in his little garden when the priest-catchers rushed upon him. Their leader was one Cuthbert Langdale. John Lockwood was then aged eighty-seven. He was set by the priest-catchers on horseback, but through age and weakness could not ride. Cuthbert then got up behind to support him, but the poor old man fainted in his arms, and when he recovered his senses was very sick.

"If you cannot sit on horseback, you shall lie on it," said the brutal fellow; "for to York Castle you are sent, and to York Castle you shall go, with the leave of the Lord."

Accordingly they laid their prisoner across the horse, Cuthbert riding behind, and holding the old man in his place with one hand, while he held the rein with the other. Thus, after many a halt, many a sick fit and fainting away, the priest was brought to York, amidst the indignation of the citizens, who saw the venerable man's white hair draggling about the stirrup of the priest-catcher, and his legs hanging down on the other side of the saddle. When Langdale had delivered up his prisoner, Mr. Lockwood said to him, "Hark ye, Cuthbert, I have even given you a great deal of trouble in bringing me here. Take an angel for your pains; and the Lord be with you." And he gave him a five-shilling piece.

Lockwood found in prison another Yorkshire Popish priest, the Rev. Edmund Catterick, descended from the Cattericks of Carlton, an ancient family in the North Riding. His capture had been singularly disgraceful. He had come as a guest to the house of Justice Dodsworth, who was a relative; when the Justice took advantage of the occasion of having him in his house to secure his person and send him to York Castle to be tried, and even appeared as witness against him.

King Charles I. reprieved the two priests for a short time, but the Parliament having remonstrated at the reprieval of Popish recusants, the King reluctantly signed the warrant for their execution.

On the 13th of April, 1642, the King, the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished persons being then at the Manor in York, the two priests were drawn on a hurdle through the streets to the place of execution. After spending some time in prayer, Mr. Catterick was desired by the sheriff to mount the ladder. The poor man turned deadly white and trembled. Mr. Lockwood, seeing his friend's distress, at once stepped forward, and planting himself at the foot of the ladder, said—"Mr. sheriff, under favour, the place is mine; I am his senior by many years, and therefore with leave I challenge it as my right to mount the ladder first."

Then turning to his friend, he said—"My dear brother in Jesus Christ and fellow-sufferer, take courage. We have almost run our race; shall we faint when in sight of the prize? Oh! let us run in spirit to our Saviour in the garden, and call on Him in His agony and sweat of blood."

Then he prayed—"Oh, blessed Lord Jesus, who didst

submit Thyself to death for the example and comfort of Thy servants at the hour of their deaths, be near us, we beseech Thee, at this moment. Moderate our fears, strengthen our faith, and confirm our hopes, that in obedience to Thy call we may go forth to meet Thee readily and cheerfully; and thankfully to drink of Thy cup, however bitter to nature. Sweeten that cup, O Lord, by Thy grace; help Thy poor servants that call upon Thee, that we may here lay down our lives, in obedience to Thy holy will and in defence of Thy holy religion, with constancy and obedience. Lord Jesus, once more we commend ourselves in this dread hour to Thee. Help us by Thy powerful grace, that Thou, O Lord, mayest be glorified by our death, and Thy Church and people be edified."

After this beautiful prayer he began to climb the ladder; but on account of his advanced age this was a difficulty with him, and he did it very slowly. Turning with a smile to the Sheriff, he said—"Have patience with me. It is a hard matter for an old man of fourscore and seven to climb. However, I will do my best." Two men helped him, and he reached the top. Thence he called cheerily to Mr. Catterick, and asked how he was.

"In good heart," he replied; "blessed be God. Thanks be to my Lord and Saviour Jesus, who, by His grace strengthening me, and by your good example, has encouraged me."

The rope was placed round the poor old priest's neck. He raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried—"Jesus, my Saviour! Jesus, my Redeemer! receive my soul! Jesus, be to me a Jesus!" At the same moment the hangman flung him off the ladder; he fell heavily,

and was speedily dead. Mr. Catterick suffered next. The executioner, moved by the snowy hair of Mr. Lockwood and resignation of both sufferers, was so overcome that he refused to proceed with the sentence—to draw and quarter the victims—saying he would rather hang himself than do so. At last a woman, full of more religious fanaticism than Christian mercy, urged and upbraided him so that he was wound to a pitch of frenzy, and "fell to work like a fury," cutting and slashing the bodies of both the martyrs; and hacking the entrails into small parts, flung them amongst the crowd. A vessel of pitch was bubbling near at hand. Taking the bleeding heads, legs, and arms which he had chopped off from the two trunks, he dipped them in the pitch. The heads and quarters were then fixed on spikes on the city gates, those of Mr. Lockwood on Bootham Bar, close to the King's palace, so that Charles could not possibly avoid seeing them whenever he went in or out; and those of Mr. Catterick on Micklegate Bar.

The two priests suffered on April 13th, 1642.

But enough of these revolting and distressing stories. We may well be thankful that some progress has been made in the direction of religious toleration—such progress, at all events, as would make the recurrence of scenes like these for ever impossible. But we have yet much to learn; we have yet to admit that zeal for God, gleams of His truth, sincerity, and earnest piety are to be found elsewhere than in the narrow circle to which we belong. "I condemn none in whom I find any trace of Christ," * was the beautiful saying of John Sturm. "Why

* "Ego neminem damno in quo aliquid Christi reperio" (Jno. Sturmii, Antipap. prim., ann. 1573).

should people," said Francis Junius, himself a sufferer from religious intolerance, "overlooking the good because of that which is bad in him, drive a man desperately down a precipice? Why should we destroy him with our ill-nature and intolerance? We should rather labour to kindle the little sparks of goodness in him, instead of extinguishing them; and when once kindled, diligently keep them burning and shining."*

* Eirenicon, p. 47.

MARY BATEMAN,

WITCH AND MURDERESS.

MARY HARKER was the daughter of a small farmer at Aisenby, in the parish of Topcliffe, near Thirsk, where she was born in 1768. From an early age she exhibited great quickness, which, instead of taking a direct course and developing into intelligence, was warped into low cunning.

She received, for one in her situation, a good education —was taught to read, and write, and cypher. But she very early showed a want of moral principle, very possibly because it was never instilled into her by her parents, and her first petty thefts having been pardoned or laughed at, she grew bolder, and what had been occasional grew to be frequent, and matured into a habit of peculation. Her father sent her into service at the age of thirteen, in Thirsk, and for a while she either concealed or did not yield to her propensity for theft. At all events, if she did pilfer, she was neither suspected nor discovered.

At the age of twenty she left Thirsk for York, and after a year's sojourn in that city, was detected in an attempt at robbery, and ran away to Leeds, where, in 1788, she worked as a mantua-maker; but as her knowledge of dress-

making was imperfect—she had only acquired it during her twelvemonth at York, where her mistress had been a dress-maker—she was able to work for the lower classes alone. She lived in Leeds for four years, following this occupation and occasionally telling fortunes. Her professed calling admirably served to introduce dupes to her, and the servant-girls for whom she worked not infrequently introduced her to their young mistresses.

In the year 1792 she married an honest, hard-working man named John Bateman, who had made her acquaintance only three weeks previously. This man, there is no reason for believing, was, at first at all events, an accomplice in, or acquainted with, the crimes committed subsequently by his wife, though afterwards it is scarcely possible to exculpate him from connivance in them.

She now began openly to profess fortune-telling, the removal of spells, the power of controlling the future, &c., in which, however, she did not act in her own name, but as the deputy of Mrs. Moore, whom she represented as a person endowed with the supernatural powers belonging to the seventh child of a seventh child.

Whether such a person existed or not was never ascertained, but it is certain that Mary Bateman, at the outset of her career, had some accomplice, and she was from her youth fond of associating with gipsies and other vagrants, from whom she learned the arts she afterwards practised.

The Batemans lodged in High Court Lane, Leeds, and she stole from a fellow-lodger a silver watch, a spoon of the same metal, and two guineas. The theft was discovered, and she was made to restore what she had taken, but she was not prosecuted.

Several charges of obtaining silk goods under various names of persons with whom she was acquainted were made and substantiated at this time, but the shopkeepers, with mistaken clemency, regarding her as a poor milliner, forgave her.

A poor man, a neighbour, who earned his living and supported his family with the assistance of a horse and cart, sickened and died, leaving a widow and four children, the eldest a boy about fifteen years of age. The widow, who was only stepmother of the children, was persuaded by Mary Bateman that the eldest boy meant to sell all the little property his father had left, and appropriate the money to his own use, to prevent which she advised the mother to sell the horse, cart, and furniture as soon as possible, and to quit Yorkshire. This advice the infatuated woman took, turned everything into money, left a share with Mary for the children, and departed. Mary Bateman appropriated the sum entrusted to her, and sent the children to the union.

A gentleman living in Meadow Lane, in Leeds, bought a leg of mutton at the shambles, and requested that it might be sent home immediately. Mary, ever on the watch for her prey, hastened to the bridge over which the butcher's boy had to pass, and when she saw him approach, made towards him in a great hurry, pretending she was the gentleman's servant, scolded the boy for being so long upon the road, and taking the mutton by the shank, gave him a slap on the back, telling him she would carry it home herself. It is needless to say that carry it home she did, but not to the gentleman's house. When dinner-time came the joint had not arrived. The gentleman went to his butcher to inquire about the neglect, but

he was informed that the meat had been sent an hour ago, and was taken from the boy by a woman, whom the butcher described, and whom the gentleman recollected to have seen at the stall when he was buying the meat, and whose residence he luckily knew to be in the Old Assembly-room Yard, in Kirkgate. He accordingly posted down to her house, and the first object that presented itself to his eyes on entering it was his leg of mutton roasting before Bateman's fire. After upbraiding Mary, she agreed to pay for the mutton, and the matter was thus compromised.

In 1793 Bateman took a small house in Well's Yard, and furnished it decently—by what means, unless from the proceeds of her frauds, it is difficult to say, though it is due to the husband to admit that he was never proved to be cognisant of any of her malpractices, and was sometimes the victim of them. She once went to his workshop and took with her a letter representing that his father, who was then town-crier at Thirsk, was at the point of death.

Her husband instantly set off for that town, and had scarcely entered it when he heard his father's voice in the market-place announcing an auction. He hurried back to Leeds to inform his wife of the hoax that had been practised upon them; but on his return he found his house stripped of every article of furniture, which Mary had sold, in all probability to hush up some robbery she had committed.

After some time they jointly found means to get fresh furniture, and they took in lodgers, one of whom, a Mr. Dixon, discovered Mary in the act of purloining money from his box. She was forced to refund it, and make good several

losses that Mr. Dixon had before sustained, but for which he had not been able to account.

In the year 1796 a tremendous fire broke out in a large manufactory in Leeds, and by the falling of one of the walls many unfortunate people lost their lives. This calamity Mary Bateman turned to her own advantage. She went to Miss Maude, a lady known for her charitable disposition, and telling her that the child of a poor woman had fallen a victim, and that she had not linen to lay the child out on, begged she would lend her a pair of sheets. This request was complied with; but the sheets, instead of being turned to such a benevolent purpose, were pledged at a pawnbroker's shop. Three similar instances occurred at the same time, and all the sheets were disposed of in the same way. Nor did her frauds on the plea of this calamity end here. She went round the town representing herself as a nurse at the General Infirmary, and collecting all the old linen she could beg to dress the wounds, as she said, of the patients who had been brought into the infirmary, but in reality to dispose of them for herself.

Bateman, ashamed of the disgrace caused by his wife's conduct, entered the supplementary militia, but he took with him his plague—his wife. And here a wide field opened for a woman of her disposition. She practised her old arts and learnt fresh ones. Of her exploits while in this situation we have no information; but when she quitted the army with her husband in the year 1796, on their return to Leeds, they took up their residence in Marsh Lane, near Timble Bridge. Mary then began to practise on a large scale. She herself, as she said, had no skill in casting nativities or reading the stars, but a certain Mrs. Moore was a proficient in this art, and to Mrs. Moore

she referred all knotty points. It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Moore had no existence whatever.

The first experiment in witchcraft was made upon a Mrs. Greenwood, whom she attempted to persuade that she, Mrs. Greenwood, was in danger of committing suicide on account of domestic misfortunes, and that the skill of Mrs. Moore would be necessary to prevent so dire a catastrophe. Next she informed her that her husband, who was then from home, was taken up for some offence, and placed in confinement; that four men had been set to watch him; and that if four pieces of gold, four pieces of leather, four pieces of blotting-paper, and four brass screws were not produced that night, and placed in her hands to give to Mrs. Moore to "screw down" the guards, her husband would be a dead man before morning. In vain did Mrs. Greenwood plead that she had no pieces of gold; this difficulty Mrs. Bateman proposed to overcome by suggesting to her that she might borrow or steal them; the latter proposal startled her intended dupe, and, fortunately for her, she had fortitude enough to emancipate herself from the witch's trammels.

The family of Barzillai Stead, a person who had been unsuccessful in business, next became the object of Mary's iniquitous exactions. Upon the husband's fears she contrived to work with so much success, by representing the bailiffs to be in continual pursuit of him, that she obliged him to enlist, and to share his bounty with her and her imaginary wise-woman. Her next object was to arouse the jealousy of the wife; this she did by assuring her that it was the intention of Barzillai to take with him when he went to his regiment a young woman out of Vicar Lane, Leeds. In order to prevent

this it became necessary to "screw down" the rival queen; this was to be effected by the agency of Mrs. Moore, but Mrs. Moore's screws would never drive without money—three half-crowns were to be produced for this purpose, and two pieces of coal; the coals were to be placed at the woman's door in Vicar Lane; they were then to be laid on the fire—the woman was to be thrown into a sound sleep—the fire was to communicate to her clean clothes, which had been washed in contemplation of the intended journey, and, the clothes being consumed, she could not of course elope without them. The morning after this charm had taken effect, Stead left Leeds to join his regiment, and left the imaginary woman of Vicar Lane behind him. Mary was then left at liberty to play off the whole artillery of her frauds upon the unsuspecting wife of Stead. To enter into all the expedients she adopted to fleece this poor woman would swell this article to an inconvenient length; suffice it to say that she obliged her to sell or pawn every article in her house that would raise money, and drove her to such a state of desperation as to lead her victim to attempt suicide. While Mary Bateman was practising upon this woman, her dupe was confined, and the Leeds Benevolent Society, finding her in a state of destitution, determined to apply a guinea to the relief of her wants. This sum was given to her in three payments of 7s., and out of this guinea Mary Bateman had the inhumanity to extort 18s. by persuading the credulous woman that she would "screw down" the Benevolent Society, so as to force the managers to give her more alms.

The furniture and clothes were now all gone, and nothing remained but a few tools left by Stead when he went into the army, but even these could not escape the

avarice of Mary Bateman, who was never at a loss for expedients to effect her purposes. She persuaded Stead's wife that it was in the power of Mrs. Moore—Mrs. Moore again !—to "screw down" all the officers in her husband's regiment, and so to screw them that they could not avoid giving him his discharge; but then money must be raised, and how, when nothing remained in the house but the tools? They of course must be sent to the pawnbroker's, and every farthing they fetched was paid to Mary to get her friend Moore to interpose her kind offices for the liberation of the soldier. This charm failed, as the officers were too much for the witch.

Mary Bateman next became acquainted with a tradesman's wife of the name of Cooper. She persuaded this woman that her husband was about to abscond, and take with him all the property he could raise, and that she might not be left quite destitute, Mary prevailed upon her to convey as much of the furniture as she could out of the house, including an excellent clock, and to lodge all this furniture at Bateman's. There it did not remain long. Mary took it all to the pawnbroker's, got for it what it would fetch, and left the abused husband and his credulous wife to redeem it at their leisure.

Blown upon as the credit of Mrs. Bateman's witchcraft then was, she removed from Timble Bridge to the Black Dog Yard, at the Bank. While she lived here one of her hens laid a wonderful egg, remarkable for bearing this inscription—

"CHRIST IS COMING."

But as so singular a phenomenon was not likely to obtain all the credit necessary for carrying into effect her fraudulent

intentions unless supported by some kind of proof, she had the ingenuity and cruelty to contrive that two other eggs, bearing similar inscriptions, should be deposited in the nest by the same unfortunate hen. Persons flocked from all quarters to see the wonderful eggs, and they who dared to disbelieve stood a good chance of being maltreated by the credulous multitude. Mary's motive for producing those eggs is not well made out, but it is supposed that she had at that time a notion of following the example of Joanna Southcote, as she was then in the habit of attending the meetings of the sect founded by that extraordinary woman. Mary succeeded in realising no inconsiderable sum by means of these eggs, for she made those who came to see the miracle pay a penny each for the gratification of their curiosity.

Shortly after, the subject of this narrative contrived to ingratiate herself, as she well knew how, into the good graces of a family of the name of Kitchin, two maiden ladies of the Quaker persuasion, who kept a small linen-draper's shop near St. Peter's Square, in Leeds. There is every reason to suppose that she had deluded these unfortunate young women with some idea of her skill in looking into futurity, or at least that some of her friends—a Mrs. Moore or a Miss Blythe perhaps—could read their destiny in the stars! For some time Mary was the confidant of the Misses Kitchin. She was frequently at their house; she assisted in their shop; and her interference extended even to their domestic concerns. In the early part of September, 1803, one of the young women became very ill; Mary Bateman procured for her medicines, as she said, from a country doctor. These medicines, like those administered afterwards to Perigo and his un-

fortunate wife, were of powerful efficacy, and in the course of less than one week Miss Kitchin died. In the meantime her mother, hearing of her dangerous situation, came from Wakefield, and though in good health when she left home, the mother as well as the second daughter took the same illness, and in a few days both were laid in the grave, at the side of their ill-fated relation.

Previous to the death of one of the sisters a female friend of the family was sent for, and when she arrived the poor sufferer seemed oppressed with some secret that she wished to communicate, but her strength failing her, she expired without being able to do so.

Only ten days sufficed to carry off the mother and two sisters. The complaint of which they died was said to be *cholera*—a complaint, let it be remembered, attended by symptoms resembling those produced by poison. It did not, however, suit the purposes of Mary Bateman to give the disorder so mild a name. She represented it to be the plague, and the whole neighbourhood shunned the place, and would as soon have entered the most infectious wards of a pest-house as this dwelling. Mary alone, in the face of all danger, was ready to afford her friendly offices; and when the persons composing this unfortunate family were buried, the door was closed, and a padlock placed upon it.

A physician of eminence in the town, on being called in to visit the last surviving sister, was so strongly impressed with the opinion that her sickness and sudden death had been caused by poison, that he examined with much care many of the vessels in the house, inquired if any water for poisoning flies had been used, and expressed a wish to open the body; but the family being all dead, and

no persons at hand who thought themselves authorised to give that permission, the corpse was interred unopened, and with it the opportunity of detection. During the time of the fatal illness in the Misses Kitchin's house, Mary Bateman was unremitting in her attention; she administered their food, and from her hands the medicine was conveyed to their lips. Some time after the death of these ladies their creditors looked over their effects, when it was found that their house and shop had been plundered of almost everything they contained; and to add to the embarrassment of their affairs, the shop books were missing. The creditors only divided eightpence in the pound.

Two young women, then servants in Leeds, had long been in Mary's toils, and she had fleeced them pretty handsomely; and not only them, but their friends, for she had prevailed upon one of them to rob her mother of several articles, and amongst the rest of a large family Bible. When she had got all from them that could be extorted without awakening the suspicions of their friends, she sent both these deluded girls, at different times, to seek service in Manchester, cautioning them, if they met, not to speak to each other, on pain of breaking the charm. When they arrived in Manchester, Mary contrived to keep up a correspondence with them, and got from them even the clothes they wore, so that they were almost reduced to a state of nakedness. One day these poor destitute girls met in the streets of Manchester; the meeting being quite unexpected, they both burst into tears, and their emotions became so violent that further concealment was out of the question. They thereupon related to each other their sad history, and by comparing notes, found that they were both the dupes of Mary Bateman. They then wrote to Leeds, and laid

their case before their friends, who interfered in their behalf, and got from the witch part of the property she had so wickedly extorted.

The witch also contrived to ingratiate herself into the good opinion of another young woman, and got from her several sums of money for the purpose of curing her of an "evil wish" laid upon her by an old beggar-woman whom she had refused to relieve. The cure was to be effected by Miss Blythe, to whom a pocket-handkerchief was to be sent. In due course the directions arrived, and Miss Blythe, who, like Mrs. Moore, could never put her charms in motion without money, required that different sums, amounting in all to five guineas, should be produced, and as much wearing apparel as was worth about the same sum; but this money and these clothes were only to be kept till the evil wish was removed, and then to be restored to the owner. The period fixed for the opening of the mysterious bags, in which these articles were deposited, had arrived, when one day a person brought a fruit-pie to the young woman, telling her that her sweetheart had sent it. This pie she tasted, and let a fellow-servant partake with her, but though very nice in appearance, the taste was hot and offensive; they in consequence desisted from eating it, and the young woman took it down to Mary Bateman to ask her opinion. Mary affected that she knew nothing herself of such things, but she would send it to the sagacious Miss Blythe. This, as the simple girl supposed, was done, and Miss Blythe informed her that it was very well she had not eaten much of the pie, for if she had, it would have been her last, as it was "full of poison!" Soon after the girl opened the bags, and found that her guineas had turned to copper and her clothes to old rags!

In the year 1807, Bateman, who, owing to the conduct of Mary, never remained long in one place, removed into Meadow Lane. While living in this situation a very extraordinary circumstance occurred, and it is not improbable that Mary was in some way privy to the transaction. A man of the name of Joseph Gosling, a cloth-dresser, had been long out of employ, and his family, which consisted of a wife and four children, was reduced to great extremity. One day the whole of the family had been out for some time, when one of the children, a boy about seven years of age, returned, and found on the table a small cake; the mother and other children soon after returned, and partook of this cake. They immediately became so sick as to render medical aid necessary. Mr. Atkinson, the surgeon, was then sent for, and by administering emetics saved the lives of the family. On analysing the cake it was found to contain a large quantity of arsenic. It is impossible to say why or by whom this poisonous bread was placed in the situation in which the boy found it, and the only reason why it is supposed to have been placed there by Mary Bateman is the knowledge that poisonous drugs were much in use by her, that human life was in her estimation of little value; and that the cries or tricks of the children may have inconvenienced her.

In the month of April, 1807, Judith Cryer, a poor old washerwoman, and a widow, was occasioned uneasiness by the misconduct of her grandson, a boy about eleven years of age. Winifred Bond, a person who had some dealings with Mary Bateman, either as her dupe or her agent, recommended the old woman to apply to Mary, as a person who could remove the cause of her distress. Judith consented to consult her; Mary soon found out the foible

of the poor woman. An inordinate fear about the future fate of this darling grandson was the spring in Judith's mind, on which the witch found she could play with success. She recommended that an application should be made to Miss Blythe, a lady of her acquaintance, who she said lived at Scarboro', but who, in fact, had no more real existence than the invisible Mrs. Moore. She then undertook to write to her dear friend. In a few days an answer was received from this lady, which shocked Judith beyond description. The letter contained the representation of a gallows, with a rope dangling from it. The letter also stated that the grandson would be executed before he attained the age of fourteen years, unless the catastrophe was prevented by the old woman raising four guineas, and applying it as Miss Blythe should direct. To raise such a sum seemed as impossible to poor Judith as to pay the National Debt. At last, however, she contrived to scrape it together with the utmost difficulty. When raised, it was, as Mary pretended, to remain unapplied till she received further instructions from Miss Blythe. The instructions at length arrived, and ordered that three guineas should be put into a leathern bag, and sewed up in Judith's bed, where they were to remain untouched till the boy had attained the age of fourteen. The former part of these directions were, as far as concerned Judith, faithfully complied with—Mary, as she thought, deposited the money as directed; but when the witch was afterwards apprehended, Judith opened her bed, took out the bag, and found it empty.

Mary having embraced the faith of the followers of Joanna Southcote, got introduced to the houses of many of them, and invariably robbed them: sometimes by

practising on their fears, and at others by absolute theft.

In the year 1808, Bateman's family removed to Camp Field, in Water Lane, and there Mary met with a new and profitable subject for the exercise of her villainous arts. The wife of James Snowden, a neighbour, had a sort of presentiment that one of her children would be drowned; but whether this notion proceeded from morbid fancies originating in her own mind, or was suggested to her by Mary Bateman, is not known. Mary Bateman offered her services, or rather the services of Miss Blythe, to save the child from a watery grave. Miss Blythe was then represented as living at Thirsk, and a letter was received from her, directing that James Snowden's silver watch should be sewed up in the bed by Mary Bateman. This was accordingly done.

Next, money to the amount of twelve guineas was required. Letters were received from Miss Blythe, directing that this money should also be sewn up in the bed, to be restored when the charm had taken effect. By-and-bye it was found necessary to increase the terrors, and in addition to the death of the son, Miss Blythe suggested that ill would befall the daughter, unless the family left Leeds, and removed to Bowling, near Bradford. The bed containing the charms they were allowed to take with them, but it was thought expedient to leave a considerable portion of their property in the house, and deposit the key with Bateman.

At length they expressed a wish to be allowed to rip open the bed and take out the watch and money, but the proper time, they were told, had not yet arrived; and before the property was taken out, the family of Snowden was to take

a DOSE, which was at that time in preparation for them, and was to have been administered about the end of October, 1808. Happily for them this dose was never taken.

At this juncture, so critical to the family in question, Mary Bateman was apprehended for the frauds committed on William Perigo's family, and the wilful murder of Perigo's wife, by administering poison, of which she had died nearly two years before. This event naturally created a good deal of interest, and a narrative of the transaction was published in the *Leeds Mercury* of the 22nd of October. On the evening of that day Snowden was sitting in a public-house at Bradford when the *Mercury* was produced, and the narrative read by some person in the company. Snowden heard the relation with violent emotion, and as soon as it was finished, started from his chair and hurried home with all possible expedition. His first care was to give his wife a hasty and confused notion of the imposition that had been practised upon them, and next to unrip the folds of the bed; when, instead of watch and money, he discovered—a coal! He then went to Leeds, and found his house, which he had left in the care of Mary Bateman, plundered of almost everything it had contained, and on a search-warrant being procured, part of the property was found in Bateman's house.

John Bateman, the husband, was in consequence apprehended and committed to prison, to take his trial for the offence, either as a principal or as an accomplice. At the following Sessions his trial came on, and he was acquitted.

A brother of Mary Bateman, who had deserted from his Majesty's navy, had come with his wife to live in Leeds, and lodged with Bateman. Mary finding that her lodgers

were a restraint upon her, determined to be quit of them. For this purpose she wrote, or procured to be written, a letter to her sister-in-law, stating that her father was on the point of death, and summoning her to attend to receive his last blessing. The affectionate daughter answered the summons instantly, but when she arrived at Newcastle, where her father lived, she found him in perfect health. In the absence of his wife, Mary contrived to persuade her brother that she was inconstant, and was plunging him in debt, and so far succeeded as to induce him to write to his wife and tell her she need not return, for he would not receive her. She did, however, return, and convinced him of her innocence; when on examining their trunks it was discovered that Mary had, in the wife's absence, stolen their clothes, and disposed of them for what they would bring. This, as might be expected, roused the brother's indignation; but Mary soon got him out of the way, for she actually went before the magistrates and lodged an information against him as a deserter. He was in consequence obliged to quit Leeds, and afterwards entered military service. This did not, however, content Mary. She wrote to his mother, and told her that her son had been apprehended as a deserter, and that if she could send £10, a substitute was ready to go, and would be accepted in his stead. The ten pounds were sent, and Mary pocketed the money.

On the 21st of October, 1808, Mary Bateman was apprehended by the Chief Constable of Leeds on a charge of fraud, and was, after undergoing several long examinations before the magistrates of the borough, committed to York Castle on suspicion of the wilful murder of Rebecca Perigo, of Bramley.

A poor family of the name of Perigo, living at Bramley, near Leeds, had been defrauded by Mary Bateman of money to the amount of nearly £70, and of clothes and furniture to a considerable amount. These frauds were committed under the pretence of engaging Miss Blythe to relieve Mrs. Perigo from the effects of an "evil wish" under which she was supposed to labour. The money was all represented as sewn up in the bed, and was to be at the disposal of the Perigos when the spell was broken. But when the appointed time for restoring the property approached, Mary Bateman conveyed poison to Perigo and his wife in their food. The woman died, but providentially Perigo recovered, and was able to bring the poisoner to justice.

It is unnecessary to give the particulars of the series of extortions committed on the Perigos. When nothing more could be extracted from the unfortunate people, and Mary saw that the time was come when she must refund or be exposed, the following letter reached her victims, purporting to come from Miss Blythe :—

"My Dear Friends,—

"I am sorry to tell you you will take an illness in the month of May next, either one or both, but I think both; but the work of God must have its course. You will escape the chambers of the grave; though you seem to be dead, yet you will live. Your wife must take half a pound of honey down from Bramley to Mary Bateman's at Leeds, and it must remain there till you go down yourself, and she will put in such like stuff as I have sent from Scarboro' to her, and she will put it in when you come down and see her yourself, or it will not do. You must eat pudding for

six days, and you must put in such like stuff as I have sent to Mary Bateman from Scarboro', and she will give your wife it, but you must not begin to eat of this pudding while I let you know. If ever you find yourselves sickly at any time, you must take each of you a teaspoonful of this honey. I will remit £20 to you on the 20th day of May, and it will pay a little of what you owe. You must bring this down to Mary Bateman's, and burn it at her house when you come down the next time."

The rest shall be told by Perigō himself, as given in his evidence at the trial.

Pursuant to the directions in this letter, witness stated that his wife took the honey to Mary Bateman's; that when she returned she brought six powders with her. The witness went to Mary Bateman's house, and talked to her about the letter he had received, and said it was a queerish thing that Miss Blythe should be able to foresee that they should be ill. Mary explained that she (Miss Blythe) knew everything relating to them, and that if they followed her directions all would be well. Mary also told him that they were to do with the powders each day as they were marked, or it would kill them all. Mrs. Bateman then mixed a powder in the honey in his presence, and he took the honey home. On the 5th of May witness received another letter from Miss Blythe, but after reading it over once or twice, and copying a few lines from it, he destroyed it. He said the copy he had taken was also destroyed. The witness was then desired to state the contents of this letter, which he recited, as he did all the letters that had been destroyed, from memory, as follows :—

"My Dear Friends,—

"You must begin to eat pudding on the 11th of May, and you must put one of the powders in every day as they are marked, for six days; and you must see it put in yourself every day, or else it will not do. If you find yourself sickly at any time, you must not have no doctor, for it will not do, and you must not let the boy that used to eat with you eat of that pudding for six days; and you must make only just as much as you can eat yourselves; if there is any left it will not do. You must keep the door fast as much as possible, or you will be overcome by some enemy. Now think on and take my directions, or else it will kill us all. About the 25th of May I will come to Leeds, and send for your wife to Mary Bateman's. Your wife will take me by the hand, and say, 'God bless you that I ever found you out.' It has pleased God to send me into the world that I might destroy the works of darkness. I call them the works of darkness because they are dark to you. Now, mind what I say, whatever you do. This letter must be burnt in straw on the hearth by your wife."

The witness proceeded to state that in consequence of these directions, on the 11th of May (Monday) they began to eat of the pudding, a powder being put in each day as marked on the paper, and that they found no particular taste in the pudding for five days. And that on Saturday the witness was coming to Leeds without seeing the powder put in, when his wife reminded him that it was necessary he should see it put in. Witness said his wife had made the pudding earlier than usual for that purpose. Witness saw the powder put in, which was four or five times larger than any of the other powders. On his return from Leeds,

about twenty minutes after twelve o'clock, his wife had prepared a small cake from some of the dough which was left after making the pudding; this she broke in two pieces, and he ate one of them. Witness said the cake tasted very keen, and observed to his wife if the pudding tasted as bad he would not eat it. When the pudding was ready he ate a single mouthful, but it was so nauseous that he could eat no more of it; his wife, however, swallowed three or four mouthfuls, but was unable to eat more, and she carried the pudding into the cellar, and was there seized with the most violent vomitings. His wife said this was the illness predicted by Miss Blythe, and they should take the honey. Witness took two spoonfuls of it, and his wife took six or seven. This made them worse than before. The vomiting continued incessantly for twenty-four hours. His wife would not hear of a doctor being sent for, as that was contrary to Miss Blythe's directions, who had assured them that their sickness should not be unto death, and though they might seem to be dead, yet should they live, for that she was sent to destroy the works of darkness. Witness said a violent heat came out of his mouth, which was very sore, that his lips were black, and that he had a most violent pain in his head, twenty times worse than a common headache; everything appeared green to him. Witness had also a violent complaint in his bowels; he could eat nothing for several days, and began to get better only by hairbreadths. The witness then proceeded to detail the symptoms of his wife, which were similar to his own, only more violent. Her tongue swelled so that she could not shut her mouth, she was constantly thirsty, entirely lost her strength, and expired on Sunday, the 24th of May. Before she died he sent for Mr. Chorley, a surgeon from

Leeds, but as she died before his arrival, a messenger was sent to acquaint him with this circumstance, and therefore he did not come. His wife before she died made him promise not to be rash with Mary Bateman, but to wait the appointed time. Witness himself went to Mr. Chorley on the day after the death of his wife. Mr. Chorley, having examined him and heard his account of the symptoms, expressed his opinion that he had received poison into his stomach. Witness said that his wife was perfectly well immediately before eating of the pudding on Saturday. By the directions of Mr. Chorley, a paste was made of the flour of which their pudding had been made and given to a fowl; but it received no injury, and the witness said it was alive to this day. A part of the fatal pudding was also given to a cat, which it poisoned, but the result of this experiment was detailed by another witness.

Witness now went into a detail of transactions subsequent to the death of his wife. In the month of June, a short time after that event, the witness went to the prisoner's house, and acquainted her with the death of his wife, and told her he was sorry they had not sent for a doctor when they were sick, but that they had acted according to the directions of the letter. Mary Bateman said, "Perhaps you did not lick up all the honey as directed in the letter"; and I said, "No; I am afraid it is that honey that has done our job."

About the beginning of June, Perigo received a letter to the following effect, purporting to be from Miss Blythe :—

"My Dear Friend,—

"I am sorry to tell you that your wife should touch of those things which I ordered her not, and for that

reason it has caused her death. It had likened to have killed me at Scarboro' and Mary Bateman at Leeds, and you and all; and for this reason she will rise from the grave, she will stroke your face with her right hand, and you will lose the use of one side, but I will pray for you. I would not have you to go to no doctor, for it will not do. I would have you eat and drink what you like, and you will be better. Now, my dear friend, take my directions, do, and it will be better for you. Pray God bless you. Amen, amen. You must burn this letter immediately after it is read."

Soon after this, witness was ordered by Mr. Chorley to Buxton, and having on his return called on the prisoner, she expressed her surprise that he should have gone to a doctor contrary to Miss Blythe's command, and said that had she known he had been going to Buxton, she would have given him a bottle that would have cured him on the road.

William Perigo proceeded to relate that on the 19th of October, 1808, he unripped the bed in which all the bags were sewn up, and having opened the whole of them, he found no money whatever. In the bags in which he expected to find guinea-notes, he found only waste paper, and where he expected to find gold, he found only a half-penny or a farthing. But the four silk bags in which he saw four guinea-notes put, he could not find at all, nor could he give any account as to how or where they were gone. Upon making this discovery the witness went to Leeds, and saw Mary Bateman, and said to her, "I am sorry to think you should use me in this manner;" to which she replied, "How?" He then said, "I have opened the

bags, and there is nothing in them but bits of lead, plain paper, bad halfpennies, and bad farthings." At which she did not seem at all surprised, but said, "You have opened them too soon." He answered, "I think it is too late." He then said he would come down to her house in the morning with two or three men and have things settled. The prisoner begged that he would not, and said if he would appoint a time and place to meet her alone, she would satisfy him. To this the witness consented, and the Leeds and Liverpool canal bank, near the bridge, was fixed as the place of meeting.

The officers of justice arrested Mary Bateman at this meeting.

The trial was conducted at York before Sir Simon Le Blanc on the 17th March, 1809; she was found guilty, and condemned to death.

During the brief interval between her receiving the sentence of death and her execution, the Rev. George Brown took great pains to prevail upon her to acknowledge and confess her crime. On his touching upon the subject of the Quaker ladies, whose death had been so sudden and mysterious, she seemed perfectly to understand his meaning, but said that she knew nothing about it, as at the time she was confined in childbirth.

Though the prisoner behaved with her usual decorum during the time that remained to her, and joined with apparent fervour in the customary offices of devotion, she exhibited no compunction for crimes of which she would not acknowledge herself to be guilty. She maintained her caution and mystery to the last. On the day preceding her execution she wrote a letter to her husband, in which she enclosed her wedding-ring, with a request that

it might be given to her daughter. In this letter she lamented the disgrace she had brought upon her husband and family, but declared her entire innocence of the crime laid to her charge, and for which she was about to suffer, though she acknowledged—what, indeed, she could not deny to her husband—that she had been guilty of several frauds. "I have made my peace with my God, and am easy in mind. To-morrow will end all here, and the Lord will care for me hereafter."

It will hardly be credited, though it is a certain fact, that this unhappy woman was so addicted to fraud that even then she was incapable of refraining from her trickery and deception. A young female prisoner had, in her presence, expressed a wish to see her sweetheart. Mary Bateman took her aside, and said that if she could procure a sum of money to be made into a charm, and sewed into her stays, the young man would be compelled to visit her. The simple girl complied, and Mary Bateman having prepared a potent spell, it was bound round the breast of the young woman. No sweetheart made his appearance, and the girl's confidence beginning to waver, she unbound the charm to take out her money, and found that it had vanished.

The circumstance having been reported to the Governor of York Castle, where Mary Bateman and the girl were confined, part of the spoil was refunded, and Mary Bateman directed to balance the account by giving to the dupe some of her clothes. Exhortations and remonstrances failed to move her to confess her crimes. At five o'clock on the morning of Monday, March 20th, 1809, she was removed from her cell and from her infant child, which lay sleeping on the bed, unconscious of the fate of its wretched

mother. She stopped and kissed it for the last time, but without showing any emotion at having to leave it for ever. Every possible effort, every religious influence was brought to bear on her to make her confess, but in vain. At twelve o'clock she was led forth to execution. On the scaffold she again denied her guilt, and with this denial on her lips was launched into eternity.

Her body was taken to the General Infirmary at Leeds. Though the hearse did not reach Leeds till midnight, it was met by a considerable number of people who were waiting for it. At the infirmary her body was exhibited at the charge of 3d. a head to visitors for the benefit of the institution. At this rate 2500 individuals were admitted, and upwards of £30 was realised. Her body was afterwards dissected; and in compliance with a favourite Yorkshire custom, her skin was tanned and distributed in small pieces to various applicants.

END OF VOL. II.

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